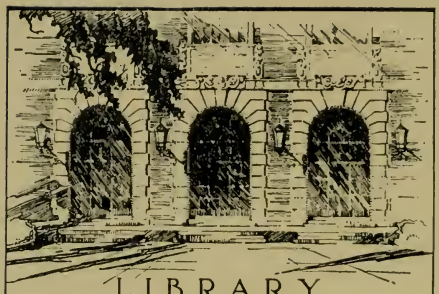

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR, A

PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

THE

WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR, A

PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

A Photographic Novel.

BY

LADY BULWER LYTTON.

AUTHOR OF "CHEVELEY," "BEHIND THE SCENES," &c.

"What a poor, what a paltry, what a merciless passion is this passion of *Gallantry!* yet (among a certain set) it reflects no scandal whatever upon its followers, tho' it begins in the most despicable falsehoods, and terminates in the most irreparable destruction."—*Kelly's* "*Word to the Wise.*"

"I know there are rascals, but the world is good in the lump, and I love all human kind; kings, lords, commons, duchesses, tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids, Indian chiefs, ambassadors, washerwomen, and tinkers; they all have their claims upon my regard, in their different stations, and hang me, if I don't believe there are even *honest attorneys!*"—*G. Colman's* "*Who wants a Guinea?*"

In Three Volumes.

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;

OR,

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Daniel in his Den.

"First, of *panegyric*. Every man is honourable who is so by law, custom, or title. The *public* are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly they are inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich the less he spends."—MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS ON THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY.

IT is impossible to live in the nineteenth century and not, like Swift, "adore the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made parliaments annual; and be confident that our liberty can never be placed on a firm foundation, until that ancient law is restored among us.

For who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the minister and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty? which traffic would neither answer the design nor expense, if Parliaments met once a-year."

But the mass of mankind argue upon all things within the narrow circle of some one prejudice; and though every stone flung either by a fact, or by an adversary, into this narrow circle may and *does* widen it, they seldom, till the breath of many generations has passed over it, succeed in enlarging it sufficiently for the admission of a more universal current of ideas.

Moreover, PRECEDENTS are chartered prejudices, which time bequeaths to nations; and hence it is, that at a very early stage of the world men took upon themselves the revision of the Decalogue, and ordained that virtue and vice should be simply grammatical, with this notable difference in their grammar of the passions to the grammar of language—that the latter always asserts the masculine to be worthier than the feminine, whereas, in the former, it is insisted that the feminine should invariably be worthier than the masculine; for which reason all penalties and reprobation for *lèze morale* have, time immemorial, been reserved for female delinquents; while, to their clamours for civil and religious liberty, men have always added that of vicious liberty also.

Still, in the last century, our less enlightened progenitors *did* exact that, under certain dispensations, there should be limits *even* to masculine vice; and though, mayhap, in those days the incarnate scandal of a fox-hunting parson, with a scarlet collar to his coat, might be seen, once in a way, coming out of Wills's, or going into But-

tons', still that narrow-minded age *did* exact, that no man, with even *one* stain upon his moral character, should be allowed to cover it with judicial ermine; whereas now—*nous avons changé tout çela;*—and, perhaps, the shortest road from Lincoln's Inn to the woolsack is for a long-robed gentleman to have *Crim.-Con.* damages of his own pending, previously to being made Lord Chancellor; while some of our second Daniels have been known to come to judgment, scarcely sobered from the orgies of the preceding night; and others, to show that they have no narrow professional prejudices, snap their fingers at Doctors' Commons, and give society a charming example of paternal affection without it. With such—*damnum absque injuria*—Don Juans to make, break, and administer our ecclesiastical laws, no wonder that their purity and justice should be patent throughout Europe. *Cela posé.*

As it is raining so hard, and blowing ditto—so as nearly to extinguish the gas-light in the lamps at the corner of Grafton Street and Hay Hill—suppose we go into that house, where the porter has just opened, or hardly opened, but put his head half out at the door; for the applicant is a miserable, squalid-looking woman, in an old, thin, nondescript-coloured cotton gown, which looks, if it *does* aspire to a defined colour, like the woven dust and rain of ages. The scanty shawl, or rather handkerchief, with which she is trying to shelter her poor, bare arms from the cutting March wind, is of precisely the same hue, only it has a narrow, yellow-green worsted border running round it. A miserable old, bulged, and torn straw bonnet, with a black and green check ribbon—which, like many a scion of a noble house, has run itself out, and got into an equal muddle—completes (with a pair of old boots, through which her stockings protrude, wet and

mud-steeped at the side) the toilette of this "grim white woman;" for such she appears, as the flickering gas-light falls on her pale, pinched features, as, after having given a timid, pauper, scarcely audible ring at the deep-toned door-bell, the busy porter, knowing his business, or, at least, his place too well to open wide to such an appeal, did so gingerly, keeping back the rest of his person, while he asked, as graciously as if he had been the Cerberus of the parish workhouse—

"What's up now? What d'ye want at this time o' night—eh?"

"Would you, for pity's sake, kind sir, give this to Judge Clairville?" said the wearer of the dust and rain brocade, in a thin, gasping voice, as she took a letter out of a piece of very coarse, whity-brown paper, in which it had been carefully wrapped up, to prevent its being soiled, adding, "And I'll wait here for the answer, please, sir."

"Wait there for the answer indeed! Why, you don't suppose Sir Fulke's a-going to get up from dinner to attend to the likes of *you*, do you? And you should not have disturbed *me* either. There's the letter-box. Where's your eyes? Can't you see?"

"Yes, sir, I see, and I humbly ask your pardon; but I wanted to be *sure* he had the letter. A life hangs upon it, sir," faltered the poor creature, which gave the burly porter an opportunity of slipping in a brutal professional joke.

"Ha! ha! no doubt. A good many lives hang upon Sir Fulke—or, at least, he hangs a good many lives—all the same thing."

At this, a convulsive sob escaped from the wretched suppliant, and untying with difficulty a hard knot, at one corner of her shawl, her fingers trembled so from cold and

nervousness, she took out a shilling, and timidly offering it to the porter, said,

"I'm ashamed to offer you so little; but it's all I have, sir; and if you *would* be so good as to see that the Judge gets my letter?"

"Umph!" grunted Cerberus, transferring the blood-money to his pocket. "Well, wait there, and I'll see about it. So saying, he slammed the door in her face, but not before you and I, reader, with our Asmodeus power, have slipped into the hall.

"What is it, Steers?" asked a full-blown butler, who was hovering near the dining-room door, in order to let his master know when it was ten o'clock, of which it now wanted ten minutes, and at which time the carriage was ordered to take him to Clanhaven House.

"Why, it's a letter, Mr. Torrens, that is to be given to Sir Fulke immediately."

"Servant waiting?"

"No; it's a woman that brought it."

"Oh!" said Torrens, contemptuously, flinging it upon the salver, that stood on the hall-table, and pulling down his white waistcoat, preparatory to re-entering the dining-room, where we will precede him.

The large, thoroughly luxuriant dining-room, with its blazing fire, its pure wax-lights, its Turkey carpet, its costly pictures, its deliciously stuffed, scientifically springed, claret velvet cabriole chairs, with their moveable screens, and the fragrant aroma of fruit and wine, all combined, through many sources, to create ONE soft atmosphere of sybarite luxury. Amid the crystal battalion, drawn up before the host, were two empty claret-jugs and a third about half full. That day's "Times" was lying at one side of his wine-glass; but Sir Fulke himself was leaning

back in his chair, fast asleep, his shoulders up to his ears, and both his hands plunged into his trousers' pockets.

The study was not a pleasing one, unless an artist had been there, gleaning illustrations for Faust, and wanting a model Mephistophiles; for, added to the hooked nose, the sensual mouth, the arched brows,—in brief, the satyr type, were all those hard, seared, worldly lines—an intersected map of bad passions. In short, Sallust's portrait of Catiline would have done for a photograph of Sir Fulke Clairville:—

"*Cujuslibet rei simulator atque dissimulator.*"*

'And why not? Since SUCCESS is
The world's high priest, which absolves every crime,
And grants plenary indulgences to
Every means, that leads to HIS ALTAR.'

And who had ever succeeded better in the crooked little greatnesses of Society than——

FULKE SINGLETON NORTHCOTE CLAIRVILLE?

Roused by the opening of the door, Sir Fulke opened one eye, which Cyclopian proceeding did *not* improve his appearance, murmuring, as he did so, "Court rules that plaintiff should pay costs."

"Oh! beg your pardon, Sir Fulke. I was not aware you were dozing; but the person who brought this letter waits an answer."

Sir Fulke, without turning or sitting up in his chair, withdrew his right hand slowly from his pocket, and stretching it out, scrambled the letter off the salver, muttering, in a voice thick with wine and sleep,

"Waits, eh? Well, I'll ring."

* A man possessing the power, on every occasion, to seem what he was *not*, and to conceal what he *was*.

Torrens instantly withdrew; whereupon his master stood up, gave himself a rousing shake, poured out another glass of claret, drank it, and then lifted over the branch nearer to the edge of the table, so as to have more light; re-seated himself, and tore open the letter, which he ran his eyes hastily over; and had no sooner done so, than a whole host of conflicting expressions—rage, fear, disgust, vengeance, pride, and its jackal,—meanness—seemed to rise *en masse* in his face, and be engaged in a gladiatorial and mortal struggle. Again he read it over, as if taking minutes of every word, weighing and analyzing them. Having done which, he crumpled the letter convulsively in his hand, plunged it into the fire, giving the paper one energetic stab with the poker, which he kept, like an assassin's poniard pinning a human heart, till the last flimsy, flame-spangled piece of black tinder of the consumed letter had disappeared up the chimney. Then, leaving the poker sticking in the fire, and gazing on the spot where the *auto da fé* had taken place, he muttered,

"Confound them! they must have got some one to write that letter—that's the worst of it." Here ensued a long pause, which he accompanied by an energetic pulling of his under lip;—and then suddenly added, "Yes, that's it! pity I had not thought of it sooner."

So saying, he rang the bell, re-seated himself, dispersed the host of conflicting expressions from his face, and upon the re-entrance of Torrens, assumed an air almost as jaunty as Lord Kremlenston's, and said, leaning his head back over the chair,

"Oh, tell the person who brought that letter, Torrens, that it shall be attended to, and I'll send an answer to-morrow morning:—and stay,—as it's a poor woman, give her this half-sovereign."

"Very good, I'm sure, of you, Sir Fulke;" bowed the portly Torrens, as he took the coin, and walked over to the fire to remove the poker from its dangerous position, which his practised eye had instantly perceived.

"At the same time, there are so many of those begging-letter impostors;—that it is running the risk of encouraging that sort of thing."

"Ah, very true," assented the amiable and benevolent Sir Fulke:—"but I really do believe this woman to be in distress;—at all events, I shall inquire into her story; and if her statement is correct, will see that she is *permanently* relieved. But you tell her to go now,—and that to-morrow morning she shall have an answer."

"Very good, Sir Fulke."

"Oh!—is the carriage come?"

"Not yet, Sir; it still wants a few minutes of ten."

"Well, just send round to the stables, and hurry it, will you?"

"Phelps!" called Torrens to a footman over the kitchen-stairs, as he closed the dining-room door. "Carriage to be brought round immediately; Sir Fulke's in a hurry."

"Dooce take it! why it will be here in five minutes, without my going."

"No, no, you must go, and hurry it."

"That's always the way,—if I hold a good hand," cried the disgusted Phelps, flinging down his cards at whist, and requesting his partner, the upper housemaid, to play dummy till his return.

Meanwhile, Torrens graciously condescended, without disturbing the snoring Steers,—who was ensconced in his chair, labouring over his dreams like a somniferous steam-engine, at least as far as steam could be achieved, with

only one sleeper:—the portly Torrens, we say, himself condescended to open the hall-door, and hold a parley with the drenched and miserable being, who was vainly seeking a partial shelter at the side of it, for Sir Fulke Clairville's house did not possess the hospitality of a portico.

"Here," said he, holding out the homœopathic piece of gold:—which, however, the woman never advanced her hand to take,—"Sir Fulke sends you this."

The poor creature groaned, and rocked herself to and fro, with that sort of unhinged motion, which is the impetus that despair gives to the pendulum of our soul, when fate has put *all* its works out of order.

"And," continued Torrens, heedless of the incarnate tragedy that was enacting before him, "he says your letter shall receive immediate attention, and you shall have an answer to-morrow morning."

"He *really* said so!" cried the poor creature, lifting up her head and clasping her hands; "thank God! thank God!"

"Of course, he did, or I should not take the liberty of putting his name to anything he did not say. Here,—here's the half-sovereign he sent you; and I'm sure you may think yourself very lucky, and that you have made a good night's work of it."

Still, the wretched woman seemed to hesitate with some indescribable repugnance to taking the money; at length, she held out, (like a Hindoo fearing to lose caste if she touched it,) the same corner of her miserable shawl from which she had taken the shilling, and said, "Would you be so good, Sir, as to put it here?"

And Torrens dropped it gingerly out of his fingers into the shawl; where she instantly tied it up in a knot, as its silver predecessor had been; while the great man's menial added, as the great man's high-stepping bays

came spanking round the corner, and his brougham drew up sharply against the kerb, "There now, make haste, be off,—for Sir Fulke is coming out."

The woman wanted no second bidding. By the support of the iron railing which she grasped, she descended from the door-step to the pavement; what became of her after, it would have been impossible for the most vigilant watcher of her movements to decide, whether the ground, or the fog, had opened to admit her, or whether the swollen gutter now flowing rapidly—like an arm of that least lovely, and oftenest wedded of all brides, the silent, solemn, slothful Adriatic,—had carried her quite away from London, on to Lethe, where so many, greater, better, and happier, than she, are in the fate-fraught moments of each succeeding hour, being daily carried; it would have been impossible to say; the only thing certain was, that SHE WAS GONE.

Sir Fulke did not wait to have the carriage announced, but was in the hall, when Torrens turned round and immediately proceeded to help him on with his surtout, which, however, he hardly took time to induct himself into, when the step was lowered, and he sprang into the carriage.

"To Clanhaven House, Sir?" asked Phelps, still waiting the orders he did not receive.

"Confound it! no, Piccadilly—that is, Sackville Street—Mr. Crosbie Quirker's, and tell him to drive fast."

The next minute, the door was slammed to, Phelps had jumped up and given the word of command, "——Sackville-street, Piccadilly;"—away rattled the carriage, and, in seven minutes after, it again pulled up, at the door of a large, and therefore respectable red brick house, the residence of Mr. Crosbie Quirker.

"The Deuce!" muttered Sir Fulke, looking up at the drawing-room windows, which from the light that streamed from them, and the *silhouettes* that flitted from time to time across the white blinds, that were all drawn down, gave evident signs of a party. The fact was, Mr. Crosbie Quirker had married a governess, who was extremely musical, and as her former *clientel* enabled her to secure nearly all the *élite* of professional talent *gratis*, on the footing of friendship; and they acted as an admirable decoy to lure aristocratic *Fanaticos* to the house; the lady, with her liege lord's perfect approbation and concurrence, often had musical *réunions;* and on this night there happened to be one of them.

"Tzit!" cried Sir Fulke, checking Phelps as his hand was on the knocker: "only ring, and tell some one to come out to me."

Now as all advantages in this world have their disadvantages, what Sir Fulke gained in quiet privacy by this proceeding, he lost in expedition; for it was not to be supposed that on the night of a party in a house where the plate was hired, though the performers were not, that a mere ring at the door could receive very prompt attention.

"Ring again, Phelps;—and louder." Phelps did so: and, while so engaged, an indiscriminating pot-boy set up a cry of "Bee—r!" and in transferring the foaming contents from one tankard to another for the servants' supper (why? was his, or his master's secret)—he awkwardly let the pewter slip out of his hands, and the whole of the contents completely saturated Phelps's clean white silk stockings. But the door was opened, and, as if to make light of the disaster, down boomed from the ivory throat and silver voice of Alboni, the *appropriate* air of

"*Un Segretto per esser felice!*"

Seeing a carriage and a gentleman beckoning to him from it, the hired waiter, without staying to condole with his compeer's misfortune, ran forward.

"Will you have the goodness," said Sir Fulke in his blandest voice, "to ask if I can see Mr. Crosbie Quirker for a moment? I shall not detain him long."

"Won't you step out, sir, into the dining-room; or into his office?"

Sir Fulke did so, requesting to be shown into the latter; and, when the waiter had stirred up the nearly extinct fire, placed a chair, and lit the gas, he asked, preparatory to leaving the room,—"What name, sir, if you please, shall I say?"

"Oh, merely a client of Mr. Quirker's wishes to speak to him."

"Very good, sir;" and the Mercury vanished.

Sir Fulke stood with his back to the fire, his hat slouched over his eyes, his hands behind his back, and his eyes wandering about the room; for it was not to be supposed that the dusty law-books, the japanned tin boxes, and the tape-tied parchments, and foolscap Sibyline leaves, had sufficient attraction to rivet them. But presently, he espied peeping from a bronze gauntleted hand that held it, and several others, an open note in Lord Portarjis's hand-writing. Now of course Sir Fulke would not have been so ungentleman-like as to take *it up* and read it; but what are eyes given people for but to see with? And if, at any time of his life, he ever had, had such a vulgar appendage as a conscience, he had so thoroughly succeeded in lulling it with the soothing syrup of legal subtleties, and antithetical casualties, that, docile as a well broken-in Arab horse, *it* was obedient to *his* voice, and always ready to carry him over anything. So, eyes

being given to us for the purpose of using them, he used his, and read—

"For a thousand reasons, it is better it should be Sierra Leone—few live to tell tales who go there. Moreover, though called the Gold Coast, it's not like Australia, where, by some lucky stroke of the pickaxe, a *déporté* may be converted into a millionnaire from one minute to another, and be back upon one, before one knows where one is. But mind, it *must* be before October, the old woman grows so troublesome.

"Yours,

"*Quandiu se bene gesserit.*"*

"*Quandiu se bene gesserit!*" repeated Sir Fulke. "ET TU QUOQUE BRUTI! I'll take the hint; for as it is admissible to learn even from one's enemies, I don't see that one should have any scruple in doing so from one's friends;—*et je vous connais beau masque!*—and yet, it's astonishing! however black a man's *own* deeds may be, and however dirty the tools he is compelled to use in transacting them, oh how heinous the self-same obliquities appear in *another*, when he chances to discover them by a few rays from his own dark lantern, while groping in the same track! So, my Lord Portarjis! it's well to know that *you* also require the secret services of the Brothers' Quirker! for it is consolatory the way in which the comparative anatomy of another man's vices, seems to lessen one's own moral malformation. I've a great mind to

* A clause in law, signifying that the person to whom an office is delegated shall hold the same, as long as he conducts himself (or it) properly, or it may be *improperly*, according to the service required, and the person employing him.

keep this," added he, stretching out his hand towards the note, but as suddenly drawing it back. "No—hang it!—*that's* a felony, and would never do for *me!* but what an infernal shame of that fellow, Crosbie, leaving such a communication open in a bronze hand, *pro bono publico*, on his office table. I'll take good care never to give him an opportunity of selling *me* in this way—and——"

But whatever further reflections he was about to make, were interrupted by the entrance of the master of the house, with not the most gracious expression of countenance in the world, at having been made to quit pleasure for business at so unseasonable an hour; but seeing *who* the intruder was, he immediately advanced with the most deferential respect and *empressé* manner, exclaiming,—

"*You!* my dear Sir——!"

But before he could add the Christian name, Sir Fulke, putting up his fore-finger, telegraphed,

"Oh, breathe not his name!"

So the door closed without the waiter being the wiser who the client could be that transacted business at such an hour; but the next minute, having borrowed a pair of stockings for Phelps, he soon gratified his curiosity.

"Ten thousand pardons, my dear Sir Fulke, for not having come *instanter;* but I had no idea that I should have the honour of seeing *you* at this time of night," said the host.

"Gammon, Quirker! don't let you, and I, waste our time talking about honour! sit down, I want to talk to you; I've a job that *must* be done, or, at least, begun, *to-night.*"

Crosbie Quirker bowed, wheeled his library-chair over for his visitor, and seated himself in another, immediately

opposite to him. Sir Fulke laid his hat upon the table, tossed his gloves into it, and having stretched out his right arm, and pulled down his wristband, said, without further preamble,—

"My way is clearer than I thought it would be, for I see you do that sort of work."

"What sort of work?" inquired Crosbie, with a degree of mystification so genuine, that it amounted to the appearance of candour; and really, when a man has *not* "renounced the d—l and all his works," but *toute au contraire*, it *is* enough to puzzle him, to have a demand made upon his industry, by the mention of work in the singular number.

"THAT!" said Sir Fulke, pointing, and continuing to point, to Lord Portarjis's note, as grasped by the bronze gauntlet, while he fixed his pale stony eyes upon the attorney, with a gaze under which the latter was visibly petrifying. This he did sufficiently long to give the spell time to work; and then he added, in a voice so denunciatory and inquisitorial, that it froze the very marrow in Mr. Crosbie Quirker's well-covered bones.

"It's infamous! to leave such letters about for every one to read,—and you deserve to be struck off the rolls."

"Bless my soul!" gasped the terrified Crosbie.

"No blasphemy—and no swindling, if you please;—no drawing upon Heaven for what you *know* will not be accepted,—your credit is all in another direction," said Sir Fulke, with a ghastly smile.

"Well—really—never in all my life did such a thing happen to me before.—I—I—I can't conceive how I came to be so careless," stammered the attorney, seizing the note of his other patron, and being about to throw it into the fire.

Sir Fulke arrested his arm.

"Worse and worse.—'WRITE NOT, BURN NOT,' should be the motto of all who aspire to being wise in their generation. What were iron safes and Chubb's locks made for?"

Crosbie rose, opened the one at the side of the fireplace, flung the note into it, and turned the quadruple lock on it, replacing the key in his pocket.

"If you *can* forgive me *this* once, Sir Fulke," said the penitent thief, joining his hands, as he had seen monumental figures represented in the act of praying do.

"Forgive you, my dear sir,—with all my heart. You have not injured *me*," said Sir Fulke, with a horrible smile, holding out both hands in the most cordial manner to his tool.

"Not to detain you too long from more agreeable society,—now for my little affair."

"Never *can* be more ageeably employed than in your service, Sir Fulke," bowed the courteous Crosbie, reseating himself, and approaching his chair to confidential distance towards his patron's.

"Ah! well, glad you thing so,—but where there is no horse-hair, you know, there need be no humbug. So, like his Majesty King Richard the Third in the play, now be 'yourself again,' and listen to what I have to say."

And here, the two heads came so closely together, and the murmurs in which they spoke were so low for the ensuing half hour, that even had the ogre in Puss in Boots been under the table, in his celebrated *rôle* of mouse, he could not have heard what they said, though he might have perceived—that ever and anon the attorney put in a demurrer, which, however, the judge over-

ruled, and finally Crosbie Quirker said in an audible voice, though not loud :—

"Very well, Sir Fulke, I'll see to it immediately."

"Then I'll give you the address." And he wrote something on a sheet of paper, which the attorney had no sooner read than he exclaimed:—

"Bless my soul!"

"There you go again," interrupted Sir Fulke, laying his hand upon Crosbie's arm.

"All I was going to say, Sir Fulke, was, that those dark arches of the Adelphi, are a ticklish locale to go to at night;—it's a chance if I arrive alive so far down by the water-side."

"What!—are there no such things as life-preservers and policemen?"

"Yes, certainly—I did not think of them for the moment; but then, they must know where I go."

"I don't see the necessity.—When they have escorted you through the arches, cannot they wait on the other side, down by the bridge, till you return?"

But seeing that Crosbie still held the piece of cheese in his beak, that is, that he still hesitated, Sir Fulke proceeded, not, indeed, to flatter him upon his charming voice, and request a song,—but upon his astuteness, diplomacy, courage, and its better part, resource,—pointing out, how there were at least six hundred solicitors, all more or less shrewd, sharp, clever fellows, and not *over* squeamish; but there was but One Crosbie Quirker, who to the acumen of the law, added the strategy of the general, and the devotion of the friend! The cheese dropped,—Crosbie was springed!

"Well, good-bye, my dear fellow, you really *are* a

trump!" cried Sir Fulke, in mock admiration, as he shook his hand with spurious cordiality.

"Ah, well, if we win, it won't be by honours, Sir Fulke," said the tool dolefully, venturing on this sorry jest.

"Clearly not, for the odd trick is more in our way," chuckled his patron, with another Mephistophiles laugh; adding, "be so good as to see that the coast is clear. I don't mean from servants; but that there are none of your guests in the hall, and I will not detain you longer."

Crosbie looked out, and reported that there were only two or three servants waiting there. Sir Fulke then bowed more ceremoniously to the host, at the room-door, and repeated his adieux, and apologies, for having intruded on him at so unseasonable an hour, while the latter turned to the hired waiter, who had admitted him, saying:—

"Let this gentleman's carriage draw up," as if he still ignored his name; and then, with a profusion of additional bows, Mr. Crosbie Quirker himself conducted his "*client*" to the hall-door, saw him safely into his carriage, and, as it drove off, waved his hand to The Right Honourable Sir Fulke Clairville; for he *was* a Right Honourable in virtue of his being a Privy Councillor, and such being the case, surely even a Cossack would cry—

"God save the Queen!"

CHAPTER II.

A Working Man's Home.

"*Ficus, ficus, ligonem vocat,*
Novi ego hoc Sarculum moribus quibus siet."

PLAUTUS.

"If we must pass a day with a child, one would rather it talked as nature, or accident, or some mysterious thread of ideas, prompted it, than find it an enthusiastic admirer of Henry the Eighth, or absorbed in the history of the Second Punic War. If it is a child, for Heaven's sake let it be a child. Indeed, we may go farther; if a man is a fool, it is a thousand pities he should ever try to be anything else."

From the "*Times*" of Tuesday, April 5th, 1857.

IT was a lovely day at the beginning of July, and early morning in London, that is to say, half-past one P.M., when our old friend, Mr. Thornberry, knocked at Mr. Melville's door, in Upper Seymour Street. It was one of those large, good, thoroughly respectable, and sedately dismal houses, which abound in that and the adjacent streets. One of those houses, in fact, which, had every stick of furniture been removed out of it, and the

windows rendered impervious from the undisturbed dust and rain of ages, would still, from the style of the hall-door, the size of the entrance-hall, the width of the stone staircase, and the largeness and loftiness of the rooms, have been called a fine house. But as it was, the door-flag was scrupulously whitened, the windows accurately clean, the furniture ditto; but it was all *out* of fashion, *not old*-fashioned, as is the *grande mode*.

To begin at the beginning, the blinds in the dining-room were not even wire; but the good old perpendicular green sticks with a brass urn-shaped knob in the centre of the top mahogany frame, to turn the said sticks in and out, so as either to afford the occupants of the room gape-seed or privacy: in short, blinds which dated from the time of Napoleon the First, Wellington the foremost, and the infancy of that Hercules of the Potteries,—the willow-pattern-plate. The curtains, too, had figured at the same epoch of European history, and therefore had originally been scarlet cloth, trimmed with black velvet; but in order to keep pace—or at least to meet the exigencies of gas and steam,—had, like all similar speculators, got *dipped*, and were now therefore crimson, trimmed with gold-coloured silk lace. But the Turkey carpet had heard the ruin of Europe in general, and of England in particular, prognosticated for the last fifty years, more especially when Napoleon Bonaparte returned from Egypt, sinking not so much under the weight of his laurels, as under that harmoniously named complaint which has gained for the king of musical instruments the invidious prefix of *Scotch*.

The table in the hall was a long, narrow, black mahogany one, that had formerly been a sideboard, with spindle legs, an ornamental beading running round its fluted sides, and a monumental urn in the centre, round

which the said heading, like an undying remembrance, gracefully festooned. The stair and drawing-room carpets were drab, grounded with what had been originally blue flights of fancy meandering over them, but which were gradually adapting themselves, and toning down under divers tramplings, and the housemaid's broom, to the more steady and fixed principles of the ground. The drawing-room furniture consisted of rosewood chairs, innumerable hard, long, scroll-shaped couches, an *à la grecq* border in brown on the buff-satin paper, high tripod-shaped Girandoles with boat-shaped lamps on the top, in each corner, and all the other indications of Grecian furniture as it was misunderstood in England during the Peninsular war.

In short, there was a total absence of that plethora of CASH—or its frequent synonyme *Crash*—so apparent in most London houses. In this one, everything told the exact, and respectable truth, viz.: that all the chattels had been obtained with difficulty, and preserved with care.

There was but ONE luxury so palpable as to be seen, felt, and understood, and *that* was cleanliness, which was the cause perhaps why the paint might have looked fresher, though it could not have *been* cleaner; and this cause also extended to the absence of superfluous nap on the scrupulously brushed hat of the master of the house that stood on the hall-table, with his gloves over one of its rims ready for him to put on.

Mark Melville and his pretty little wife had married for love, and though, (as far as they went), at Clanhaven House even, there were not better dinners than those in the old-fashioned square silver dishes, placed in an old-fashioned way *on* Mr. Melville's table; or better wine than that drank out of his unpretending, unornamental, but ever-hospitable old glasses;—still, he had never in their

seventeen years' *ménage* arrived at having a butler; nor Mary his wife, at having a carriage; for there was educational lining to be found for six little heads, shoes and stockings for double that number of little feet, and food for these six mouths. Moreover, the eldest boy, now fifteen, though Lord Portarjis's godson, and called after him, Hubert de Vere, was at Eton, and had been sent there with nothing but this nominal honour, a tip of five pounds from his godfather, and the produce of his father's hard labour, and his mother's stringent and early and late economies for those seventeen years. So there was no butler, no carriage, no indispensable *appearances*, in the large old family house in Upper Seymour Street, which had been Mark Melville's father's before him. And even the solitary footman, in his quiet livery of a plain dark blue coat, white metal buttons, with his master's crest on them, (a boar's head gorged with a ducal coronet), and the purple plush breeches, snowily white, but merely *cotton* stockings, though a tall, thoroughly respectable, and gentlemanlike looking servant, did not even wear powder, and was *not* called *Jeames*, but actually answered to the name of Frederick.

Soon after Mr. Thornberry had given his quiet, steady, not over-loud, but distinct, and somewhat determined knock at the door, (by the bye, what character there is in a knock at the door!—some persons knock under, those are cowards; some over, these are the awkward; some down, they are the combative; and most of all, up, which are the bores).

Frederick opened the door.

"Mrs. Melville at home?"

"No—no—sir," hesitated Frederick, for without powder it is impossible to fire off that sort of lie as it ought to be.

"Tut!—tut!—that's provoking; I thought I'd be sure to catch her at this hour. There's no use I know in asking if your master is at home?"

"Well sir, he *is*, but he's busy; I really dare not disturb him."

"No, no, of course not; be so good as to give this to Mrs. Melville," added he, writing something with a pencil on his card, "and tell her the answer *must* be *yes*."

"I will, sir," bowed Frederick; and Mr. Thornberry put on his glove and walked leisurely away from the door in the direction of Portman Square, but had scarcely got three doors off, before Frederick came running after him with—

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Melville will see *you*."

"*A la bonheur*, that's what it is to be a handsome young fellow!" and Mr. Thornberry stuck his hat so considerably on one side, that it greatly endangered the equilibrium, or at least the *juste milieu* of his brown wig.

"You are a pretty sort of a lady to treat your true knight in this way, when he comes twelve whole miles to see you! fancy *any* man going *one* for *any* woman breathing, or all of them put together, in *these* days; and then to get nothing for my pains but 'not at home!'" said he, on entering the dining-room.

"And *you* are a pretty sort of knight not to *insist* upon coming in, if you had scaled the wall," laughed Mrs. Melville, holding out both her hands to him.

"So you are," laughed all the children, clinging to him like burrs, and pretending to beat him.

"The fact is, it's my brats' dinner-hour," resumed Mrs. Melville, "and Frederick very properly thinks that the odour of roast mutton, and rice pudding, at one o'clock in

the day, should be sacred to mammas, governesses, and the unsophisticated hunger of youth!"

"At that rate, madam, what the deuce is to become of the equally unsophisticated hunger of an old lawyer, particularly when it is thirty years since the poor devil has even eaten his terms, and is therefore as sharp-set as a hound's. Frederick, be so good as to lay a cover for me, and whenever I *happen* to drop in at the roast mutton and rice pudding hour—in fact, to come in pudding time—let *that* be the *rule*; and the very stale fish, you thought, Mr. Frederick, to put me off with for luncheon—the *exception*."

"Now *mind* you remember, Mr. Thornberry is *always* to come to luncheon, Frederick," cried all the children, clapping their hands, as they seated themselves.

"Hear, hear; a very good amendment, which I second," said Mr. Thornberry. "Ah, Miss Onslow," added he, to the governess. "I'd always *heard* you were an uncommonly clever woman, but we old lawyers don't exactly believe all we hear. But seeing *is* believing, and you are the third woman I have met in the course of a long life, who knew *how* to cut mutton—which should always be cut in lumps,—and how, like Dick in the Vicar of Wakefield, I ought to have the largest lump, because, like him, I spoke first!"

And he held his plate, as they all laughed.

"Jessie," said Mrs. Melville to her second youngest darling, a little rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed thing of six years old, "Go and tell Hubert to come to dinner, and tell him Mr. Thornberry is here, or he'll go on poring over his Latin verses, and wont hurry himself."

"Now, Miss Onslow, I have a design upon *your* brigade for to-morrow; Mamma and Melville *must* do as I

please, because, poor wretches, *they* are in *my* power, for I it was who drew up, or at least who instigated their marriage settlements; but I want you to come down to Beddington to-morrow, and bring all my little friends with you; for there is a particular friend of mine, one Mr. Bumpus, at whose nuptials I by accident found myself when incarcerated in the Tower a few years ago, for the high crime and misdemeanour of knowing a guardsman. Well, Mr. Bumpus is the proprietor of 'unrivalled attractions,' not exactly apparent in his own person, but in a Hippodrome or Circus, of which he is the owner, and which he has now pitched at Richmond, or at least on Ham Common, which is only two miles from my place, Beddington. And, moreover, I can give you what no other man in England can, nor even the Queen herself, which are cherries at the end of July!"

"I'm sure, Mr. Thornberry, you are very kind; and the children and myself will only be too happy, if Mrs. Melville has no objection. I've heard so much of that cherry-tree of yours. Is there not some history attached to it?"

"Why, the history is this; and you may read it for yourself, when you come to Beddington; for, as I considered the tree's genealogy belonged to it, and was, in fact, a part of the place, I have had the tree bound round first with wood, and then with white marble, and the following legend, which is authentic, inscribed upon it:—

"'Sir Hugh Plat informs us, that THE DELICATE KNIGHT SIR FRANCIS CAREW, once making a splendid entertainment for Queen Elizabeth at Beddington, in Surrey, led her Majesty, after dinner, to a cherry-tree in his garden, which had on it fruit in its prime, then above a month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This

retardation he achieved, by straining a canvass over the whole tree, wetting it, as the weather required, with a scoop, so that, by obstructing the sun-beams, the cherries grew to a great size, and were very long before they attained their perfect cherry colour; and when he was certified of the time her Majesty would come, he removed the canvass, or tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity: whereat her Highness was marvellously pleased, and did, to the delicate Knight's great content, commend his cunning, and regale on its fruits daintily.'

"And," laughed Mr. Thornberry, "I hope you will all regale equally 'daintily' on them to-morrow; or it will be your own '*culps*'* if you don't; as her most termagant Majesty Queen Bess told her faithful Commons in her last, or, as it is called, her 'golden speech,' that whatever had gone wrong in her reign, had not been *her* '*culps*;' thereby civilly implying that it had been *theirs*. Were Queen Victoria to do the same, she would not be far wrong. But I should tell you *my* cherry-tree is only the lineal descendant, by cuttings renewed every fifty years, from the original Elizabethan one."

"Oh! and Mr. Thornberry has got a winter-garden, with such delicious Mexican fruits and flowers in it!" said Mrs. Melville. "What is the name of that fruit I liked so much?"

"Was it the pompion?"

"No."

"Not the fresh pistachio-nuts?"

"No."

"Do you mean the pithaya? that shrub without leaves, but that has a really delicious fruit; externally like a

* An old English word for faults—hence the word culpability.

horse-chestnut, but with a pulp of variegated colours, and of a slight but most grateful acid?"

"No, not that, though *that* is very nice; but the fruit I mean, has a most exquisite perfume, as well as a most delicious flavour."

"Oh! now I know what you mean. It is the polo-santo."

"Ah! that is it."

"But my manna roses are in perfection this year; and in eating the manna distilled from them, you would think you were eating sugar. Steeped in gul-attar, it is perfectly exquisite! and must, I should think, be the real angel-food."

"Now, dear Mr. Thornberry, I'm sure you will laugh at me; but I have only *one* drawback, ever in going to you."

"I hope that one is, that you *must* go back."

"No, it isn't: so don't be conceited. It is, that I am always afraid of meeting so many clever people."

"So many clever people! By George! I did not know they *were* so plentiful. I wish you would have the goodness to tell *me* where I could meet them. What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, authors and *literati*, in fact."

"Authors and *literati* in *my* house! Heaven defend us from our friends! If mine enemy had brought this accusation against me, I could have borne it. What disreputable-looking people have you ever seen in *my* house, Dame Mary Melville (but *once* the shocking accident of Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, who came professionally to *do* a *soirée* of German professors), that you should lay to my charge things that I knew not of? for, with some few exceptions, *where*, save at the Old Bailey, or at a state-ball,

will you see such an atrocious-looking set of *vaux rien* as our modern *littérateurs?* No, no, my good lady, pretty women, after an honest fashion, are far more in *my* way; for, like Lord Plausible, in '*The Plain Dealer,*' I *do* plead guilty to making myself ridiculous, by admiring the fine tip of a lady's ear, or her pretty elbow; and, as to a hand to match, I don't say—that is, I wouldn't swear but what it might be capable of making me commit forgery any day. Does *this* look like a man that would let his house be infested with sentiment-mongers—a set of Mokanas, with glittering veils?—to gull the world, and who haven't a human feeling left for their own personal use—they being all—*all* fused into clap-trap, in their ink-stands for general circulation. Go to, Dame Mary Melville. Literary lion-hunters should be made of stupider stuff than your old friend, Spencer Thornberry."

"Oh! what a pretty little cannon! Look here, mamma, at this pretty little cannon that Mr. Thornberry has got to his watch-chain," cried little George Melville.

"Ah," said Mr. Thornberry, unhooking the little *lapis lazuli* cannon on diamond wheels, and putting it into the child's hand:—"that was *un hommage au conquérant;* from the poor knave of hearts,* Monsieur de Quinola, when I gained his Jocky Club suit for him against Clairville, and the other great guns; well, certainly, the English bar is it a pretty pass, when we have such fellows as Sir Fulke Clairville! *cum multum aliis,* at the head of the profession. I never see that man don the black cap, and hear him condemn a less sinful fellow-creature to death, that I don't wish to get up a little forensic *animaux peint par eux-mêmes;* and reverse their positions."

* At the game of *Reversis,* the knave of hearts is called Quinola.

"When you *do*," rejoined Mrs. Melville, "pray don't confine the retributive justice to the legal profession; for truly, it is needed through the length and breadth of the land."

"*That*, I'm quite ready to endorse."

Here, little Jessie returned with her elder brother, a fine handsome, intelligent-looking boy — very like his mother; and from having been well brought up by her, previous to incurring the petrifying pollutions of a public school, had retained all those moral equities, and gentler humanities, which made him the pride and comfort of his parents, and the idol of his brothers and sisters, who, had each of them been an elder brother, and heir to millions, would have voluntarily yielded up their birthright to him any day, with its primogeniture accessories of venison and velvet, and been quite content for his sake, with their humble mess of pottage, and russet.

"Ah! Sir Hubert De Vere! glad to see you; how we're grown," said Mr. Thornberry, turning round to shake hands with him.

"Are we not? I'm sure the Eton air agrees with him," said the delighted mother.

"Pooh! pooh!—it's not the Eton air, it's the Eton fagging, and the Latin grammar, and the vicinity of the court—those are the *real* things to make a boy 'healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as early rising was chimerically supposed to do in the old distich, are they not, Hubert?"

"I don't know about that," laughed Hubert; "but I like being at Eton—there are some capital fellows there, and we have lots of fun."

"Oh! but Hubert," cried all the little voices at once, "we are to have better fun to-morrow, for Mr. Thornberry has asked us *all*,—little ones and all—down to Bedding-

ton, and we are to go to a Hippodrome; and see horses and things, as we did when Uncle George took us to Astley's."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried Mr. Thornberry, "you don't suppose that a young gentleman at Eton, of your brother Hubert's advanced age and acquirements, would condescend to go to a Circus?"

"Wouldn't he, though? only try him!" laughed Hubert. "Now, Mr. Thornberry, I ask you am I not right in saying, that the actors of ancient Rome did more with their dumb show, or pantomime, than our greatest modern actors can do with speech? because I had an argument with Temple, about this the other day, a fellow in the sixth form;" and Hubert put down his knife and fork, and for a moment became 'every inch' an Etonian!

An almost imperceptible twitching played round Mr. Thornberry's mouth, and a merry light corruscated in his eyes, as he answered,

"Why the fact is, Hubert, the power of ancient pantomime is nearly as much cited, and as little understood as the Nepenthes of Homer. We cannot now, even tell what that was, much less whether Helen really banished her melancholy with it, and so proved the qualities which Pliny attributes to this (for us) mythological plant when steeped in wine. But, with regard to ancient pantomime, and the wondrous lever it was, for moving human passions, certainly *Dum lego assentior*. For if we are to believe the Roman 'Morning Post,' and the Athenian 'Court Journal,' the dance of the Eumenides, or Furies, was of so graphic and infernally expressive a nature, that the Areopagus itself shuddered. Men grown old in sanguinary warfare trembled—the multitude ran out shrieking—for every one imagined that he *saw* in *reality* these relent-

less deities to whom the vengeance of heaven was delegated, to pursue and punish the crimes of earth. Now this we learn, from the same historical authorities who tell us that Sophocles was a genius—that *none* could withstand the magnetic eloquence of Demosthenes—that Themistocles was a hero—that Socrates was the wisest of men. And yet it was in the time of these, the most famous of the Greeks—the ingots, in fact, of that mine of the world's intellectual wealth—and in sight of these irreproachable witnesses, that the pantomimic power of motion produced the greatest effect.

"In the best days of Rome, not merely every passion, but every shade and subtility, of sentiment, was not only expressed but communicated, by mimes and dancers; and often, so great was their power and energy of pathos, that the audience would be hurried away by the illusion, and mechanically take part in the mimic-miseries presented to them with such graphic reality. For the representation of Ajax in a frenzy, for instance, the spectators received so violent an impression from the mime who represented him, that they broke out into execrations, stripped to fight, and came to blows with one another, having caught the infectious fury of the scene passing on the stage.

"At another time, they would weep as with one pair of eyes, and sob as with one heart, at the afflictions of Hecuba. And I dare say you know, Hubert, that, in the reign of Nero the cynic and mock philosopher (as all cynics are), Demetrius saw for the first time one of these pantomimes. Struck with the wonderful truth of the representation, he could not, in spite of himself, help expressing his astonishment; but whether his pride made him feel a sort of shame at the admiration he had so involuntarily shewn, or whether, naturally envious and

selfish, he could not bear the pain of being forced to approve anything but his own singularities, he attributed to the music the strong impression that had been made upon him. As in that reign a false philosophy had naturally a greater influence than a real, this fellow was, it seems, of sufficient consequence for the managers of the pantomime and dances to take notice of his assertion; or at least to be piqued sufficiently for their own credit to concoct a plan for undeceiving him.

"He was, therefore, once more brought to their theatre, and seated in a conspicuous part of it, without having been made acquainted with their intention. The orchestra began; an actor opened the scene. At the moment of his entrance, the music ceased; the representation commenced, and was continued only by the aid of the expression of the player's countenance, and the gestures of his body, more particularly those of his hands and arms. The history performed, was the Loves of Mars and Venus; the Sun discovering them to the jealous Vulcan; the snares which he set for his faithless spouse and her formidable paramour; the quick effect of his treacherous wile, which, while it completed the revenge of Vulcan, only published his shame; the confusion of Venus, the rage of Mars, and the arch-mirth of the mob of minor deities who came to enjoy the sight. The whole audience gave to the wonderful performance its just meed of praise; but the Cynic, quite beside himself, could not help crying out, in a transport of delight, 'No, no; this is not a representation!—it is the very thing itself!'

"Pylades too, had once been publicly challenged by Hylas, once a pupil of his, to represent the greatness of Agamemnon. Hylas came upon the stage, with buskins of the shape of stilts, which made him an artificial and tremendous height;

in consequence of which, he certainly towered above the crowd of actors who surrounded him. This was thought very fine, till Pylades appeared, with a stern and majestic air, a serious step, downcast and thoughtful eyes, though occasionally, after a sudden pause, raised to heaven—his arms folded, and all the outward and visible signs of profound inward sorrow and meditation, as if weighing, and comparing, the changing hues of fate, with all the calm dignity of kingly greatness. The spectators, struck with the immeasurable superiority and truth of *his* impersonation, unanimously awarded him the preference;—whereupon Pylades, coolly turning to Hylas, said, 'YOUNG MAN, WE HAD TO REPRESENT A KING WHO COMMANDED OVER TWENTY KINGS: YOU MADE HIM TALL, I SHOWED HIM GREAT.'"

"Bravo!" cried Hubert, clapping his hands; "thank you. Won't I pitch into Temple now, when I go back, and into that stupid Noodle, Fitz Doodle, who gapes logarithms, and snores syllogisms!"

"I think you had better '*pitch into*' your dinner, and finish it," laughed his mother; "at all events, Mr. Thornberry and I will go up stairs; for I want to speak to him."

Whereupon, the children all rose up to kiss, and wish him good bye; but their mother interposed, and begged he might be spared their *moutonière* caresses—adding, with a laugh, "you had better wait till to-morrow, when you will have your cherry lips, thanks to him—with which I'm *sure* he'd *rather* be kissed, than with pudding ones."

"But we may *bow* him a *tiss do*, mamma," cried number four, and number six, Jessie and Minnie; as they kissed their little dimpled hands to the retreating barrister, who, thus challenged, returned, and pulling back their

pretty little heads, kissed them sonorously on both cheeks; whereupon, the forward little minxes called after their mother triumphantly,

"But he *has tissed us do,* mamma, pudding and all!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, I'm glad, young ladies, you duly appreciate the honour and the victory over my reluctance," laughed Mr. Thornberry.

"Well," said Miss Onslow, "there was a party here the other day, who really *did* refuse to kiss them; was not there, Minnie?"

"Do you mean a dinner-party, a tea-party, or a political party, my good lady?"

"No, sir, a gentleman."

"Oh! a gentleman; then do oblige me, Miss Onslow, by calling him a gentleman, if he deserved the name—and even in the very unusual *pis aller* of his being so destitute of name, as not even to have a SMITH to his back, you yet might call him a person. Pardon my critique, my good lady—but I have too great an esteem, from all I have heard of you, to let you, at least without a protest, leaven your virtues with these cursed modern vulgarities, that are undermining our noble language like a dry-rot. You never hear of people doing the most praiseworthy thing they can do, now-a-days, earning their bread; it is, *vide* all the modern trash-books, '*getting a living!*'—going in an omnibus, or a carriage, is '*riding!*' The word SIMILAR, seems to have died a natural, or rather an unnatural death; it is always those two abominations of vulgarity, '*the like,*' and '*such like.*' People used to grudge things formerly—*sometimes,* though not often; but now, they "*be-grudge*" them; as a constant practice, whether it is a paltry pecuniary pension, for the fabulous valour, and unpayable services of an heroic veteran, or a

penny stamp on a letter; for the age has been utilitarianized into one vast save-all, upon which, all the used-up fag-ends of human nature are spiked, and no man lets 'his light so shine' as it ought.

'Then people '*write you*' (and themselves down an ass); they don't write *to* you; and luncheon, that very necessary go-between an early breakfast and a late dinner, is sliced, in this universal deluge of kitchen-phraseology, into '*lunch*;' while the gracious and grammatical 'If you please,' of my youth, which made it a request on the part of the asker, and optional on the part of the asked, is now perked into the imperative vulgarity of '*please*;' but of all this greasy mob of misnomers—for me, who am no party man, Heaven defend me from '*a party*,' and '*parties*,' for a person or persons, for they are my favourite aversions. You'll forgive me, won't you, Miss Onslow?" said he holding out both his hands to her; "but if you were not first-rate good wheat, you would not be worth threshing."

"Forgive you, sir; I am only too much obliged to you for being so very kind, as to take the trouble of pointing out these things to me; and I am doubly grateful to you for so doing, because, I would not, for the world, have been the means of vitiating the language of these dear children."

"Oh! I don't think there was any fear of *that*," rejoined Mr. Thornberry; "as children invariably take their language, tone, and ideas from their parents. But it was entirely for your *own* sake; for I'm like Dr. Busby—*he* never *wasted* a flogging, that is gave one to a boy who had not something to be flogged *into*, as well as out of. And I never step out of my way to set people right, who are not worth setting right; but I rejoice at having done

so with *you,* Miss Onslow; from the beautiful example it has enabled you to give your pupils of the true way to turn to account being buffeted for our faults."

"But she *has* no faults," cried all the children, gathering round her, and clinging to her.

"Well, I don't think she has *many,*" said Mr. Thornberry; "and that is the very reason I could not bear her to acquire the detestable faults of other people. By the bye, I cut some capital lines out of a newspaper, the other day, upon all these modern vulgarisms; I've got them here in my pocket-book; they are quite in your way, Hubert, and you can read them out when I go up stairs."

And as he left the room, Mr. Thornberry gave him the following *jeu d'esprit.*

"OF OLD A 'SPADE' WAS CALL'D A 'SPADE.'

"Of old a 'spade' was call'd a 'spade'
By simples and by sages;
A 'workman' did his honest 'work,'
And 'servants' earn'd their 'wages!'
A 'man' was title of respect,
Whenever virtue named it;
There was but one of higher worth,
And lovely 'woman' claimed it:
But now we masquerade with words—
The truth a great offence is—
And desecrate our English tongue
By pride and false pretences.

"We shame the language of our sires,
We talk so mild and meekly:
We've 'operatives' for working-men,
And draw our 'salaries' weekly.

Our 'lady' takes the place of 'wife,'
That word so true and hearty;
And every 'man's' a 'gentleman,'
Unless we call him 'party.'
The 'shopman' hates the name of 'shop,'
And, by perversion later,
The man who digs a railway-trench
Is call'd a 'navigator.'

"Oh, give me back our honest speech!
It had a soul of beauty;
And let us do our daily 'work,'
And think it pleasant duty.
Let's earn our 'wages' as of yore—
The word can never harm us;
Let's love our 'sweethearts' and our 'wives,'
And own that 'women' charm us.
So shall our actions, like our words,
Be void of affectation,
And 'spade' be 'spade,' and 'man' be 'man,'
Throughout the British nation.

H. Loudon."

"Capital!" cried Hubert, when he had read them out. "Three cheers for Mr. Loudon; who has *not* 'given up to *party*, what was meant for mankind.'"

"I'm *so* much obliged to Mr. Thornberry," said Miss Onslow, "for pointing out these things to me, and now that he *has* done so, I already begin to perceive how intensely vulgar they are."

"Ah!" laughed Hubert (who, by the bye, was the wit of the fifth form), as he helped himself to the last segment of a greengage tart; "but I'm afraid, Miss Onslow, that's only an *ex-parte* statement."

"I wanted to speak to you about Mark, dear Mr. Thornberry," said Mrs. Melville, as soon as they were seated in the drawing-room.

"What! the fellow has not taken to wife-beating I hope?"

"No," sighed his wife, shaking her head, gravely—"worse than that."

"Worse than that!—then it must be biting and kicking—with a swearing accompaniment."

"No, no—" rejoined Mrs. Melville, with a wan, absent smile. "The fact is, he is killing himself—working day and night, year after year, like fifty galley-slaves, chained to fifty oars, for a mean, selfish, bad man—for Lord Portarjis *is* a bad man, and I don't care who hears me say so."

And here Mary Melville pulled her pocket-handkerchief so violently, that she tore the border from the hemstich, though she knew she'd have to mend it.

"Well, I rather agree with you, as to the moral worth of my Lord Portarjis; and it does seem an infernal shame, with Melville's indisputable talents, his almost universal and *ever-available* knowledge, and the hard labour he has been condemned to now for twenty years, in that dark den, in Downing Street, that he should not be more adequately provided for."

"Instead of not being provided for at all," said his wife, dashing her little clenched hand into the pillow of the sofa with as much vengeance, as if it had been the face of the peer upon whom she had passed the above eulogium. "But there it is, Mark goes on in his tread-mill, and *won't* see his position, and the infamous manner that man has behaved to him, and I confess it makes my blood boil to hear Lord Portarjis's cleverness and grasp of intellect echoed from mouth to mouth, when *I* know that all his cleverness, if he has any, is devoted to vice and dissipation, and that it is on poor Mark Melville's brains he is trading, the contemptible *Charlatan!*"

"Oh! as to *that*, my dear girl, it is the dirty lamp-oil behind-the-scenes-history of the misnomered civilized world; depend upon it, there are far more slaved to death, unknown slop-workers on literature and politics, than on shirts and waistcoats,—and in both cases, it is the retailer of the *finished* article, and not the laborious collector of the materials, and the fabricator, who reaps the profit and fame of the production."

"But, would you believe it, when Lord Portarjis has made some wonderfully scientific display at the Mechanics' Institute, upon the arcana of nature, or the subtile mysteries of chemistry, about which, in reality, he knows as much as my Jessie,—or that he has taken the House by storm in some debate, with the strategy of irrepellable FACTS which he has brought to bear upon the moot point, and the electric fluid of eloquence, with which he thunders and lightens round them, every flash, and every fact, of which speech he owes to some three or four sleepless nights of his slave of the lamp,—poor Mark! would you believe it, I say, that Melville will actually take up 'The Times' the next morning at breakfast, read the whole swindle as calmly as if it were every word of it new to him, except a slight flushing of his cheek and quivering of his lip, when he comes to the thunders of applause, and the unqualified praise of the leading article, and at last, lay the paper quietly down; and rub his hands as quietly, saying:—

"'Come, that's very good; now, darling, another cup of tea, for I must be off?'"

"Well, yes, I *would* believe it," rejoined Mr. Thornberry, at the same time snapping his fingers with a gesture of impatience; "for Melville is one of the very few, if not indeed the only one, for I firmly believe the race to be

extinct, who *literally* and conscientiously does his duty in the state of life into which it has pleased Providence to call him. Without ever looking to the right, or to the left with envy, or back with regret, but only steadily and honestly straight forward, to mind he does not stumble by the way, and having undertaken to serve Lord Portarjis, and accepted about the same onerous *alter ego* post that the '*Bon Saint Eloi*' filled near the sacred but ill-dressed person of the '*Bon roi d'Agobert!*' for whom the responsible saint was expected to do everything down to eating and sleeping,—so Melville thinks *without* thinking about it, that it is his duty to pour out his whole being, and all the great faculties that have been given him, in the service, and for the glory of my Lord Portarjis, just as much as if his Lordship had bought Babbage's calculating-machine, or the block-machinery at Portsmouth, which, of course, would never dream of exercising their wonders, on their own account.

"I never in my life met a man so capable, so in every way qualified, armed *cap à pie*, for being a great man—that is, a *conventionally* great man, by circumstance and position as Melville, for he *is bonâ fide* a *really* great man; his noble, unalloyed simplicity, and his deep, broad, incorruptible honesty, make and keep him *that*. But what I mean is, that I never saw a man, who, without study, or even a single rehearsal of the part, could, at a moment's notice, *sans* hurry or hesitation, enact the *rôle* of greatness, to the uttermost extent of its grandeur, and the most delicate niceties of its multiplex shades. For I firmly believe, that, could every existing dynasty be fused into the monster autocratic title of Emperor of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and be bestowed upon him, *his* whole feeling and interest would be, how *he* could

worthily fill so stupendous a niche in creation's space, without bestowing one thought on the gorgeous halo, the *radii*, that so many diadems would reflect around himself. No, all *he* would do, would be to collect and re-arrange his vast stores of information, and go to school to learn them over again; chiefly studying in the long diverging umbrageous avenues of history, and gleaning from their many-tongued leaves, knowing that history is, or ought to be, the horn-book of nations."

"Ah, I see *you* appreciate, because you understand him," said the delighted wife, her eyes sparkling through her tears; "but is it not astonishing, is it not disgraceful! that so many shallow, chattering fools, should be making fames and fortunes in the world, while such a man as Mark is let to wear out his life working for another, in the deep mine of his own vast intelligence?"

"Disgraceful! yes; astonishing! no. *Inter indoctos etiam corydus sonat*, which means, my good lady, to the ignorant and unskilled—the voice of the sparrow is music. The corydus was a lark of a very inferior note, found in the environs of Athens, which, as Hubert would tell you, the Athenian rabble thought delightful, simply because its *noise* was incessant; and it is precisely the same in the world, those who ceaselessly make themselves heard, or heard of, even as far as having their names constantly in print, are confounded by the discriminating public with being famous, for, amid popular fallacies, noise and celebrity are synonymous. The shallower a stream is, the more it brawls, and consequently attracts the notice of those on its margin. Whereas, a silent sea, though reefed with coral, and gemmed with pearls, requires divers capable of penetrating to its depths, to bring them to the world's surface-mart, and divers are always in the minority. But

surely, Portarjis means eventually to do something for Melville?"

"Not he, depend upon it," said Mrs. Melville, indignantly, "he is far too selfish for *that;* making Mark independent of him, would be very like dashing out his own brains; for, where are all my Lord Portarjis's speeches, and wonderful cleverness, to come from, then? No, no, trust him, he knows better than *that*."

"Well, but surely Melville don't mean to walk in this Downing Street treadmill *all* his life? Of course, he means, eventually, to ask for some sort of recompense, or future provision?"

"Not he; he has some vague, shadowy idea, that it is all to be centred in Hubert, that Lord Portarjis is to do wonders for *him;* when, where, how, or what, don't exactly appear; and, if one may form any notion of the end by the beginning, why, poor boy, if he never suffers from indigestion till Lord Portarjis finds him in new bread, my opinion is, that he may to the end of his days defy the whole college of physicians. But I *do* wish, dear Mr. Thornberry, that *you* would talk seriously to Mark, about wasting his life, and his energies, as he is doing in that detestable Downing Street, pulling the wires for that contemptible political puppet. I am sure he would mind *you;* for he has a sincere regard for you, and a high estimate of your judgment. But all *I* say, goes for maternal croaking; and so, of course, is only to be pooh, poohed."

"No, no, I wont speak to Melville," said Mr. Thornberry, scratching his forehead, and evidently in a brown study, "for he would only think you had set me on; but we'll see—we'll see, what can be done," added he, rising, and putting on his gloves. For, unlike most *soi-disant*

friends, who, like a pack of hounds, when a difficulty is started, only *give tongue*,—the conscientious and really benevolent Spencer Thornberry had a great scruple about the cruelty of raising false hopes. His way was to wade through every obstacle, and wrestle with every difficulty *first;* and, if he succeeded, then, and not till then, he sounded his friendly clarion, and brought them the trophies of his victory. Neither did he ever take upon himself the arrogant dictatorship of sermonizing, and irritating, with abstract, and wide-of-the-mark arguments, an *effect*, however deplorable, without first endeavouring to remove, or where that might not be, at least to alleviate, the *cause*. For which reason *he* never, according to the customary tariff of *friends*, attempted to bully persons for *dwelling* upon their misfortunes, without first trying to lessen them, which the mere *effort* of sympathy invariably does; nor did he contemn in others any mode of acting, unless he could put them into a *practical*, not theoretical, way of acting differently.

He would not have animadverted upon the filth of a beggar's garments, unless he had, at the same time, given them new ones. But, above all, he never passed sentence, as most of the world invariably do, upon a case of which he ignored the *facts*, merely from the *effects* they produced in the individual labouring under them; for he knew, from the navigation of his own heart, that *every effect* has its adequate, not to say its *compulsory, cause;* and that among half the disinherited destinies of this world, NECESSITY is at once the only impetus, and the only option!

On rising to take leave of Mark Melville's charming little wife, he had fully made up his mind to ask, and, if needs must be, to importune Lord St. Heliers for a com-

missionership of excise, or something of that sort for Melville; but, true to his really generous creed, he equally resolved to say nothing till he had got it. So all he said then was—

"Well, good bye, my dear. Mind you are with me by three to-morrow; because the children are to have syllabub, as well as cherries, and the Circus begins at seven. And," added he, lowering his voice, "don't say anything more to Melville till we can get him out of it, by degrees; for all overworked people have exciteable nerves; and, you see, nothing irritates a poor fellow (naturally) like preaching to, or lecturing him about a thing he can't get out of, or that he thinks he can't, unless, at the same time, you can *really* point out an egress to him."

"Indeed, dear Mr. Thornberry," said the anxious wife, bursting into fresh tears, "I *don't* preach to, or lecture him; but it breaks my heart to see such a noble unselfish nature as his, chained to the chariot-wheels of such a contemptible gilded idol as Lord Portarjis."

"There—there—breaks your heart indeed!" said he, taking her handkerchief and dabbling it against her eyes to dry her tears, "don't talk to *me* of broken hearts; I've seen too many in *my* day; and I tell you, TIME has a Chinese cement for mending them ALL, imperceptibly, and making them as good as new, if the owners wont wantonly pulverize them, after fate's first smash. The *worst* fracture I ever knew, (for it was at every pulse), was poor Beatrice Clairville's; and look at her now, how happy she is, and how happy she makes others!"

"Ay—poor soul!—but that was through the lucky chance of her being left that money."

"Exactly; and don't you see, you little goose, that those lucky chances are the sugar-plums the three old

weird execrable sisters keep to reward those who don't sulk over their cursed doings; but, when they, in their tantrums, smash a heart, and even dance upon it, the owner picks up the fragments, and patiently, and perseveringly, asks heaven's blessing, and does the best with them they can."

Mary Melville smiled through her tears, and said, "How *is* poor dear Lady Clairville? I do hope we shall meet her at Beddington to-morrow, for I quite long to see her again."

"No, no, I've tried hard, but there is no moving her from Maresco. Why don't *you* run down in the autumn with the children, and pull Melville after you to see her? she'd be delighted, and you'll never see her otherwise; for the very name of London, and 'The Morning Post' world gives her a *crispation des nerfs*. I always tell her she's like the chemist in the bottle, who, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desired to be corked up again; and, in either case, chemist or Clairville, to tell you the truth, I am not much surprised. Well, good bye again, my dear; and tell Melville that both my cows (which are the dearest little Alderneys you ever saw), and my cherry-tree, which can't be seen anywhere *but* at Beddington, will be irrevocably offended, if he don't come with you all, to-morrow; and, as *I* always take up *their* quarrels, he may dread the vengeance of their owner; so, with *this* notice to quit, duly served, if he does not fling his fool'scap and red tape into the fire for to-morrow, I shall distrain upon his time, in morning visits, for the next three months."

"And I'll help you," laughed Mrs. Melville, as Mr. Thornberry closed the door.

CHAPTER III.

"I found that the happiest were the most ignorant, assuming, and self-sufficient; and as for fame and success, I saw them throughout society easily attainable by wealth or interest, adroitness or charlatanry."—KHALILA.

"Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age, between the brazen and the iron one. May not good men, in a corrupt state of society, be considered as the incarnation of this fourth age?"

WHAT a lovely day! and *how* charming and lovely Richmond looked; for *there*, old Father Thames's flowing locks are still as silvery as when Pope sang them,

"Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers."

Merrily rang out the voices of the little Melvilles, and happy looked their mother, as they all squeezed, Miss Onslow and all, into Mr. Thornberry's clarence, that was waiting for them at the station; Hubert getting on the box, and Mrs. Melville taking the precaution to bespeak a fly for Mark, who was to come down by the next train. As they passed the "Star and Garter," to go through the

park to Beddington, they saw two glaringly new omnibuses, with four blood horses in each. Out of these were alighting Lady Agincourt, Lady Pumperville, Lady Jarnley, her daughter, Lady Selina Vileways, Lady Portarjis, Ladies Gemma and Naomi De Vere, Mrs. and the Miss Omany Kays, Sir Fulke Clairville, and dandies *à discretion;* while the Jehu of one omnibus was Monsieur de Bussy, and that of the other Bowes Mornington, who was in the act of flinging the reins to Spriggs, who had acted as cad.

In fact, it was a strong muster of the *haute volée,* who, in the forlorn hope of finding a little amusement, were playing at *canaille,* and so had hired two omnibuses to bring them down to Richmond; Mr. Saville Vernon, who had been installed master of the horse on the occasion, taking care that they should be new ones, so as to avoid all risk of plebeian infection; while the rare part of the jest and the wit of the affair (for in these economical times it is astonishing how little wit suffices for even an unlimited number, at an English party of pleasure) consisted in Lord Marcus Hilton, who officiated as the second cad, receiving the dinner-money from each passenger before they were allowed to enter; which being eighteen shillings a-head, he, as if "to the manner born," held every sovereign between his teeth, while he gave them their two shillings change, which *spirituel* proceeding elicited peals of laughter—the young ladies whispering each other enthusiastically, quite loud enough for the noble cad to hear—

"What fun he is! and *so* handsome!"

"Hallo! de Bussy, that *ain't* fair for the driver to help the *young women* out!" cried his lordship, seeing the *attaché,* after jumping down from the box, hand out an

exceedingly pretty French girl, a Mademoiselle de Nonenville, and give her his arm.

"'Omnibus invideas, Zoïle. Nemo tibi!'" *

laughed de Bussy. "Tu as tes *femelles*, mon cher. Laisse moi donc tranquille, avec ma dame."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cachinnated the noble cad, adding the next minute, "But I say, Bowes, where the *dooce* are the bride and bridegroom? for since the party was made for them, it's very like going to an execution, with the criminal left out."

"All right!" said Bowes. "De Byons said he'd drive down in his mail-phaeton."

"Oh, dear! what a romantic affair that was, to be sure," said old Lady Agincourt. "It's astonishing the silly things that men will do for women, mewed up in those out-of-the-way places, that nobody ever sees or hears of; while in London, where they might make *proper* matches, and have girls for the asking, they seem to have no energy and no enterprise.—Gwyndeline, have the goodness to settle my collar, which has got rumpled in that horrid omnibus."

Lady Gwyndeline Ryvers, Lady Agincourt's niece, was a young lady of five-and-thirty, with more bone than muscle; but she was exceedingly languishing and die-away, or, as her aunt expressed it (for "poor dear Lord Agincourt had been a most inveterate angler"), when she *got* a bite, she wanted strength to land her fish.

"*Is* Lady de Byons so *very* pretty as they say?" drawled Lady Gwyndeline to Lord Francis Filmer.

"Oh, decidedly. She is certainly, I think, one of the prettiest persons I ever saw."

* *You* envy every one, Zoïlus. No one envies *you*.

"It was love at first sight, was it not?" resumed Lady Gwyndeline, looking with tender reproach full into Lord Francis's eyes, as if selecting for *his* pupils, passages from "The Course of Time."

"Oh, quite so, I believe. They even *say* that he ran away with her in a hearse." (For such was the version of the Atat vehicle in which, with unexampled effrontery, they went to the station.)

"Well, *that* was making a *dead* set at her," drawled Saville Vernon, who saw Lady Portarjis drop her glove without attempting to pick it up, he, having made a similar set at her, for six years, in vain.

"Or, perhaps," laughed Lord Francis, who was determined not to be outwitted in such *brilliant* sallies, "or, perhaps, he was only *re-hearsing* his *rôle* of dying for love."

"At all events, the siege lasted nearly three years, for it is only two months ago that he managed his *coup d'état* of the elopement; for the mother, Mrs. Mornington, they say, is a rank Methodist, and a sort of mummied cerberus."

As Mr. Saville Vernon was finishing off this flattering photograph of Mrs. Mornington, Sir Hugh De Byons drove up, with his lovely bride, who really looked as if she *was* "blushing, because she was so fair;" or, it might be, at her charming face being the focus, at which every eye was fixed. But where was the model, next akin, bereaved widow's skull-cap, with the stiff, black love ribbons, that used so sadly to try Patty Carew's taste, and test her mistress's beauty? "Echo answered, where?" for in its stead was now one of Baudron's bonnets, of white *aréophane*, that looked like a lotus, blown by some fairy into a bonnet; one large nenufar, or water-lily floated, as it were, on the left side of it, while over the bonnet, in some

indescribably graceful manner, and falling in front, was some sort of impalpable shadowy white fringe, which really made the beautiful face beneath look like that of an angel, glancing from out a white vapoury cloud. The *ensuite* of this bonnet was a dress of the finest and softest Indian muslin, *so* fine, that it looked like woven air, and not the less so, for the volants being embroidered in golden palms; and the bournous, thrown over her shoulders was of the richest and softest white cashmere, the cords and tassels being also of gold. In short, never did bride look more bridal or more lovely, for nature having done her best, Paris had seconded her efforts, and every one knows, however the latter may aid and improve, she never mars the work of the former.

Galvanized as it were, with unwonted gallantry, all the men rushed simultaneously to help Lady De Byons to alight. One seized the delicate little point-lace *ombrelle;* another, more aspiring, took the artistically-gloved little hand; while a third, Lord Francis Filmer, saved the diophanic flounces from the contact of the wheel, and guided the dainty little foot, cased in its black satin *Brodequin,* which really looked as if had been wandering about in quest of Cinderella's slipper. Having reached *Terra Firma,* and graciously, and gracefully, bowed and smiled her thanks to all her "*helps,*" Lady Portarjis, after kissing her pretty cousin, presented her to all the rest of the party, while old Lady Agincourt, taking observations on her through her glass, said quite out loud, as if the object of her approbation had been a brooch or a bracelet, submitted to her inspection by Hunt and Roskell,—

"Well, she really *is* very pretty, and not at all *gaûche;* and how beautifully dressed! she is, Gwyndeline; but I

suppose *that* is only since *he* married her.—Oh, and look, what extremely small feet she has," continued the *lady*, lowering her head, but *not* her voice, to look at them, at which piece of impertinence, poor Amy's face, from blush rose that it had been, became damask, which Monsieur De Bussy perceiving, placed himself between her and the ill-bred peeress, and taking off his hat and making her a profoundly respectful bow, said:—

"Il est bien heureux que, Madame soit habituée à avoir tout le monde à ses pieds, car sans çela, cette impertinence seroit insupportable!"

"How do, old fellow?" cried Lord Marcus Hilton, slapping Sir Hugh De Byons on the shoulder. "Ha, ha, ha! if ever you come in the way of a methodistical rascal of the name of Benjamin Bunyan, just tell him, will you, that I don't forget I'm in his debt a cut of my horsewhip, for his presumiug to cut me at that Twaddleton meeting."

"Hush! for goodness sake *be* quiet," said Sir Hugh, "or that old Witch of Endor, Lady Agincourt, will hear you."

"Ha, ha, ha,—ah, well! 'all's well that end's well.' So now look up, and present me, not to your better, but to your infinitely superior half——"

"Amy, let me introduce Lord Marcus Hilton to you, he was quartered some time at Twaddleton; indeed, the 111th are there still."

"I fear you found it very dull," smiled the bride.

"Ah, ah, it's an immense bore," said his lordship, sinking the cad, and resuming the cornet with a masterly twirl of his moustache; "it's an immense bore, that one never knows the resources of a place till one leaves it. However, we are not *all* born under lucky stars, like De Byons."

This, Lord Marcus meant for a compliment, and indeed, as he afterwards told Scampington of *Theirs*, he seldom 'came it so strong;' nevertheless, upon looking under his eyelashes and over his moustaches, into Lady De Byon's face, he found, that, as in the case of the British Bank, there were "no effects."

"I say, Hilton," falsettoed Mr. Saville Vernon, "remember you are caterer as well as cad, so see about ordering dinner, will you, or else they will be giving us some confounded party of pleasure, snob *menu* or other."

"Well, good people, only *say* what you would like, of course, it can't be got, but that makes no difference—*allez toujours*."

The ladies, as usual on such occasions, didn't care,—'any thing,' which meant, that with a little perseverance, they could manage to eat everything, while the gentlemen cared so much, that no two could agree upon the same *plât*. But the most fastidious of all was Mr. Saville Vernon. Tired of pausing, pencil in hand, for his decision, Lord Marcus laughed and said:—

"Only it is particularly requested, Vernon, that you will confine your orders to things terrestrial, because a Salmi, d'etoiles sautée aux nuages. Filets de Foudre, à l'éclair; or béchaméle des rayons de soleil, aux petits bouffeés d'orage, are quite beyond our humble garde-manger."

This being more wit *à leur portée*, there was a general laugh, and the ladies entered the hotel to arrange their dress after the crushing of that "horrid omnibus," while the men remained without, discussing the beauty of the bride. Spriggs remarking to himself, as he touched his hat *en passant* to Lady De Byons, and cast a cursory, but admiring glance at the *chef-d'œuvre*, Miss Patty Carew

had achieved, in her mistress's most *recherchée*, and effective *toilette*.

"Har, vell, hit's wery certain, has beginnings, hand hends, his two very different concerns, for no vone vould never go for to think, has that ere lot of veeds, has I carted hinto that ere ATAT wan, two months ago, arter Sir Hugh and I —— being nearly two year hand a arf a raking hon hem hup, vith a hoe! here hand a har! there, vould have hever turned hinto sich a splendacious bunch of horange blossoms has *that*. Vell, I vonder now, that the missus has learnt to play her cards properly, how long hit vill be afore the maid follers suit ?"

And with this note and query, Mr. Thomas Spriggs removed the straw from his mouth, entered the Star and Garter, and presenting himself at the bar, announced that the servants of Lady Portarjis's party, would be glad of some dinner "*himmejet*, hif not sooner, has the lower horder hof Hirish says."

This, the most important part of the affair having been settled, namely, the servants attended to, we will go on to Beddington with the Melvilles.

Beddington was a deliciously quaint old place; just such an one as a benevolent humourist like Mr. Thornberry would have ensconced himself in, and for that reason had he purchased it; for he possessed a paternal estate called Thornberry, between Beechcroft and Field-Fleury, which he let. In the days of "THE DELICATE KNIGHT, *Sir Francis Carew*," when he used to give his "cherry-ripe" *fêtes* to Queen Elizabeth, upon which her Highness used to "regale right daintily," as was her wont—for her digestive powers were at least equal to her much-vaunted mental ones—till in her dotage, during her love-frenzy for Essex, she in the way of diet was reduced

to eat siccory-porridge and a manchet, while her sole exercise consisted in stamping her foot, swearing huge oaths, assassinating the arras with a rusty rapier, and boxing the maids of honours' ears (on both sides, if they happened to be pretty).

But in those, the palmy days of Beddington—it had been built after that far-famed architectural pile of gimcrack, Nonesuch House, and like it, had all the toy-trumpery of the mechanical soldiers going every hour to relieve guard; their wooden comrades stepping out of their sentry-boxes, and duly presenting arms. All this was of course now done away with; but the quaint old house remained, looking like the model of a city of pepper-castors, and approached by a flight of broad, flat symmetrical steps very like those of St. Peter's at Rome. The building itself was of red brick, with stone-copings; and as the windows, instead of being small lozenge-shaped lattice panes, in leaden frames, were small square ones in very thick wooden frames, it had been considered a model of luxury, extravagance and elegance in its day; more especially as the two weather-cocks on each of the large pepper-castors (or as they would no doubt by courtesy have been called turrets) were large gilded peacocks, with enamelled purple and green eyes on their tails, which, by means of machinery, they opened wide as they turned and spread them to the sun, when there was any, and (not being proud, *though* peacocks) to the clouds when there was none. And these two *rara avi* were all that remained of the former profuse mechanical marvels of Beddington, and were therefore carefully preserved by the present owner.

The grounds were scrupulously kept up, or rather restored to their pristine-terraces, pleasaunces, bowers, mazes, fish-ponds, and grottoes; and, above all, there was

the celebrated cherry-tree which was kept so tufted and roundly-clipped at the top, like one of those green box arborial bob wigs in a Dutch garden; that what with the emerald green of its leaves, from constant watering and the care taken of its complexion by its canvas veil; and what with the immense size and splendid colour of its pouting fruit, from the same cause it looked, as Hubert said, more like a model cherry-tree on a sampler with bright green silk leaves, and bright scarlet silk cherries, than a real *bonâ fide* tree; but, like all other trees, this one deserved to be known by its fruits, which were as far superior in size and flavour, as the mulberries growing at the foot of Mount Olympus are to common hedge blackberries.

Just as Mrs. Melville and her children drove up to the finely-gilded and beautifully-wrought old iron gates of Beddington, in the centre of which, F. C., the monogram of "The Delicate Knight," still appeared, surmounted by his knightly helmet, with his vizor down; while over the gate still figured the Carew crest

and motto:—"Nil admirari," which, as her Highness was wont graciously to observe, "was but a false motto "for a true knight, where there was so much to admire, "and to wonder at."

On the top of each of the stone piers of the gate, was a *Chien couchant*, with coronets round their necks for collars; the dexter dog holding an embued spear-head between his two fore paws, the other, holding a gauntlet between his.

Just as the Melvilles drove up, the ponderous gates had opened to allow Lord St. Heliers' carriage to drive out, for having come down to join the omnibus-party at "The Star and Garter," he had made a little *détour* by Petersham to call on Mr. Thornberry. Spying Mrs. Melville's pretty face, he kissed hands to her, as the two carriages passed, but the clarence, with its merry freight, had scarcely driven into the grounds before it was stopped in the avenue by the master of the house, who was coming towards them with his flat-crowned, broad-brimmed, white beaver hat, the edges lined with green silk, and his face beaming with delight; for having caught Lord St. Heliers so speedily and opportunely, after his conversation with Mary, he had at once, without any diplomatic beating about the bush, or official circumlocution, broached the subject of Melville's great abilities, and their present very circumscribed, over-worked and under-paid sphere of action; and, forthwith, enlisted Lord St. Heliers' sympathy and admiration, to extricate him from it.

"The fact is," concluded Mr. Thornberry, "it revolts one's whole nature, and is a libel on the fitness of things, —not but what I think with Thomson, that—

'This infancy of Nature, *cannot* be God's final purpose;'

still, it must irritate every honest mind, to see a man of Melville's bright intelligence, and deep, pure integrity, working like a mole in the dark, to accomplish a bad man's ends, though I am very sure, Melville knows no more than this table, of the darker phases of such a character as Portarjis, he having those precious rascals, the brothers Quirker, to do his *palpable* dirty work; but still Melville weaves the glittering part of his tissue of humbug for him, by giving him, without either interest or discount,

the whole capital of his own very superior intellect to trade upon."

Lord St. Heliers' first idea was to offer Melville the post of his *own* private secretary, with £300 a year additional salary, that is £800 a-year, instead of £500, which was what he received from Lord Portarjis; but both gentlemen, who *were* gentlemen, simultaneously agreed the next moment, that there would be something dishonourable in bribing so useful an agent away, even from such a man as Lord Portarjis. So it was finally resolved, that Lord St. Heliers should get him a commissionership of excise, or something in the Customs, and then, selfish as he was, Lord Portarjis, he could hardly have the face to step publicly and openly, between his slave's advancement and better fortune. "The only thing is," said Lord St. Heliers, "that it rather goes against the grain of my conscience to place such a man as Melville in an obscure niche, where there is no opening for his talents, and which, has always been sacred to fat mediocrity, on that account; and monopolized by the Boobyocracy. Look at Sir Noodle Fitzdoodle, for instance, there is a brilliant ornament to, and ensample of our 'CUSTOMS!'"

"Pooh! pooh! never mind *that*, my lord. Only recollect how well gilded the mediocre niche is; and that, as ever since before the world had cut its first-teeth, boobies have always had the best things going; it could be no offence to Socrates himself, *once in a way*, to put him on the same footing with them; and, if your lordship is only good enough to get him a well-paid place, with nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in, we could see about getting him into Parliament after; (though, according to *your* theory, the boobies who reign triumphant *there*, ought also to exclude him from St. Stephens); but

I think I have almost interest enough to get him returned for Twaddleton myself, where he may use his thunder and lightning on his own account, instead of jobbing out his *vivida vis anima*, in hack coruscations to my Lord Portarjis."

"At that rate, my good sir," laughed Lord St. Heliers, drawing a quire of foolscap towards him, dipping a pen into the ink, and writing down a memorandum which he tore off, and put into his waistcoat pocket; "at that rate, what in *this* particular instance, is to become of your amiable, and unwontedly self-sacrificing law maxim? *Prohibetur ne quis faciat in suo, quod nocere potest in alieno?*"*

"Why, let it become an additional proof, that like so many more of our legal verbalities, which only sprout into those peculiar and strictly professional '*actions*' which benefit us lawyers, that it is more honoured in the breach, than in the observance."

"Oh! if that is the way of it; having taken counsel's opinion," said Lord St. Heliers, rising, and shaking hands with his host; "I think I may promise you to *clear the customs*, by making a commissioner of Melville."

Now, Lord St. Heliers being one of the few great men with whom a promise, and a performance, were synonymous, this it was, which made Mr. Thornberry so radiant, when he went to meet Mary Melville and her children. Still, true to his really benevolent, and unboasting moral code, he resolved to *say* nothing to her about it; but let the joyous surprise flow direct from the fountain-head, some morning at breakfast, to counteract the wife-depressing effects of Mark's stereotyped, "Come,

* Namely, It is unlawful for any man to do with his *own* property, that which may injure another's.

that's very good," over the "Times;" and the obligato, "Now darling, another cup of tea; for I must be off."

So all the Lord of Beddington said, when he held up his stick to the coachman, to stop the carriage, and himself ran to the door to open it, was—

"Come, come, good people; when you *have* the good fortune to get into the country, once in a way, don't be so abominably lazy, but get out and walk."

And out bundled the joyous crew—he, lifting out Jessie and Minnie, and cautioning them as they threw their arms round his neck, and began hugging him, that they should be prosecuted to the uttermost rigour of the law, if they destroyed any of the *hairs* in his whiskers, by crushing them; and, after peals of laughter from the daring little poachers, who, at this warning, actually pulled them! Miss Onslow was handed out, most gallantly; while Hubert, who, at the sight of Mr. Thornberry, had sprung from the box, now opened the other door, and helped his mother to alight.

"Well, this *is* a jolly old place," said Hubert looking round; for he had never been there before.

"Ah! as you are a Tyro, Master Hubert," said the host, offering his arm to Mrs. Melville; "I'll take you round by my lake—splendid piece of water! Lake of Como a mere finger-glass to it;" and he winked at Mrs. Melville, who rejoined; "well, but it really *is* very pretty for the size of it."

"Size of it! indeed, ignorance and impertinence generally go together; and I'd have you to know, my good woman, that 'the delicate Knight' used to get up 'The Lady of the Lake' on it, and other masks, as well as they were done at Kenilworth, when her Highness visited him."

"What precious colds the women must have got who acted in them," said Hubert.

"They ran no such risk, for in Shakespeare's time, and long after, female characters, whether on the stage in plays, or at *al fresco* masks, pageants, or 'moralities,' were always acted by boys, or very young men; Sir William Davenant, it is true, in imitation of the foreign theatres, first introduced women on the English stage; and Mrs. Betterton is said to have been *the* first woman that appeared on it. But a boy, of the name of Andrew Pennycuicke, played the part of Matilda, in a tragedy of Davenports, in, or about 1655; and a Mr. Kynnaston acted several female parts so late as after the Restoration. Downs, a contemporary of his, affirms, that being then very young, he made a complete beauty; performing his part so well (particularly in Arthiope, and Aglaura), that it was afterwards a moot point, among the court and critics, whether any woman that succeeded him, had touched the audience so sensibly, as this masculine lady."

"Had Downs, sir, said that no woman had ever *struck* the audience so forcibly, one *might*," rejoined Hubert, "have given Mr. Kynnaston's bone and muscle credit, for what our nineteenth century notions find it difficult to award to his beauty and softness."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Thornberry, "*non ce, male!*"

"Oh! Hubert," cried Minnie, who had been on before; now running back, with three large feathery sprays of fern; "dive me oos hat, me wants to make a Pince of Wales of oo."

And Hubert, having done, as he was desired, Minnie,

assisted by Jessie's superior skill, stuck the three ferns, like a prince's plume in Hubert's hat.

"I'm afraid," laughed he, putting it on; "this 'Ich Dien' of yours, Minnie and Jessie, will only serve to make your illustrious brother ridiculous."

"The best way of avoiding that, Hubert, and also of being sent to the Tower for high treason, from usurping, at the instigation of those two little ambitious jades, Jessie and Minnie, the Prince of Wales's style and title, will be to adopt King Stephen's motto, not only for your plume, but for your *principles*."

"What was that, sir? for I don't know."

"That's right, Hubert; anything less gentlemanlike, and less magnanimous than an Etonian, would have sulkily made his ignorance take shelter under an '*I forget*.' Well, King Stephen, of England, bore a plume of feathers argent, like the Prince of Wales's plume, only with this motto, 'No force alters their fashion,' alluding to the fall of the feathers, which cannot be shaken into disorder by the wind."

"Curious thing, all heraldry is," said Hubert; "more especially, crests. I wonder if the very *very* early *Welsh* Princes of Wales wore the plume."

"No, they did not show the white feather," said Mr. Thornberry; "for Roderic, Prince of Wales, in 843, bore 'Azure, a cross patté fitchée or;' and Cadwallader, his ancestor, who died about 690, is supposed to have borne the same; which he, 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' affirmed was borne by their common ancestor, Adam Ap Abel, A.M. 45!

"However, I rather think Sir John Ferne is right; and that all armorial ensigns were originally derived from Egyptian hieroglyphics. But with regard to crests, more

especially, Herodotus attributes the origin of them to the Carians, who, according to him, first bore feathers in their casques, and painted figures on their bucklers. The Etruscans were also celebrated for their lofty crests ; and, as you know, artists have given similar additions to the helmets of the three Horatii. The mane of horse-hair, appended by the Greeks to the projection on the top of their helmets, was called by them γόφος, and by the Romans *Crista,* and *juba,* The part which upheld it, was called φάγος by the Greeks, and *conus* by the Romans. Antique helmets were sometimes divided from the base, like two horns, while the space was filled with the flowing mane of a horse, and a plume of feathers arose on either side, such as you may see in the crest of Minerva, on Mr. Hope's fine antique vase, which contains a painting representing the expiation of Orestes."

"But, did *all* the Egyptians wear crests, then ?"

"No, Nisbet and other authorities tell us that none were allowed to use crests and cognisances, but those that were eminent. Like the Romans, who allowed none under the degree of a knight, to use a crest. But then, originally, these devices were arbitrarily and honourably taken up, for distinguished personal valour, and were not, as since, hereditary—to descend from father to son, and generation to generation, no matter how degenerated."

"In fact, no matter how crest-fallen," said Hubert.

"As you say, Hubert, no matter how crest-fallen."

Just then, a pointer came barking, and bounding, through the fern ; and the next moment had his fore paws up upon his master's shoulders as nearly as they could reach.

"Down ! Don, you rascal, down, sir !" cried the latter, sternly ; all the time encouraging the dog, by affectionately twisting his nice long, brown, soft, velvety ears.

"Down, sir, I say; if you have no respect for the profession, which, as an honest dog, you *can't*. Have some, at least for its pantaloons, which, as I bought you from a tailor, you ought."

"Oh! what a nice dog!" cried all the children, setting upon Don, at once; so that, in order to reciprocate their civilities, like a well-bred dog as he was, he was, perforce, obliged to release his master.

"Oh, Mr. Thornberry," cried Jessy, "I wish you'd give me a dog?"

"Well, and suppose I do; what sort of dog is it to be?"

"Not like this dog, though *this* is a *very* nice doggie;" and here both Don's ears were kissed. "But a red and white dog, with black eyes, and a black nose, very nice soft long ears, a white mark, like a salt-spoon, on his forehead; two spots, like hazel nuts, on that, and little innocent red speckles all about his nose; *that's* the sort of dog I want, Mr. Thornberry."

"Oh! she means a Blenheim," said Hubert.

"No, now, she *don't* mean a Blenheim, Hubert; I mean a bigger dog than a Blenheim, Mr. Thornberry."

"Oh, I think *I* know what you mean, Jessie, it's a small setter, about that high;" holding his hand about a foot from the ground; "with all the beauties of a Blenheim, only a bigger fellow."

"Yes, yes, that's it," cried Jessie, jumping with delight.

"But if oo dive Jessie a dog, me's to have half?" put in Minnie.

"Ha, ha, ha! upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. I suppose *you* think half a dog better than no dog at all; is that it, Minnie?" asked Mr. Thornberry.

"*Ess,*" said Minnie, very gravely.

"But, poor doggie, which of you will be so cruel as to cut him in two?"

"Oh! but him *not* to be *tut* in two—him only to be *tissed* in two," rejoined Minnie, very solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha! talk of the judgment of Solomon after that!" laughed the host.

But here, a turn in the avenue brought them out upon the lake, from whence the quaint old pile of building, with its gilt peacocks spreading their gorgeous tails to the sun, was visible in the distance, from the height on which it stood, with the far-famed cherry-tree, the pride of the Pleasaunce, in the centre of the emerald turf, at the foot of the first terrace.

A simultaneous "Oh, mamma! oh, Hubert! oh, Miss Onslow! *do* look!" from all the children, now rent the air.

"Come, we must get on," said Mr. Thornberry, looking at his watch, "for, recollect we dine at three, and it is half-past two now, and I have still to take you to Peru; that is, to show you my winter-garden; but recollect, ladies and gentlemen, that the onslaught on my pompions, pithayas, polosantos, and manna roses, like the storming of the cherry-tree, is not to be till after dinner."

So saying, their kind host turned into a broad avenue of fragrant walnut-trees, that led straight up to the house: in a meadow to the right, fenced off by light iron-palings, grazed four little Alderney cows.

"Oh, there, there! Mr. Thornberry," cried Jessy, pointing to the nearest, "those are the coloured spots I mean for my dog, and his eyes to be *quite* as black as that cow's."

"Oh, very well; but I suppose you would not want

him quite as large as Miss Janet? for that young lady there, is Miss Janet; the one next to her, her younger sister, is Miss Maydew, and the two matrons beyond, are Mrs. Clover and Mrs. Cowslip. So now you are introduced to the whole party; for *four, and* a syllabub, which they mean to give us after dinner, constitute what we poor country-cousins call '*a party,*' Miss Onslow."

"And a very agreeable, party too, sir; much more so than any ONE, I ever met before," replied Miss Onslow.

"Hear, hear, hear!" laughed Mr. Thornberry, "I owe you one for *that.*"

"Oh, look, Julia!" cried Mary Melville, the eldest girl, to her second sister; "there's papa coming up that other avenue."

And the two girls set off as fast as they could run, followed by George and Hubert, to meet him; Mr. Thornberry and the rest of his guests hurrying themselves leisurely after them. Mary's arms were the first round her father's neck, then Julia's; then George was kissed; then each of the girls passed both their hands through each of his arms and nearly weighed him down, as they leant on him, and bent forward looking up into his face; and both speaking at once, to ascertain the important point, of the *exact* moment he had got away from Downing Street, and to congratulate him upon the wonderful good fortune of his *not* having missed the train. And next, of course, they were anxious to hear *all* that had befallen him in so *long* a journey; and, finally, to narrate all *they* had seen, and the marvels they were still *to* see, till Hubert at length came to the rescue, with

"Pooh! nonsense, Ju.! You've been here often before, sir, haven't you?"

"Oh! yes. I delight in the quaint old place. I'm so fond of those really old brick houses."

"Ah! and the best brick of the lot is old Thornberry himself; for he *is* a regular brick," eulogized Hubert.

"Well, that he most decidedly is," smiled Mr. Melville, "according to your slang acceptation of the term, Hubert."

"How d'ye do, Melville?—thrice welcome to buds, butterflies, and Beddington; and *you* are a sensible fellow, for you got out at the gate and walked," said the subject of their conversation, now coming up and shaking hands with him.

"Well, you are a good old darling for coming so soon," said his wife, arranging the very ill-tied bows of his black silk neckerchief, which improvement, however, did not last very long; as Minnie insisted upon his carrying her, which could not possibly be done without a *mitraille* of kisses, *chemin faisant*, which, as I need not explain, "plays the very *dooce* with a *fellah's* collars and cravats."

As they neared the house, they heard the first dinner-bell. The hall-door at Beddington opened into the great hall, which Mr. Thornberry had left, with its dais and its oaken tables and benches, to the empty memories of their former hospitalities, as he infinitely preferred the comforts of a modern dining-room, more especially, as two terrific daubs on wood, let into the wall at the upper and lower end of the refectory, one representing, as large as *life*, the *death* of Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, and the other, if a less horrible subject, an equally atrocious daub, calling itself an original portrait of Edward IV. The former, their present owner declared was quite sufficient to take away the appetite of an ogre, much more of any ordinary mortal.

Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, slept in sheets steeped in spirits of wine, in order to obtain an artificial heat. His servant, having one night sewn him up in them, instead of cutting the thread, applied a lighted candle to them, when they instantly ignited. And, according to Froissart, as set forth in his Chronicle, this bad King, and worse Man, did foretaste of Hell, for fifteen days, in the horrible torments of these flames, which could not be put out.

In short, Beddington, from the chimnies to the foundation, was a complete snuggery, though the den of an old bachelor, as its owner called it; and, thanks to Mrs. Dean, the housekeeper, who was almost as *rococo* as the place itself, the very bed-rooms—chintz and carpets having succeeded tapestry and polished oak-floors; and high-backed easy-chairs, japan toilet-boxes, and old point toilet-covers alone remaining—were as comfortable and as *soignée* as if there had been a Mrs. Thornberry's wifely eyes to preside over every separate *lar;* while the dinner, *sans prétention,* but every thing a perfection of its kind, and done *à point,* was such an one as, without drawing upon France for even a *name,* might have been often discussed a century ago in England, but is certainly not to be met with in this age of vulgar show and stingy shams, make-shifts, and make-believes—where nothing *is* but what is *not*—till that crowning abomination of the present millennium of meanness, English cookery *par excellence,* or, rather, *par* execrableness, for toughness, tastelessness, and antinutritious properties, more resembles the painted wood and card-board *property* banquets of the stage than a *bonâ-fide* meal for real people.

But at Beddington, what poultry! what ducks! what

geese! brown, juicy, savoury, and crisply roasted; not like those modern impostors, bearing their time-honoured names, but tough, *white*, and flabby, as if they had never had a swim in their lives, and had been fed on old white kid gloves and white of egg. What peas! large, mellow, and delicious! for at Beddington no guano was used to increase the quantity and diminish the quality of the vegetables. What hams! what cheeks! what bacon-eating—short as an official answer, with the fat clear and transparent as official humbug.

In the winter, what turkeys! and above all, what genuine celery-sauce—no crushing the flavour out of the poor water-soaked vegetable through that greatest of culinary abominations a tammy, but large, hospitable pieces of the *not* over-boiled root in white sauce, made with thick, raw cream, (no abominable flour-and-water make-shifts), a blade of mace boiled in, and then taken out of it; and, finally, half-a-dozen plump oysters (the fins removed), and a dessert-spoonfull of sherry stirred in it, the last thing, to give it that indescribably exquisite flavour which sets people eating and wondering, but guessing in vain.

Then, what lobster-sauce!—No abomination of a mole-hill of butter to a river of water, and a harvest of flour, made red by a colony of cayenne, but good, thickly-melted butter, *without* flour, the coral of the lobster well blent with the yolk of a hard-boiled fresh egg, and three or four drops of Chili vinegar, (which is the magic of lobster-sauce, as sherry is of celery) blent in with it; after which, the melted butter is poured on, and stirred into it, till the whole is a beautiful, smooth, vermilion cream, into which the pieces of lobster (not too small) are thrown, and the whole warmed together, but not let to boil. If any thing *could*, at this distance of time, resuscitate and

rejuvinate Lucullus, and make him feel that he *had* eaten, but never dined before, it would be lobster-sauce so made.

Then for the old-fashioned Beddington sweets! what could surpass them?—the pastry made, as pastry alone should be made, with the best and freshest of butter, washed in rose-water, and not, as is usual in the present day, with every oleaginous abomination under the sun that can conglomerate flour, and destroy the coats of the human stomach. And what blancmange! made with cream and flavoured with noyeau—(not a thing looking and tasting like dirty soap-suds, made stiff with gelatine) (another modern abomination), and flavoured, or rather poisoned with essence of bitter almond, *alias* Prussic acid. What custards! thick with new milk, and only the yolks of fresh eggs, and flavoured with peach-brandy, and the good old-fashioned nutmeg on the top of them. What calves'-foot jelly! clear as amber, and tasting like consolidated sherry, with a *soupçon* of fresh lime in it—none of the bottled abomination of glue and cow-heels, boiled down, and sold in shops labelled, or rather libelled, "calves'-foot jelly!" What delicious, pure, wheaten, home-made bread! What nut-like fresh butter! What pure, nut-brown ale, and straw-coloured beer, such as Woden, in his paradise, could scarcely find surpassed! What tea! what coffee! what wine! what every thing!—for, like the Amphitryon, every thing *was*, what it professed to be, and as good, of its kind, as it possibly could be; for from Mrs. Dean's culinary code, as from her master's moral one, all shams and substitutes were banished.

As soon as dinner was over, and Hubert had perpetrated the now somewhat stale jest, of asking his brother George (who, indeed, had steadily distinguished himself throughout the whole dinner, down to the last apricot at the dessert),

if he did not think that "if he stood up he could eat a *leetle* more;" and George had honestly answered, that even if he were hanged, and stretched into double his actual length, he really could NOT; it was decided that Miss Onslow should escort the children to the winter garden, and the cherry-tree, and do the honours of the syllabub *festa*, as the three elders preferred adjourning to the library, and quietly taking their coffee there, preparatory to encountering the dissipations of the Circus.

"Well, this *is* an uncommonly nice place," said Mr. Melville, looking about him, in their transit to the library; "and I am not in the least surprised at your not leaving it *now;* but I confess I am so, at your having originally quitted Thornberry, which is also such an exceedingly nice place, and, moreover, not only your paternal, but your birth-place."

"Ah! there it is," said Mr. Thornberry, wheeling the easy chair he had ensconced himself in over to the open window, from whence he could see the children dancing delightedly round the cherry-tree, while the gardener, on a ladder, was filling a basket for them. "*Voila pourqoi*, my dear Melville, for if there *is* a vice on earth that I detest it is arrogance, or OMNIPRESENCE OF SELFATIVENESS, for there is a coarse, but true old English proverb, which says, 'Arrogance is a weed that always grows on a dunghill.' Now, what drove me away from Thornberry, was the fear that had I remained vegetating there, (as memory and inclination first led me to do,) ay! the *mortal fear* of local puffupativeness, or moral elephantiasis, that is, of becoming the Admirable CRICHTON of one's county! The TRITON of Turnpike Committees, the GARGANTUA of Boards of Guardians, the MINOS of magistrates, the RHADAMANTHUS of ragged schools—in a word, the ELIJAH POGRAM OF ONE'S OWN PARISH!!!

"Till I had been led on, step by step, to the calculating point of local pomposity, that of setting up some rag of a newspaper, either containing provincial soothing-syrup, under the title of '*The County Codger*,' or worse still, till I had fancied myself an unlimited Lycurgus, armed with a universal cat-o'-nine-tails, and the special mission of establishing and hitting raws through the free and independent columns of 'The Thornberry Thistle.' No, thank you, depend upon it, I did what was best, which was to cut and run in time."

"But, my dear sir," laughed Melville, "if doing good in your generation, and incurring popularity on the strength of it, is a dangerous state,—which I don't think it *is*, to minds and hearts capable of so acting; surely you incur as much danger *here* as there, or anywhere else, of what you very aptly call moral elephantiasis."

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it; for in the first place, when one is only ten miles from London, were one to visit every prison in England twenty times a day, discover some extract of Utopia for regenerating all the prisoners, solve some financial conundrum, for sufficing to every one's necessities, and not leaving a pauper extant; be in one's own person an Ambulating Humane Society, and save every one from drowning, or rub them up to look as good as new, after they were drowned, and then, to win on one's own chess-board *every* battle in Europe; one would in four-and-twenty hours find one's level, and be in juxtaposition to *nil*. In the next place, as Lord Bolingbroke, or Lord Bathurst, or some of that set truly said, 'The world *always* admires in the *wrong* place, and admires *most* what it *least* understands.' But to strike the balance even, the said world also invariably censures in the wrong place, and condemns most analytically those actions and circumstances of which it is most ignorant. So,

that whatever risks one's person, principles, or patience may incur in the world, one's vanity is always safe. But a village, or still worse, a country town, puts you at the fag end of creation; for which reason, if you *have* a few gold threads running through you, you run terrible risks of being either cut off as a *pattern*, or else dragged through the *mire*, from being so different from the rest of tissue."

"Well, certainly, there is some truth in that," said Melville. "Talking of the world, reminds me of one of its votaries. Lord Portarjis wanted to know the other day where Mr. Frederick Vileways was; can you, professionally or otherwise, give me any clue to his whereabout?"

"No, thank Heaven, I really cannot; but as the nearest way of finding him, I think you had better do, as Lord Oxford's administration told Swift they were obliged to do, with regard to Lord Peterborough; for, as they never knew *where* he was to write *to* him, they used to write *at* him. Now, I recommend your adopting the same plan, with regard to that charming youth, that 'flower of English chivalry,' (at least as it is understood in the nineteenth century,) Mr. Frederick Vileways, and occasionally putting little calumnies of him in the papers, such as——

"'We understand, from his honourable and strict economy, during his last five years' residence on the Continent, the Honourable Frederick Vileways has discharged every shilling of his debts'—or——

"'It is currently reported in fashionable circles, that Lady Jarnly has, in the handsomest manner, discharged all Mr. Frederick Vileways' debts of honour, and that he will immediately return to England, and once more mingle in that society which he is so well calculated to adorn.'—

Faugh!—does he owe Portarjis anything, that *he* is so amiably solicitous about his movements?"

"He has never told *me* that he did; but I have always heard that Vileways was very deeply dipped in all those ultra dirty crooked transactions, at the time that fellow Jennings was hanged, for the poisoning of Netherby, the jockey, who rode his horse, Skyrocket; for the rascal had taken the field against himself."

"Ah! my belief is, that there were more rascals than Jennings in all that; and that, though he was the scapegoat, there are others whose race is not yet run, who quite as richly deserved hanging."

"Surely, you can't allude to Lord St. Heliers?" said Melville, innocently, "for *he* won largely, too, on Skyrocket's bolting."

"Good Heavens! Lord St. Heliers, no! for he is one of the very few men whom I thoroughly esteem. One of the very, *very* few, from whom I would gladly, nay, *proudly*, accept a favour. For, as some one has truly observed, 'so few men know *how* to confer a kindness, that one would rather receive small injuries from most, than nominal services.' For truly *for such*, they are harder upon one than Shylock, as *he* only took, or at least only wanted, his one pound of flesh; but *they* take many, if once they have branded you with an obligation."

"For shame, Mark," said Mrs. Melville, quite sharply, with a telegraphic look at Mr. Thornberry. "I am sure there are *other* lords that *you* know better, and, therefore, *ought* to know *worse*, that might have suggested themselves, instead of Lord St. Heliers."

"Well, dear, it *was* wrong I own; I ought not to have been personal to any one."

"*Personal!* oh, how I do hate, or rather how I do despise that word personal, and its next-a-kin, personality,"

said his wife, stamping her little foot on the ottoman upon which it rested. "When you praise people, is it not personally, for otherwise it would be no praise? Then, why should vice and villany alone, *always* have the shield, the vizor, and the ramparts of *impersonality* to protect them?"

"Brava! brava! Mrs. Melville, you are *quite* right, and when England becomes a more Christian, and less canting country, and has only attained *half* the national morality to which it now pretends, we shall gibbet impersonalities, instead of Jennings's. Pope has a capital passage in one of his letters to Dr. Arbuthnot, on this very subject," said Mr. Thornberry, rising, and taking down a volume of Pope's letters. "Though the personality twaddle was far from having reached in *his* day the pitch, in fact the pitch which defileth, that it has done in ours,—ah, here it is,"—and he read aloud:—"To amend, and "not to chastise, is, I am afraid, impossible; and the best "precepts, as well as the best laws would prove of small "use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To "attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, "may be safe fighting indeed; but it is fighting with "shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and "uncertain, compared with painful and home examples. "Precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is "but weak. Examples are pictures, and strike the senses, "nay, raise the passions, and call in those, (the strongest "and most general of all motives) to the aid of reforma-"tion. Every vicious man makes the case his own, "and that is the only way by which *such* men can be "affected, much less deterred. So, that to chastise is "to amend. The only sign by which I found my writ-"ings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been "*that they roused the anger of bad men.* And my greatest

"comfort has been to see, that those who have no shame "and no fear of anything else, have appeared touched by "my satires.'

"Now, what is the result of all this IMPERSONALITY, alias impunity, AND GUARD OF HONOUR TO VICE? Why, the same that was in Judea of old, and that will be till the world is ended, if this state of things continue—namely, that—

"'The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?'

"And thus HYPOCRISY, out of INJUSTICE, becomes the *only* winner in all the different careers of life; and our misnomered civilization (?) ends in an equal division of our time (to borrow an expression of Seneca's) between an anxious conscience, and an equally overburdened stomach."

Here, Hubert and George came running into the room; the latter exclaiming, breathlessly—

"Oh, mamma! oh, papa! you really *must* come out and see Mr. Thornberry's green men!"

"Who are *all still!*" put in Hubert.

"Tut, tut," laughed Mr. Thornberry. "Mamma and papa had the honour of making their acquaintance long ago. They are friends of 'The delicate Knight's,' not mine; and so I left them. There's a sort of inventory of them in 'The Guardian.' Hubert, don't you remember?

"Adam and Eve in yew. Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm. Eve, and the serpent, very flourishing.

"Noah's ark in holly; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

"The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

"St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

"A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground ivy, for the present.

"A Laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper-hunter, in berries.

"A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

"A Queen Elizabeth, in Phillyrea.

"An old maid of honour, in wormwood.

"A topping Ben Jonson, in laurel.

"Divers eminent modern poets, in bays, somewhat blighted; to be disposed of a pennyworth.

"A quick-set hedge-hog, shot up into a porcupine, by being *forgot* a week in rainy weather.

"A lavender pig, with sage in his stomach, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c."

While Hubert and George were still laughing at this catalogue *raisonné* of the box *belles*, and *beaux*, of the bowling-green, Julia, Jessie, and Minnie, who it seemed had been equally charmed with these distinguished members of the "verdant green family," made their appearance, to add *their* entreaties, that their father and mother would come out and see these wonders!

"Enter '*three* witches *solus*,' as the stage directions, in the original editions of Shakespeare's plays used to indicate," laughed Mr. Thornberry. And while the Melvilles *père et mère* were lazily excusing themselves from paying their respects to the bevy of box celebrities that bounded the bowling-green, the carriage came to the door, followed by an outside jaunting car, for the accommodation of the children, which the host announced by humming over, Lover's charming air of

"THE LOW-BACK'D CAR,"

and parodying the *refrain*, into something about his rather being

"A cherry that Jessy was plucking,
As she sat on the low-back'd car,"

than Lord Chancellor of England; after which, he condescended to say, in plain prose, though accompanied by a sort of *pas de zephyr*, as he set the example, and made for the door—

"'Pon my life, we had better go and get ready, not to miss any of the fun."

CHAPTER IV.

A Silver Cloud, with a Dark Lining.

THERE is something in the stillness and languor of the evening that succeeds an intensely sultry day, that is *very* analogous to the exhaustion and apathy of a human being, after the long and futile struggle of violent and conflicting passions. It is not till moral or physical nature has been subjugated by a superior force, that they seem to lie passive in the hands of the Creator. Ham Common is neither a particularly romantic name, nor *locale;* neither is an itinerant Circus, as a general rule, the cynosure of sentiment, or of the finer fibres of human feeling. But what of that? The poetry of nature is an electric fluid that penetrates through all things, from the highest to the lowest, without distinction; and oftener, perhaps, the most sublime, as well as the most terrible! tragedies of life's drama are enacted under the homely garb of struggling probity, or the sordid rags of the outcast, and the wanderer, than under the purple of kings, or the sheen of conventional respectability.

It was one of those still, languid evenings above alluded to; the calm sky was cloudlessly blue, the young crescent moon lay listlessly "in the old moon's arms;" the one or

two stars that peeped out, as if to see whether the sun's last golden track had disappeared from the horizon, (which it had not), tremulously twinkled, and looked pale in the glare of day. The very flowers had curtained their slumbers with their folded leaves, and balmed, without stirring the still air, with their gentle breath. While, in the midst of this pausing atmosphere, stood out, and seemed to float "like the great globe itself,"

"BUMPUS'S UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS!"

The standard of England, the imperial tricolour of France, and the Prussian eagle, floating from its pinnacle.

Our old friend Bob had, by indefatigable industry, and the infinite resources of his inventive genius, during the last five years, become a *bonâ fide* partner in the Circus, and now regularly enacted the clown, being universally acknowledged to be, not only the wittiest, but most profound clown that had ever set an audience in a roar. The way he managed it was this; he had no premeditated impromptus set down for him; no "old Joes" served up as new jibes, or new quips hung upon old cranks. His plan was a very simple one; but by it, as he himself expressed it, he "kept his crop of mushrooms fresh from day to day; and was not compelled to serve up bits of leather, sharpened with vinegar, and spiced with ginger, that had no flavour of anything but what was borrowed from something else." The only study required for his *répertoire*, consisted in reading the papers regularly every morning, and by keeping himself thoroughly *au courant* to passing events, in which way he

"Caught the manners, living as they *flew*;"

and his hits being struck from the anvil of the actual and the present, were sure to tell. He had also a surprising facility of dramatising, and condensing, any tale of stirring and graphic interest that he read, and therefore had intro-

duced histrionic *scénas* into the entertainments; in which, however, the horses, of course, were the principal actors, or agents, for bringing about the *dénouement*.

The dramatic interlude, placarded for the evening in question, was entitled

KARNOVITCH, OR PREDESTINATION;

A CAUCASIAN INCIDENT.

Karnovitch . . .	Signora Angelina.
Lieutenant Zadonskoi . .	Signor Orlando.
Major Treskoff . . .	Mr. Carter.
Drunken Cossack . . .	Mr. Wild.

INTERLUDE.

IN TWO ACTS.

The Millionnaire . . .	A Short Drama.

Now, be it observed, *en passant*, that no one who had seen poor squalid "Pinch," and "Skin," the morning Robert Bumpus had rescued them from the tender mercies of "Blinking Sal," and given them their first breakfast, deserving that name, *al fresco*, at the corner of the Minories, could have possibly recognised them in the glittering graceful youth, and maiden, called "Signor Orlando," and "Signora Angelina." And still less, perhaps, would their yet earlier period friends, their pre-Raphaelite chums, in fact, of "Fox Court," have presumed, upon the strength of their whilom familiarities with Master Patsey, and Miss Norah O'Toole, to have accosted the well-spoken, well-mannered youthful stars of "Bumpus's Unrivalled Attractions." For, indeed, Bob had taken every pains with their education; and, if never telling a lie, and never doing anything which could tempt them into telling one, constituted good morals; and firmly believing that it was their bounden duty to observe GOD'S commandments, and rely for all blessings, temporal as well as spiritual, upon HIS mercy, as much when risking their necks on the back

of a horse, as when kneeling to implore them in the aisle of a church, constitutes piety; then, verily! had the itinerant Circus been a better training school than many a more plausible and more pompous establishment.

Signora Angelina, and Signor Orlando, were now in the receipt of the magnificent salary of £30 a-year each; and notwithstanding their mother, Mrs. Finerty, *née* Brallaghan, was enjoying all the luxuries of her husband's "*encoombered eshtate*" in Tipperary, Mr. Bumpus felt (for he could not conceal the fact from himself), that having robbed her of her legitimate portion of their natural affection, which had all flowed into *his* heart, the least he could do, was to make them give her a portion of that gold, which had flowed to them out of his coffers; so that they each allowed her £10 a-year out of their £30, (almost sufficient to have cleared the mortgages off of the "*encoombered eshtate.*") One ten was spent on their clothes, and the remaining ten deposited annually in the Maresco saving bank for them, to accumulate, with interest and compound interest; for, for their food their patron charged them nothing, as he said they more than earned it. Indeed, he was beginning to feel quite an editorial interest in his handsome and intelligent *protégée*, and *protégé*, but more especially in the latter, whom he was often wont to dismiss for the night, with the following valedictory address:

"Another white stone to-day, Orlando, good boy! *you only* continue to keep a-head of every sort of riff-raff evil-doing, and let nothing pass you on the road; and when I cross the pale horse, if I have nothing else to leave you, why, I'll leave you my boots, and my blessing; one, will carry you over the ground here below, and I hope the other will give you a lift, up above."

Nor was it only in his "foreign relations" that Mr. Bumpus was so fortunate. Mabel being out of harm's way, Mary knew that nothing would delight him so much as

her taking, or appearing to take an interest in his hobby, and accompanying him in his equestrian campaigns through the country. Therefore, she it was, who, in her plain black silk dress, neat straw bonnet, and black lace veil, always sat at "the receipt of custom," and took the money; and what she had begun by assuming merely to please him, namely, her interest in the proceedings of the Hippodrome, she ended by really feeling, that is, feeling that she never could do enough for one who had done so much for her; but of whose good, and even rare qualities, every day turned over some new, and hitherto unexplored page. Upon all such discoveries, she would throw her arms round his neck, and exclaim,

"Ah, Bob, if you had *only* been born a gentleman, wouldn't the world have rung with your goodness?"

To which he wisely, and truly, was wont to respond,

"Silly Polly, that it wouldn't; for I know the world better than you; it's all very well to preach up the commandments in church, and to spin out a chapter of a book, by enforcing them; but gentlemen, at least what are called such, seem agreed to think *acting* up to them, or even with the slightest reference to them, is *vulgar;* and '*a gentleman!*' Heaven save the mark! would rather lie, and even be branded as a villain, any day!"

And Bob was right; for the world tolerates nothing but mediocrity: great virtues always mystify it into scepticism; and it recoils, suspicious and disgusted, from what it cannot comprehend. Great misfortunes frighten it, and it flies from them as far as possible. Little, small, decimal, surface amiabilities, it thinks it eulogizes itself, by lauding and emulating. And little snivelling cambric-handkerchief sorrows, (or rather sentimentalities) it is always ready to sympathize with; because *they* require only the verbal sympathy of stereotyped ejaculations. But woe! betide the wretch who, rather than suffocate, opens his

heart to give the vulture gnawing at it, breathing room ; for to show but the smallest particle of a human heart, is thought, if possible, a more indelicate proceeding in England, than for a woman to unveil her face in the East.

But, to return to Mr. Bumpus, who was sitting at the entrance of the Circus, talking to his wife, scratching Tatters' back with his foot, and also in quest of a little ventilation, under difficulties. He had, had a bespeak from Beddington three days before, and was telling Mary that when he had gone up that morning, with the plan of the amphitheatre, that the gentleman might choose the places he liked best for himself and his party, to his surprise ! he found he knew him ; " and who do you think it was, Mary ?" added he.

" I'm sure I don't know, dear."

" Well, but guess."

" Captain Mornington, perhaps."

" Pooh ! that would be nothing extraordinary. Guess again."

" Well, I really can't. I know so few people to what you do, dear."

" Why, that elderly gentleman—that was with Captain Mornington at our wedding, and who put the ten-pound note into your hand when you fainted, Polly—giving yourself such airs, old girl, as if you had been a duchess and I a duke. Well, his name is Thornberry, and he is the owner of that nice, odd old place, Beddington."

" Oh, indeed !" said Mary, looking by no means so delighted as Bob had expected ; but, as a set-off to this, while they were speaking, they saw Spriggs advancing, in a high state of hilarity, with a pocket-handkerchief tied to the end of a stick, which he was waving with one hand, and doing the same with his hat in the other ; and, as soon as he had got within hearing, he began crying out, at the top of his voice,

"Hoorah! Bumpus for ever! Five-and-twenty places dress circle, please; 'cause, I s'pose, there hain't no private boxes, honless you conwerts some of the loose boxes of the osses into 'em; but better not. No more *conwersions*, hif *you* please, 'cause that's a-poaching hon Mrs. Mornington's manor. Mrs. Bumpus, you're looking honkimmen! Bob, my four-year-hold, ow hare yer? Bang up to the mark, eh? But Hive jist stept down hon business; for the Cappen hand a lot of nobs his a-dining hat the 'Star hand Garter'—party made a purpose for the *noo*-married pair, has Thomas Spriggs *may* say, vithout wanity, (vich, vith hall sich trumpery, he leaves to his betters), *he* assorted. Miss Hamy Mornington, as vos horiginally, Vidder Delmar, second best, hand Lady De Byons—Sunday's best. Oh! lawr! Bob, you'll split your sides, ven I've time to tell yer about that 'ere courtship, hand the vay in vich ve hout-methodyed Madam Mornington, hand looped hoff, hunder her wery hyes, hin the death's head hand cross bones ATAT prison wan. It was jest the cleverest-done thing has you hever see."

"So I heard," laughed Bob.

"Oh! lawr! that hain't hall hon hit. Misfortins never comes single, partiklar ven a vidder goes hoff vith a gent, hand gets married agin himmejet. Madam have had another blow, has she calls it—oh! tremenjus! for hif Mr. Luther aven't come to his senses hat last, hand turned tail, hand left the ATAT hand gone back, decent hand respectable, to the Church of Hengland, hand he've got a living down hin the north, vhere he's a'going soon, to roost, for the fust time, out of the hark, hand from hunder his mother's wing, hon a perch hof his hown. But has Hi honly runned hup upon business now, ve must leave hall that, till sich times has ve gets to hourselves."

"Only tell me one thing," said Bob. "How is Master Walter?"

"Oh! he's jolly. Hif I war to give an hopinion, vich, hin course, not being a lye-yer, I haint called upon to do, I should say has Madam Mornington had better look hout, hor she'll ave hanother Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, vith Miss Heva hand Master Selden, vhen they gets to 'ears hof hindiscretion."

"Well, Moses writes me word he's any thing but jolly, and that he mopes terribly, and seems to fret inwardly. No wonder! he's been there five years now; and a village-school like that, is no place for a fine, spirited boy like him, with no companions of his own caste."

"Oh! but bless yer, Mr. Langston have took a deal of pains with him, and he's half his time at Maresco."

"Ay," muttered Bob; "but the run of twenty houses don't make up the amount of One Home! Does it, Tatters?"

"Hallo! Tatters, my boy! how do they use *you?* How hoften do they give such a great hactor has you a benefit, hey?"

"Oh! Tatters is getting into canine years now; he's six years old; so he's more for looking after the main chance, and chiefly keeps with his mistress to receive the money—at least, to see that no one goes in without paying."

"That reminds me," said Spriggs, taking out a porte-monnaie, and withdrawing from one of its compartments a five-pound note—"that reminds me of the business I came upon. As soon has hever I heerd from the hostler hat the 'Star hand Garter' has you'd pitched your tent hon Ham Common, which I did quite permiscus, has he war a-speaking about your Circus to hanother chap, I thort as I'd do you a good turn, or, least ways, I'd try; for hever since the two 'bus loads had been set down, there vos vone a-yawning, hanother a-sighing, hand the hold ladies a-vondering vhen dinner would be ready, hand the young vones

a-vaiting hon, hand a-running arter the gents, hand the gents a-getting avay from 'em venhever they could, hand saying how dooced slow it vos, hand vishing has they might ave a weed; 'hand *this*,' says Hi, 'his vot the nobs calls a party hof pleasure!' hand, poor creturs, they does nothing but gape, vich, in course, his to keep their mouths hopen, to try hand catch the leastest bit hof pleasure, has hit his *con*tinually a-flying from 'em. Hat last I gets a chance to see the Cappen, a-stretched hon a garden bench, hall by his self, full length, his at slouched hover his heyes, to keep hout the view. Still he seed me pass, has I vos a-going down to the water-side, hand calls hout, desperate like—

"'Spriggs, vot a'clock?'

"'Five minutes past four, sir.'

"'The deuce! Surely, your watch must be wrong. It *must* be more than *that?*'

"'Hoss Guards, sir, to a minute.'

"Then he stretches his harms above his ead, hand yawns, so as they might have heerd him hat Aldershott, jist has he does ven Harvey calls him for parade hof a morning. 'Beg pardon, sir,' says Hi, 'but I think you runs great risks a-sleeping so near the river's bank.'

"'Eh! vot! Vhere his she?' says he, a-starting to his feet, hand looking fust hup the valk, hand then down, has hif for a clear field to bolt.

"'Who, sir?' says Hi, quite hinnocent hand hignorant like.

"'Le—Le—Lady Gwyndeline Rivers. Didn't you say she vos there?'

"'Lawr, no, sir. Hi vos a halluding to the Thames.'

"'Oh! the Thames! I'm not afraid of *that*,' drawled the Cappen, slow hand sure, a-flumping down hon the garden bench agin, hand giving hanother yawn, has vos enough to frighten hall the flounders hinto an Hague,

hand loosen the roots of Heel-pie Hisland, hand send it a-floating hout to sea.

"'The gentlefolks seems so dull hand moped, hit's a pity, sir, has that 'ere Circus hisn't *hactelly hat* Richmond, cause they says has hit's fust-rate.'

"'What Circus, Spriggs?' says he.

"'Vy, sir, Robert Bumpus's. He've got a Circus now, sir. Hif so be has you'd been down here alone, sir, a single man, has the saying his, vithout hincumbrances—Hi'd ave made so bold has to ask you, sir, to have gone has fur has Am Common, hand ave looked hin. Hit vould have been sich a thing for Bob to ave been *paternized* by vone hof the famly, sir.'

"'By Jove! Spriggs, that's not a bad idea. I'll put it to the vote at dinner. At all events, you go and secure five-and-twenty places. What's the damage?'

"'Three shillings, sir.'

"'Three shillings—five-and-twenty three shillings—em—em—em—that's three pounds fifteen shillings, isn't it?'

"'All right, sir.'

"'Well, give Bumpus this five-pound note—he need not return the change; and as he's not a field officer of five-and-twenty years' standing, and five-and-fifty general actions, all of them victories, neither need he acknowledge this munificent donation in "the Times."'

"'Thankee, sir,' says I, a wrapping hup the civility in this piece of silver paper, hand a putting hon hit hinto my puss—'as I set hoff to come here; but hit's a true saying, that hit never rains, but hit pours. So has I vas a cutting across the road, who should I meet but Jenkins, Sir Noodle Fitzdoodle's servant, and Delpops,—you remembers,—that ere footman, dressed Fop fashion, as brought you, Tatters, to the Boar's Head."

"I should think so, indeed."

"Vell, they said, as there vos another large party

down at the Castle, Lord St. Heliers, hand a lot on em, eighteen hin number, I think they said, hand they vos hall a coming hover to the Circus."

"Well, I'm sure, I'm very much obliged to you, Spriggs. My darling, what's the matter?" said Bob suddenly, perceiving Mary's pale face, which wore an expression of mortal agony.

"Nothing, dear, the heat. I shall be better in a moment."

"Nottage," cried Bob, putting his head inside the tent, and calling to one of the men. "Bring a glass of water here, will you? *be* quick."

"I'm better now, dear," said Mary, untying her bonnet, and as she spoke, the tall village-postman advanced towards them. He was at least seven feet high, and thin in proportion, which, with his apple-pudding crowned wide-awake, made him, as his lank shadow of legs, and arms, and elbows, was flung before him on the grass, appear like an enormous locust.

"Mr. Abel Wild," said he, presenting one letter.

"Right," answered Bob, taking it.

"Mr. Henry Carter?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Robert Bumpus?"

"Thank you, that's for me," said Mary, holding out her hand for it.

"That's all, good evening."

"Good evening."

And the locust slowly turned, and flung his long shadow in the opposite direction.

"Mercy upon me!" exclaimed Mary, clasping her hands convulsively, as the letter fell from them on her lap, and her eyes looked dry, wild, and burning. "But I won't shed a tear, Bob—no, you'll see I wont—it is better, it is best! 'He that giveth, taketh away.' But, did he

give; but He *will* take,—oh! yes, He *will* have *that* mercy!"

"Mary, Mary, you will break my heart—for Heaven's sake what *is* the matter?"

"There—there, you can read it," said she, pointing to the letter, with an unearthly and stony smile, that was truly appalling, and far more harrowing than the most passionate flood of tears.

Robert Bumpus seized the letter with a trembling hand; —it was from Lady Clairville, and told in a few brief, feeling words, that Mabel was in a brain fever, that Dr. Arnold gave little or no hopes of her, but that she (Lady Clairville) had telegraphed to London for Dr. Roberts, and concluded by requesting Mary to lose no time in coming down to Beechcroft.

Bob groaned, as he passed one hand over his eyes, and with the other, handed the letter to Spriggs. Then rousing himself, he drew Mary towards him, and kissing her pale forehead, whispered—

"While there's life there's hope, Polly."

"No," said Mary, drawing herself up, with that sort of exaggerated air of indomitable resolution with which the utterly, and hopelessly miserable, in their impotent frenzy try to dare Fate to do its worst, vainly thinking they have nerved themselves to bear it.

"No, Robert—for some the only hope is death; but I cannot stay here."

"Of course not, darling; you shall go directly," said he, putting his arm round her waist to lead her to the house upon wheels, that formed their internal domicile, and at the same time taking a well-filled purse out of his pocket, and slipping it into that of her dress. "Of course, not: would to Heaven I could only go with you."

"Don't ee look so—pray don't, Mrs. Bumpus," said Spriggs, taking her by the back of her arm, and gently

shaking her, as the tears dropped from his own eyes; "*do* try and cry a bit; a little rain does a deal of good to a parched heart, as well as to a parched soil sometimes. I'll go with you to the station, hand carry your things for you. I honly wish has I could get leave to go the whole ways with you. I've a month's mind to hask the Cappen; but don't ee look so fixed like—now don't ee, pray; there's a dear—laur bless you! youth don't give hin so soon has hall that, hand Providence his very good."

"At all events, He knows best," said Mary solemnly, adding, in the words of Isaiah, as her fixed, burning eyes looked as intently upon vacancy as if *it* were the telescope by which Eternity might be scanned—'*They* shall behold the land that is very far off.'" *

"They *shall*, Mary; but that is for *them*—and the book of life has also promises for the living. And has not the same prophet declared that—'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.'" †

"Neither shall I, Robert, for I *do* wait upon Him."

"Then if you do, cry out like a woman, Polly, and don't leave such snivelling work all to me, and Spriggs, to get us laughed at," said Bob, throwing his arms round her, as the big tears streamed down his own rough cheeks; and he pointed to Spriggs, who was fairly blubbering, but holding his hat before his face, (as if he had been in church), to conceal the fact. The sympathetic grief of the two men was too genuine not to be infectious. So, burying her face on her husband's shoulder, the hard-locked flood-gates of poor Mary's heart burst open, and the mighty torrent of her affliction came gushing out through her eyes.

* Isaiah xxxiii. 17. † Isaiah xl. 31.

"Thank goodness, I'm not afraid to let you go now," said Robert tenderly, patting her on the back, as a mother does a wailing infant.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bumpus," said Spriggs wiping his own eyes, as he offered her his arm to walk across the green, thinking Bob's was not enough.

"Thank you, I feels considerable better now."

Mary's preparations were not long making. One of Bob's portmanteaus, and a carpet-bag, were soon packed with all she wanted; the former lifted upon Spriggs' shoulder, the latter taken in his hand; during which preliminaries, Tatters sat with that wise, sagacious, pensive expression which invariably veils a dog's countenance, when Sorrow, which is ever prowling like a burglar about most houses, has flung her dark, gaunt shadow across his master's threshold;—and as he sat, his head following every movement of the trio, he looked enquiringly from Bob to Mary, till at length, when the portmanteau was so far on its way as to have reached Spriggs's shoulder, his canine patience was exhausted, and first moving one paw and then the other, like a person in the fidgets, he looked up wistfully into his master's face, with a slight quivering of the lip, and a little low whine, and then looked at Mary.

"You're right, Tatters, as you always are," said Bob, patting his head; "it is *not* well to let her go alone, and I shall feel easy, when you are with her. There, boy, mind her; Tatters is to go with mother." And he flung out his hand in the direction of Mary, whereupon the dog bounded and caracoled round her, and then ran back to receive his master's advice and caresses.

"You'll write to me, Polly?" said Bob in a tremulous voice, between the last two kisses he imprinted on her burning lips, as he strained her to his heart.

"Directly, dear, as soon as I arrive,—thank you for letting Tatters come with me; I shall feel that I am not

quite away from you, and again alone in the world; and *do* make yourself happy and comfortable while we are away. See how the good time is coming to you. Look at the numbers of fine people you are to have to-night," added she, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, as she finally waved her hand to him.

"Ah! my Polly, it's the world-old story; all that can come, can never replace what is gone." And, with folded arms, he stood looking after her, till she, Spriggs, and even the last tip of Tatters' tail, were quite out of sight; when, for a moment, he stood with his arms unfolded, and dropped listlessly down by his side, the next he clenched his right hand tightly, and flung it out vehemently, as if he had been in the act of striking some one, as he muttered between his set teeth,

"Fine people, indeed! ay, who knows but the villain may be amongst them who tore up your young life, and flung it, with your eternal soul, like two withered weeds, into the first ditch. What then? *he* makes up *his* face to play his part before a discerning public, and the poor clown must paint *his* too, and do his fools' tricks before the same master! Ay, marry! and have the best of it; for the wages of toil is bread; and the wages of sin is DEATH; well, yes, death, but the death of its many victims first; for graves are not the *only* sepulchres; how many a living body is there, if motion be life, that is only the tomb of a dead heart? Still, we are told that '*the wages of sin is death;*'" and he turned slowly, and refolding his arms, as, with his eyes bent on the ground, he entered the Circus, in order to don his motley, and prepare for the evening's fooleries. But, on the threshold, he again paused, and repeated, slowly shaking his head, "'*The wages of sin is death.*' *That's* gospel! for death is JUDGMENT!"

CHAPTER V.

"I DO BELIEVE THAT BARRISTERS ARE IN GENERAL AS HONOURABLE AND HIGH-PRINCIPLED AS ANY OTHER CLASS; BUT THE STILL-PREVAILING THEORY AS TO THEIR RIGHTS AND DUTIES, IS, I THINK, ABSOLUTELY MONSTROUS IN ITS ABSURDITY, AND THE PRACTICE AN INTOLERABLE NUISANCE. OUR *technique* HAS BEEN REFORMED; IT IS TIME THAT OUR *morale* SHOULD BE."

From an admirable letter in "*The Times*," of December 26th, 1857, headed

"COUNSEL AND FELONS."

THE musical *artistes* of the Circus, as the hour of seven struck, had finished the discordant tuning of their instruments, and were playing some charming concerted *morceaux*, from "*L'Ambassadrice*," and "*The Domino Noir*." The *Genius loci* had painted his face half an inch thicker than usual, and whitened the soles of his shoes in proportion, so that none among the discerning hundreds who honoured his temple of mirth that night, guessed how darkened, and heavy, was the other soul, under all this gay colouring. Nor, indeed, did others, far more intimately acquainted with what was under the paint; for, as usual to all, and over all, he had cast a master's eye, from the *Shaska* of Signora Angelina, and the *beshmet* of Signor Orlando, who were to personate

Karnovich and Zadonskoi, in the interlude of "PREDESTINATION," down to the caparisons of the chestnut equine *Prima Donna*, "ROSA MUNDA," and even to the shoes of his dapple-pied *corps d'équitation*. A goodly mustering of nobodies had of course gathered while the lamps were lighting, and the orchestra tuning.

At two minutes past seven precisely, the party from Beddington arrived; for, during the last thirty years that Mr. Thornberry had officiated in the somewhat anomalous, and hybrid capacity of half he-*Bonne d'Enfants*, half-*lacquais de place*, in beating up places of amusement for, and escorting the juvenile dissipation of the metropolis to them afterwards, there was not even an oral tradition extant, of his ever having been *once* a single moment late, either at the place of *rendezvous*, or at Astley's, the Cosmorama, or the *Marionnettes;* so that he had not that small great sin to answer for, of having made young hearts sick with "hopes deferred," or young eyes sleepy with patience protracted.

"Well, come," said the worthy man, looking round, as soon as he had seated himself, and quite out loud, on purpose to *be* heard, without reference to the *mauvais ton* of the thing, but merely because he thought that, even in overpaying for the places, he had not done quite enough for the poor mountebanks; for, as they took so much pains to give the spectators pleasure, he had no notion why the latter should not endeavour to return the compliment; "Well, come," therefore he repeated, "upon my word, this is very prettily arranged; and so well lighted too, and so clean, to what those travelling Circuses generally are."

No sooner were they all seated, than, on a preconcerted signal from Bob, Signora Angelina, not yet dressed for her professional duties, but in a plain high white muslin dress, fitting to perfection, and her rich burnished hair

smooth as satin, plainly braided round her well-turned classically-shaped head, and altogether looking exceedingly pretty: and what was far more extraordinary, exceedingly quiet and lady-like, advanced, with a black hat-shaped flower basket, filled with ten beautifully-arranged bouquets, which were a graceful little offering, on the part of poor Bob, in remembrance of the bridal ten pounds Mr. Thornbery had given Mary.

Norah (for such was her real name) presented one to Mrs. Melville, Miss Onslow, the two gentlemen, and finally, to Hubert and George; who all, and each, expressed their thanks for the attention, and their admiration of the flowers; but Mr. Thornberry, not satisfied with this, stood up, and with his hands (in which was his hat) pressed in towards his heart, commenced a series of silent and profound bows, as if the queen, instead of the poor little *signora*, had chanced to be there, and had actually walked across the amphitheatre to compliment him, *viva voce*, upon the able, and eloquent, manner in which he had defended and saved some falsely accused unfortunate. A thing so preposterously impossible ever to happen in England, where court etiquette is *never* violated, (however things considered to be of minor importance, such as the Commandments, may be), that it was really absurd of the man to waste time in rehearsing this *rôle* with a little flower-girl, who, on her side, was so confused by the unusual homage of such deferential gallantry from a GENTLEMAN! that she actually backed out of the presence, as if he had been real royalty, curtseying down to the ground, and blushing up to the temples. Mr. Thornberry, still standing and bowing, till she had quite disappeared behind the scenes, or, at least, behind the canvass.

We verily believe, that had the tailor who made his coat *had* "a soul above buttons," and consequently made the button-holes large enough for so daring an exploit, this

highly respectable Q. C. would have been quite capable of decorating himself (without royal permission) with the *bouquet,* the whole *bouquet,* and nothing *but* the *bouquet,* in one of them, for the rest of the evening. When, however, he at length sat down, and recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to speak, he turned to Melville, from whose face the quiet smile occasioned by this *scéna* had not yet died away, and said,

"That can't be my friend Bumpus's daughter, (unless he was married before), she's too old; for that girl must be fourteen; but whoseever daughter she is, she's an uncommonly fine girl; and so *comme il faut* in her manner, and appearance too; he's not far wrong about the 'unrivalled attractions,' if there are any more such, in his company."

But, as here the performance commenced, Mr. Thornberry had the good manners to become silent, though it *was* only an itinerant Circus. The business of the amphiteatre began with the usual impossible horse, and the clown's impossible efforts to mount him, followed by innumerable tumbles, ultimately crowned with the triumph of riding off on him from his lawful owner, with his face to the tail, to see, as he informed the audience, that he was not pursued. Next, the spectators were edified by various *poses plastique* on the back of a sleek pie-bald, by Mr. Henry Carter, chiefly in the attitude of John of Bologna's Mercury, on one foot, ending his exploits by dashing through the world which two pedestrians were holding up for him; and though it was only a paper one, he accomplished the feat in a manner that excited the envy, as well as the admiration, of many a swell-mob Jeremy Diddler in the crowd.

Scarcely had the plaudits for this *tour de force* subsided before the two omnibus loads from "The Star and Garter," and the carriages full from the Castle arrived, and great was the commotion their *entrée* occasioned, not only from

their intrinsic greatness, but on account of their being preceded by a detachment of Flunkey Fusiliers, or rather Pioneers, armed with shawls and cloaks to spread upon the plebeian benches, and borrowed footstools and *tabourets*,—and on account, also, of some of the gentlemen of the party, (without being what they themselves would have considered cut,) having taken more wine than they ought; thereby occasioning their speech to be so loud, and their jests so *décolletée* that common people might almost have mistaken both, for vulgarity.

Luckily, the two reinforcements from the hotels were divided from the Beddington party, by a passage between the benches, so that a little bowing and hand-kissing sufficed for their mutual greetings, with the exception of an elevation of the eyebrows, and an involuntary look of surprise from Lord Portarjis, at perceiving the unprincipled conduct of his slave, in levanting from the red tape, and foolscap, even for a few hours' recreation. However, his lordship's diplomacy must not be called in question, from letting this outward and visible sign appear, of his inward and spiritul *want* of grace, as being in that happy state when men are vulgarly said to see double; Melville's delinquency naturally appeared greater to him than it really was.

Old Lady Agincourt was pushing Lady Gemma De Vere, her sister, Lord Clanhaven—(now a nuisance of sixteen), and Master Nodie Fitzdoodle, (who, by a clever manœuvre of his mamma's had been squeezed into their vicinity)—down into the front row, which Lady Naomi innocently thinking was, that they might see better, drew back, saying—

"No, indeed, thank you, Lady Agincourt; Gemma and I, can see very well farther back."

"Nonsense, child, you *must* sit there," cried the angry dowager, shaking her fragile shoulders almost as spitefully,

as Grognon did those of "The Fair One with locks of gold;" "for the light makes my eyes ache, and it's very disagreeable to have all the sawdust and orange-peel that the horses kick up with their hoofs, flung into one's lap; besides, if there was an accident, one would be sure to get hurt in those front seats."

"Ha, ha, ha!" gaffawed Lord Clanhaven. "Sit down, Nao, can't you; you may be sure the old girl would not have offered it to you, if it was not the worst seat in the place."

As his two sisters seated themselves, they perceived that they were in some unaccountable manner divided by Master Nodie Fitzdoodle, of whose personal acquaintance they had not the honour; but whose open mouth and air *ebêté* seemed to afford them simultaneous amusement; for exchanging looks, they both put their handkerchiefs before their mouths to hide their laughter. Now, five summers, and as many winters had past since we last had the pleasure of seeing that interesting young gentleman, so that his mamma's great commandment, of never to speak to people he did not know, had become at last, not only a fixed principle, but a part, and parcel, of himself; and as it is very certain that if matters only progressed as they had begun, nobody would ever take the initiative in asking to be introduced to *him*,—it may be conjectured on what a very limited liability-scale his acquaintance were likely to be. His mother, with maternal prescience, perhaps foreseeing something of this sort, now began poking him with the stick of her parasol, leaning over, nodding, winking, and whispering him—

"Noodie, dear, you *may* speak to those little girls, they are *Lord* Portarjis's daughters, and that's their brother, *Lord* Clanhaven."

But Noodie, though he did *not* die, "made no sign," —neither took he the hint, but remained with his mouth open, and his ears seemingly shut, for being too logical to

jump to conclusions, he could not immediately perceive *why* the present occasion was to be selected as the exception, that was to prove the rule, he had been made so stringently to observe all his life, which difficulty of analyzation arose, no doubt, from the great genius his mother said he had for mathematics, supposed to have at a very early age evinced itself, in the same manner as that of Martinus Scriblerus, viz.:—by drawing parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles. But there is no record of Scriblerus's precocity having strewed over the asperities of science, the sweets of imagination, which Master Noodie *always* did over *his* parallel lines and right angles, in the form of pounded sugar; therefore, we may reasonably opine that Master Noodie, was the greater genius of the two.

Lord Clanhaven, with his hat on, was leaning on his left elbow, and his shoulder against a pillar, and endeavouring to rest his left leg *à l'American* on the front of the ledge that partitioned off the seats from the amphitheatre; when his father, who never interfered about his bad feeling, or selfishness to his mother and sisters, was unaffectedly shocked! at his bad manners and *léze bienséance* to the public, said sternly—

"Clanhaven, take off your hat, sir, and sit properly."

Obliged to obey, like all coerced mortals, the young gentleman took refuge in the free expression of his opinions, and now, therefore, leaning forward, and laying both his arms at full length on the front of the box, and his left cheek upon them, he said, addressing his young sister, not so much out of any kindness to her as not to appear reduced to the select alternative of talking to himself—

"It's a cursed shame, that, as they don't allow cigars and dogs in these places, they don't prohibit governors, too."

When the young Æneas had thus spoken, his wandering eye rested on Master Noodie, who now, for the first time, he not only seemed to perceive, but to scrutinize, as something new in his experiences of natural history. At length, imitating Hamlet's civility to the ghost, he thought he'd speak with it, which he did, by the following query:—

"Have you ever been here before?"

No answer.

"Is this the first time you've been at this place?"

The mouth still remained wide open, but no sound issued from it.

"I think he's dumb, or, perhaps, part of the show. Eh?"

His two sisters being now convulsed with laughter, he took Gemma's *marquise* out of her hand, and deliberately poking the point of it into the very centre of Master Noodie's mouth, and rattling it up and down against his teeth, as if he had been knocking at a hall-door, roared out, as though he had been addressing a deaf giant, after muttering, "I've seen that fellow's stupid face at Eton, I wonder who he is?"

"HAVE—YOU—EVER—BEEN—HERE—BEFORE?"

"Oh, don't,—you hurt me," re-roared Master Noodie, repulsing with both hands the clumsy *début* in dental surgery of the parasol-stick.

"Noodie, dear," squeaked his mamma, bending forward and poking him between the shoulders with *her* parasol-stick, "I'm sure *Lord* Clanhaven was only in jest, and didn't mean to hurt you."

"DON'T, Ma, *you* hurt me, too," said Noodie peevishly, shaking his shoulders. "I never was so poked about in my life. I wish there were no such things as parasol-sticks in the world. I'll break the next that comes near me, and——"

"Ah!" interrupted Lord Clanhaven, "when stick, meets stick, *then* comes the tug of war."

"That's wrong," said the mathematical Noodie. "It's 'when Greek meets Greek'—"

"Oh! don't—you'll *kill* me!" laughed Lord Clanhaven, holding both his sides. "Only tell me where you were caught?"

But here, the silver and sylvan notes of a hunting-horn were heard; and Signora Angelina rode gracefully into the Circus, most becomingly dressed as a nymph of Diana (Procris, in fact), in the most floating and vapoury white gauze, with a crescent on her forehead, a scarf of rainbow-tinted areophane on her shoulders, and her little feet classically, and beautifully sandalled, amid the enthusiastic applause of the densely-crowded amphitheatre; but finding herself pursued by Cephalus (Signor Orlando), she sprang to her feet on the saddle, and then, as she flew round and round, over brake, and through thicket, (as it was supposed), the delicately-tinted scarf, gracefully draped, now above her head, and now around her, became a perfect rainbow, and created, as it were, an atmospheric haze of fused light, and loveliness about her, in which, she actually appeared to float, till it seemed as if the rude material plaudits of so many human hands, must dissolve and dispel so ethereal a vision.

"Well, you *are* spicy!" said Lord Clanhaven. "She's worth the whole *corps de ballet* put together. I wish to goodness the maternal had a bench here, instead of a box at the opera. I wonder what her name is! I wonder, too, if I could get these people to come down to Eton. I'll go and speak to that jolly old chap of a clown. *He* seems governor here. I'll tell him they'll get lots of tin. By Jove!"—and the next moment, placing his right hand, in the most unceremonious manner, upon Master Noodie's shoulder, and causing a violent shock to that young gentle-

man's whole system, by the violence with which he leant *his whole* weight upon him, and by his compulsory assistance, he vaulted over the partition into the amphitheatre, and disappeared in the rear, leaving Master Noodie no alternative but to roar out, "Ma! I wish you'd poke that boy with your parasol, he's hurt me so."

After the departure of Signora Angelina, and Signor Orlando, the clown shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Oh! dear! your're easily pleased. *I* can ride fifty times better than that; but, you see, beauty is all a matter of taste; and there are people who actually prefer the sort of bread-and-butter baby face of that little Signora Angelina, to my grand! majestic! and legitimate drama-style of beauty."

And here, draping a horse-cloth like a *toga* about him, he threw himself into a tragic attitude, and made so solemnly grotesque a face, that the audience roared.

"Ah! I see you appreciate *really good* acting; but 'Strive not, Tragedy, or Comedy, to engross a Garrick!' Now the common run of critics—and what in this world runs *so* common *as* critics?—but I was going to observe—that these literary swell-mobs'-men, who, after burking a book, think nothing of swearing a poor devil of an author's life away, have always thought—*that* caution to Tragedy, and Comedy,—about committing bigamy with Garrick—alluded to *his* excelling in both. Not a bit of it—it was made in reference to the most tragical, and the most comical, event of his life—the first of which, was his lending five hundred pounds to Mr. Whitfield to finish his Tabernacle—(the poor player did many such things)—and never getting back a penny of it. The next, was the comic—which was his blowing up Peg Woffington, at his own house, one evening, for making the tea too strong. And his rage was so great, as to be within an inch of apoplexy—which made his friends laugh more

than he had ever made them do at Drury Lane, in the legitimate drama."

And here, he took his chin gingerly between his finger and thumb, and made another face, that created fresh roars of laughter, which when they had in some degree subsided, he said, in a sort of friendly, confidential tone:—

"Perhaps you are not aware—that *mine* is the very rarest kind of genius—for I'm an *original* genius—*fact*, upon my honour!

"Therefore, having given you 'a taste of my quality' in Tragedy, I will now give you a little Domestic Drama, *not* adapted *from* the French, and, indeed, by no means so well adapted *to* them either, as it is to ourselves.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"This short Drama, in Two Acts, is entitled 'THE MILLIONNAIRE;' and I can only say that, as 'on their *own* merits, modest men are dumb,' I sincerely wish that the *title*, though *not* the *moral* of this piece, could be considered a personality to every one here present.

"Now, Mr. Carter, prepare with dignity to bear your reverse of fortune.

'Act well your part: therein the honour lies.'

"Ho! who waits without? Simpkins, bring in the Serpentine, and lock up the Humane Society."

And two men entered, bringing in an immense oval tub, filled with very good imitation green gauze waves, which they placed at one end; while they put a table, with ledgers, and money-bags on it, and an easy-chair beside it, at the other; and under the very eyes of the audience, Messieurs Bumpus and Carter, dressed and completely transmogrified themselves for their respective *rôles*. Mr. Bumpus, as the Millionnaire, in a George-the-Fourth wig and whiskers, blue coat, white waistcoat, incipient paunch, a galaxy of studs, chains, and seals, and rings on

his little fingers, which, if they did *not* come from the Philippine Isles, *ought* to have done so; while Mr. Carter, with his pale face, lanky figure, and decent, but threadbare garments, equally well personified the struggling and needy man. Mr. Bumpus seated himself at the table, threw himself back in his easy-chair, gave three sonorous ahems! opened out "The Times," evidently as much to display his rings, as to read the news, crossed his legs, and looked—what he *was*—a man of a million!

Scene First.

Millionnaire.—"Ahem! Very sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you; but I can give you a word of advice:—*Economize!*"

Poor Man.—"But, sir, when there is nothing to—"

Millionnaire.—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances, a *man must* know how to save."

Scene Second.

[*The Millionnaire drowning in a pond. The Poor Man looking coolly on, from the shore.*]

Poor Man.—"Sorry, my friend, I can do nothing for you; but I can give you a word of advice:—*Swim!*"

Millionaire (choking).—"Bub—bub—bub—but when a man *can't* swim!"

Poor Man.—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances, a man *must* know how to swim."

To carry out which theory, Mr. Bumpus sprang on shore, and making a George-the-Fourth bow to the audience, in his George-the-Fourth wig, said:—

"True bill, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, which every day's experience endorses. But I just wish to explain to you, for fear you should think ill of me, not that in an enlightened and unprejudiced, a Christian, and a

compassionate country like England, a *Millionnaire's* conduct, be it what it might, would ever, by an idolatrous public, and a self-abnegating society, be judged *harshly*. Still I feel that, as the facts have been placed before you, they require a *leetle*, just an infinitesimal globule of explanation, to make things pleasant to *all parties*. Therefore, I beg to inform you that, as our national phrase runs, the poor man, in the little interlude I have just had the honour of representing to you, had 'no *claim*,' none whatever, on the rich gentleman; that is, he had never done him either a service, or an injury—might, probably, never be in a position to do him either—and, consequently, did not require to be paid off, or bribed off—was no relation—though *that*, instead of being a *claim* on any one, generally (*out* of Downing Street) constitutes a *disclaimer*. But he was even no *acquaintance* of the Millionnaire's—had no earthly thing to plead, in fact, *but* his distress! and what the deuce could *that* be to a man who knew nothing of the *thing*, but the *name?*

"It is true, we have *all heard* the parable of the good Samaritan, who had never seen the man before, whom *he* met on the high way, rescued from thieves, and further provided for the continuation of his journey, and his sojourn at the inn. But all *that*, no doubt, was only meant as an ensample, and a precept to *primitive* Christians; but times change, and we must change with them. And being *now* COMMERCIAL Christians, of course this sort of inverse ratio of highwaymen's proceedings, would never do! For, as a modern author truly observes, 'It is one of the singular facts of the present state of society, that the qualities which in *theory*, we hold to be most lovely and desirable, are precisely those, which in *practice* we treat with the greatest contumely and disdain.'

"Then, have we *no* charity? no sympathy for the woes of our fellow-creatures?—Oh! dear, yes—no people under

the sun have such *extensive public* charity, such unlimited *public* sympathy, as the English; let but a snobbish Ensign in country-quarters, get unfairly tossed in a blanket in a barrack-room row, and straight 'The Times' will furnish him with one of its largest sheets, to bolster up his case, as one worthy of universal sympathy! that is, subscriptions, the best of *all* sympathies! forming 'The *golden* opinions of all sorts of men.' And, lo! all England rushes at the appeal, to deposit its cash, and its compassion, as 'a light to lighten the Gentiles' in the world-wide Pharos of that journal. But, as for all *private*, and *individual* misery, injustice, or destitution, those are things which, *being private, nobody* presumes to meddle with, and which, therefore, are invariably shunned under two heads, 'IMPOSITION,' or 'THEIR OWN FAULTS.'

"To ascertain the *truth* of either of these categories is, of course, not necessary; this, perhaps, arises also from our religious liberty, which enables us to draw what inferences we please, from the different texts of Scripture; and as we read that 'they sought darkness, *because* their deeds were *evil*,' we have no idea of insulting our good deeds, by treating them in the same manner, and so, seldom waste our time, or our substance, in relieving the wants, or comforting the afflictions of those in obscure places; but let our charity (?) ring out in the full blaze of the meridian sun, to show that the coin is genuine. So, you see, ladies and gentlemen, the millionnaire was *quite* right in *not* encouraging, that *always suspicious*, if not always criminal thing—*friendless destitution.*

"MORAL!

'A DROP OF FORTUNE, IS WORTH A CASK OF WISDOM, AND A WHOLE WELL OF HONESTY.'"

Amid mingled laughter and applause, (the latter in-

finitely prolonged by Mr. Thornberry), the poor clown bowed to his superiors, (?) and once more temporarily retired into private life behind the canvas.*

During the interval that ensued in the *spectacle,* Lady Fitzdoodle having utterly failed in arousing her son's social, and conversational powers, although she had upon the most orthodox zoological principles, been incessantly stirring him up with the long pole of her parasol, now gave the matter up in despair, and turned to her far more docile and obedient, if not more brilliant, lord and *Lackey,* and in a whisper said—

"Dear me, Sir Noodle, what *is* the use of your being seated next to Lord St. Heliers, and within one of Lord Portarjis, if you don't say a word to either of them. I declare you are as bad as Noodie; I've quite bent my parasol-stick, trying to get him to talk to Lord Clanhaven and his sisters,—they would be such nice acquaintances for him ; and it is quite a rank in life to be able to say one has known that sort of people in childhood, and to be consequently intimate and familiar with them, instead of merely meeting them when they are grown up, as if one was a *parvenu,* and had only *got on* to know them in the course of time."

"Ah ! ah !—yes—very well, my dear, I'll try and say something to them: but I—I've been listening to the Clown."

"And like those graduated Swiss, and Indian boxes, getting 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' that fit into

* This very slight *Silhouette* of Mr. Bumpus's professional *savoir faire,* will, we fear, appear a rank short-coming and injustice, in the estimate of the really pre-eminent abilities of the fraternity; for all persons conversant with Circuses must often have been astonished, not, indeed, at the racy and genuine wit, but at the deep philosophy, knowledge of the world, and even extensive reading, aptly and happily applied, (which is a species of wit and wisdom in itself) of "The Clown," and have gone away wondering where he could have got it all? as Boileau wondered where Molière got his rhymes.

each other; Sir Noodle Fitzdoodle's hanging, and open mouth, looked like the case of his son's, being so exactly modelled on it, only a size larger.

"He! he! he!" giggled Lady Fitzdoodle, "do look at Sir Fulke Clairville, and Captain Mornington, *both* fast asleep, and poor Lady Gwyndeline Rivers sitting between them, looking as old as Lady Agincourt, and as *triste* as a *Trappiste*."

"Ah!" said Sir Noodle, and that was all he said; but he silently wished, that he too had thought of going to sleep, and then he would not have been ordered to rush into conversation, with so clever a man as Lord St. Heliers; but no, *there* was the parasol-stick, and, of course, what was wrong for the gosling, would have also been wrong for the gander; so Sir Noodle, with a resigned and philosophical sigh, came to the conclusion, that there is no escaping one's fate; and, therefore, like an Athlete girding himself for the struggle, he pulled his left ear thrice, preparatory to entering the arena with the Peer, by propounding the indisputable proposition, "that it was very hot."

"*Rather*—certainly—but I'm very glad the poor people have got such a cram," said Lord St. Heliers.

The latter word naturally reminded Sir Noodle (without any reference to Hamilton,) of "Parliamentary logic and oratory." So, throwing out his *jets* with additional brilliancy, like a newly-lighted gas-lamp, he resumed the conversation with,

"What do you think of Derbiraeli's speech on the currency?"

"I can't say that I'm an admirer either of Mr. Derbiraeli's oratory, opposition, or oracles," smiled Lord St. Heliers.

"But, surely you think him *clever?*" said Sir Noodle, leading the forlorn hope, of that stereotyped Anglo-Saxon clencher!

"Why, yes—in the Phaëton style, *certainly*.

"Hic Situs est Phaëton currus auriga paterni ;
Quem si non tenuit magnis tamen exidit ausis."

For decidedly, he cannot manage his father's triumphal car, and *as* decidedly, he is always *failing* in some great attempt, which, after all, *is* a species of greatness, as some persons never even *attempt* anything, great or small."

Now, for so amiable and high-bred a man as Lord St. Heliers, considering the person he was addressing, this certainly was rather an invidious speech; but many men, even among the cleverest, speak as others whistle, "for want of thought." But here, the music played that prettiest and most plaintive of Russian airs, the "FAREWELL TO MOSCOW." And Signora Angelina and Signor Orlando, made their appearance, mounted on two magnificent Arabs, dressed in Cossack uniforms, bowing gracefully with their *shashkas* in their hand, to the audience—preceded, however, by Lord Clanhaven, who, having failed in his embassy, bounded over like a shell, back into his former seat, not in the most enviable humour in the world, and regretting he had not waited, and put on a pair of false moustaches before he had made the attempt; for Hobbedihoys as well as men, are wont to "lay the flattering unction to their souls," that their escapes from success as well as danger, are but hair-breadth ones.

The *scéna* now about to be enacted, was condensed from a long and very interesting Caucasian tale, called "PREDESTINATION,' founded upon an extraordinary circumstance, that really happened at Stanitza, near Rostoff, on the Don, in 1840, and naturally created a great sensation there, at the time. The only portion selected for this scene, was the culminating point, or *dénouement* of the story. A set of young officers being garrisoned in one of the strongholds of the Caucasus, where idleness, and its heir-apparent *ennui*, nearly proved fatal to them; two of

these young men, Lieutenants Karnovitch and Zadonskoi, the former a believer in Predestination, the other not, contrive to get up a little excitement by betting on the subject. A Pole having told Karnovitch that he had an infallible instinct, which had never yet deceived him, by which he knew when a person was about to die: and he assured the former, that *that* night, would be his last. But Karnovitch asserted he was sure that if his hour had *not* come, a whole arsenal of bullets would take no effect. "Done!" said one of them offering to bet, whereupon, Karnovitch had his pistols taken from the holster; but it was objected that he had used others instead of the regulation pistols lately, and that those he had now taken, were not loaded. "I maintain that they *are* loaded," said an old officer.

"What pleasure can you find in continuing the farce any longer?" said one.

"It is a foolish joke!" added another.

"Well, I bet twenty imperials to the contrary, that they are *not* loaded," cried Zadonskoi.

"I accept the wager," said a young Cossack officer, hastily, and the new bet being agreed upon, the *pros*, and *cons*, had lasted so long, that the affair appeared to be bordering on the ridiculous, when the Pole, who began to suspect the Servian of bravado, said,

"Listen, Karnovitch: either shoot yourself at once, like a good fellow, or replace the pistol in the holster, and let us end 'this farce, and get to bed.'"

"Oh! by all means," cried the rest, "let it be one, or the other."

"Gentlemen, I beg of you not to move from your places," said the fatalist, pointing the muzzle of the pistol to his forehead.

All suddenly became immoveable as statues, yet, still not thinking he was in earnest. "Lieutenant Zadonskoi,"

said he, "pray take a card and throw it in the air." Hardly understanding what this was for, he chose one from a scattered pack on a table before him—it happened to be the ace of spades; he threw it upwards, as he had been desired; every one was at the highest pitch of curiosity, and yet, all thought it was some mere farce. Still, with suspended respiration, all eyes were fixed upon the flight of the card, which descended slowly; at the very moment when it touched the table again, Karnovitch pulled the trigger of the pistol.

It had missed fire!

The excitement was great, and every one spoke at once.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed several voices, "it was not loaded."

"Let us, however, try again," said Karnovitch. He cocked, and primed, the pistol a second time, aimed at a foraging-cap hanging over the window at the urther end of the room, and at once fired; the smoke filled the apartment; when it had cleared away, the cap was taken from its place: it was found to be hit in the very centre, the ball had gone through it, and, of course, had deeply penetrated the wall, where it lay buried.

For a short interval, no one was able to utter a word; the fall of a pin might have been distinctly heard, but for the clink of the five and twenty imperials, which Karnovitch was leisurely dropping, one by one, into his purse. Some thought the pistol might have been rusty, others that the powder had been damp, and that the obstinate fatalist might unobserved, have poured some that was dryer upon it, before his second aim at the foraging-cap; but this surmise the Pole negatived, by saying he had never taken his eyes off the pistol for one moment.

"You are fortunate at hazard, sir," said he to Karnovitch.

"It is, on the contrary, the first time in my life," he replied calmly, with a quiet smile ; "that I have had a better chance than some malignant devil allows me at Pharo, or Landsknecht."

"For that reason, no doubt," continued the Pole, "it was also a little more uncertain."

"Well, sir," he demanded "have you begun to feel yourself a proselyte to predestination ?"

"Not exactly," said the other, "though it certainly *was* a very extraordinary coincidence. Nevertheless, sir," added he, lowering his voice, "you will not out-live to-night."

* * * * * * *

That night, a few hours later, an infuriated drunken brute of a Cossack soldier, from the Don, was riding over everything like a maniac, hacking, and slashing, right and left, with his naked sabre.

"Hallo ! friend, who do you seek in such a fury ?" asked a quiet pedestrian, trying to get out of his way.

"You !" shouted the savage, running him through the body, and then galloping away.

In another hour, Lieutenant Zadonskoi, while returning to his quarters, heard the bugles sounding an alarm, and in hurrying forward, he stumbled over something—it was the dead body of a man—and the moon at that moment emerging from a cloud, revealed the pale features of KARNOVITCH, THE FATALIST !

All this was so perfectly, and graphically, enacted by Angelina, Orlando, and Messieurs Carter, and Wild, Angelina personating Karnovitch, and Wild the drunken Cossack, that all the gentlemen woke up, and even condescended to be greatly interested.

"I've heard, or read that story somewhere," said Bowes Mornington. "It's in some book, or magazine, or other —do you recollect where, Hilton ?"

But Lord Marcus, like Tim Tuck, having "only just reading enough for a military man," did *not* remember, only he was quite *sure* he had not seen it, either in "The Era," "The Field," or "Bell's Life."

"Oh, then, I suppose, I was mistaken," said Bowes, giving in, with a vague idea that all literature began, centred, and ended, in the three above-named journals.

Here, Sir Noodle Fitzdoodle having received a poke from that real schoolmaster abroad, the parasol-stick, accompanied by several joss-like pantomimic nods from his wife, in the direction of Lord St. Heliers ;—he, though not in the habit of coruscating, thought he *would* venture, as the *spectacle* was drawing to a conclusion, upon a little gentle display of brilliancy, similar to the *bouquet*, which, with its scattered sparks, forms the *obligato* finale of pyrotechnics. So, turning round, he said—

"As that was taken from a Caucasian tale, Derbiraeli should have been here."

"For that matter," smiled Lord St. Heliers, "I don't believe that the Caucasian *entoosimuzzy* * is a bit more genuine in him than any of his other get-ups, as he is quite of the Bickerstaffian school of philosophy."

"What is that?" asked Sir Noodle, with amiable candour.

"Why, you know," smiled Lord St. Heliers, "when Lord Bolingbroke said that 'the hoarse voice of party' was banished from his retreat, and, therefore, all gazettes and pamphlets excluded, and that if he made an exception in favour of Isaac Bickerstaff, it was because he judged that, that illustrious philosopher had, like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others, his precursors, among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers, both his *outward*, and his *inward*,

* Anglice, enthusiasm.—So pronounced by some gentleman of Mosaic extraction, whom Lord Byron cites.

doctrine ; but that at bottom, he was of *no side at all.* But here comes the other *saltimbanque,* which, of the two, I infinitely prefer."

"Alas! poor Karnovitch!" sighed the clown, soliloquizing over the corse, much after the fashion of Mark Antony over that of Cæsar.

"Such *is* Fate! or rather, such are the ways of Omnipotence in *all* things, that they are never MAN'S ways in anything, *we* having but the small limits of TIME wherein to act our allotted parts, and 'fret our little hour' upon life's narrow stage,—are ever for hurrying on the catastrophe—and think that, as in the discharge of a pistol, the report follows the flash, so should the reward, or the punishment, follow close upon the deed. But PROVIDENCE, which has all Eternity to enact the great Drama of Creation in, is a more consummate artist ; analyzes first, combines next, and slowly and progressively culminates, to the great solution of the foregone concrete mystery!

"Poor Karnovitch! you primed, loaded, and fired a pistol, with the muzzle to your brain—it misses fire, and you escape unscathed, and walk forth confidently, to renew your lease of life. In this rash act you tempted Providence, and Providence treated your impious temerity with contempt, and disdained to accept the life, *you* had no right to give. You go on your way—if not actually rejoicing, at least *secure.* When lo! at the moment that you are not actually sinning, and certainly, at that when you least expect it, and have done by no immediate act anything to provoke it, *Death* presents his 'little account,' and you have to settle it, whether prepared or not. And so it is, with all our silken and successful sins, which, in the hard, inexorable hand of Time, turn to scorpions, to scourge us to our Fate ;—though, of course, sin, like all else, or rather *more* than all else, that is of the earth, earthy, 'wears its rue with a difference.' For,—for the low wretch who grovels

down to the level of swine, through intemperance,—there are the police-court, and the fine; while the Patrician Bachanal, who quaffs out *his* reason in Burgundy, or Imperial Tokay, is but 'a little cut.'

"The low blackleg whose frauds are *detected* on the turf is, of course, hooted (if not ultimately hanged) for degrading that noble sport; but the hundreds, and thousands, that have passed into noble lords', and honourable gentlemen's coffers, through the dirty-working rogues' industry, of course, in no way degrades or compromises *them.* The boor, who betrays a woman, is at least punished in pocket by the parish. *Gentlemen* manage these little affairs better, and take care, not to let any of the little inconveniences attendant on them recoil upon themselves;—which would be a thousand pities! considering how pure and high-flown, their *verbal* morality is, in both Houses of Parliament, or when they kindly take the chair at Merchant Taylors' Companies, Commercial Travellers', or the Blue Soup-plate and Rest-in-Leathers, Schools. And if a *gentleman* has the genius to design an extensive commercial swindle,—*viâ* forgery upon a large scale, and the mawwormism to lay the foundation for it, by publishing a volume of sermons, and dedicating them to an archbishop, the *bright* idea meets its just reward, and the dear, good, pious man's pious frauds, are endorsed to any amount, and he takes nobody's life without benefit of clergy.

"But woe! betide the plebeian wretch, who attempts this Exeter-Hall dodge in the homœopathic form of a begging-letter! Not only are all the detectives let loose upon him,—but we have the lord mayor fulminating anathemas from the civic chair,—and the whole corporation chorusing out cautions to the British public, to beware of a monster, who, under the pretext of wanting bread, is endeavouring to defraud them out of the means of criminally indulging in British brandy!

"And this mob of vicious, criminal, unregenerate common people, look on, with their hollow, bleared, insentient eyes, and shake their lean shoulders, in their squalid rags, as vice in velvet, and ermined crime in gilded chariots, splash the spurned mire upon them as they pass, and murmuring ask, *if this be just?* Even so; FOR, FOR EVERY ONE OF THESE, THERE IS THE COSSACK'S RANDOM SHOT OF RETRIBUTION, WHEN AND WHERE THEY LEAST EXPECT IT! If sometimes we *see* the wicked overtaken, we bow our heads, and say, '*Let the justice of Heaven pass!*' Ah! much more should we say, when we see them in their great, but ever slippery prosperity, 'LET THE JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN RIPEN!'"

The clown folded his arms, as he ceased speaking, and looked after the body of Karnovitch, which they were now bearing away; the entertainment being ended with the plaudits the Clown's soliloquy had excited, and all the people preparing to leave.

"These are infernally low places to come to!" said Lord Portarjis, rising, and addressing his remark to Sir Fulke Clairville, who, awaking from his slumbers, said, in a very thick and inarticulate voice:—

"Yes, *confound* it! one gets *nuffen* to dwink at these places."

As soon as the bulk of the crowd had got out, Mr. Delpops appeared, holding his hat above his, and their heads, and gallantly stemming the remainder of the black sea, to announce that "the carriages, and *homnibuses was* there."

In the squeeze at the door, feeling the pressure from without, rather on the increase, Sir Fulke turned and beheld, by the flare of the gas, his portly *compagnon de voyage*, Mrs. Jobbins, who certainly had *not* grown *thinner* since they first met. She also recognised *him;* and at the same moment, a hand was passed round her waist, and her watch

and chain, torn from her side—while a man dashed through the crowd, and took to his heels across the common.

"Oh! my *goold* watch! stop thief!" cried she. "He've got my *goold* watch and chain, as poor Jobbins give forty guineas for!"

"Ah! my firs—my las—my only love!" hiccupped Sir Fulke, and then endeavoured, but in vain, to sing:—

"We met! (hic) 'twas in a (hic) cwoud!"

Then, returning to plain prose, he tried to put his arm round her waist and said,

"Loveliest of leviathans! never mind your watch! I will watch over you!"

Whereupon, she began screaming out, "Police! police!" and pointing to Sir Fulke with both hands, while she alternately kicked him, with both feet, adding,

"I know it's that ere good-for-nothink Brigham Young as have took my watch."

Upon which, all the gentlemen set up a roar—Sir Fulke's *sobriquet* having long been made known to them by Lord Kremlinston; while the scandalized policemen, seized poor Mrs. Jobbins by the arms, as if with intent to pinion her, or force her into a straight waistcoat, with an expostulatory,

"Come, come, my good woman: mind what you are about. *That* is Lord Justice Clairville!"

"Hallo! *Pleece*man, look sharp!" cried Spriggs. "I seed the chap as took that good lady's watch. He's a reglar swell-mob's-man he is; does a little thimble-rigging on race-courses, he do; and I seed him once afore given in charge, on Tower Hill, for picking a gemlen's pocket; hand wuss than that, he 'sociates with Methodies; he haint no good, you may depend on't."

At this, two detectives immediately gave chase, while the third remained, to keep off Mrs. Jobbins's profane hands from Sir Fulke, and see that the law was duly re-

spected in his august person—propounding, as he did so, the following interrogatories to Spriggs:—

"Is he a tall, thin, young fellow, with fair hair, reg'lar features, but a down look and a stoop in his shoulders?"

"That's it! *hegzact!* vith treadmill a squinting hout hof vone heye, hand gallows hout hof 'tother—has sure has my name is Thomas Spriggs!" said that worthy, slapping his thigh, as he thus, like the old masters, put his name in the corner of the portrait he had just finished.

"Ah," said the policeman, "we have long been looking after that chap; Dick Greenlow is his name, though, of course, he has a hundred aliases."

Meanwhile, the thief, who had by some minutes got the start of the officers, completely eluded their pursuit. Sir Fulke being partially sobered from having been recognised by the myrmidons of the law, made a great effort to stand, and speak steadily, as, with much dignity, he respectfully addressed to Mrs. Jobbins a hope that she might recover her stolen property, and an assurance that he himself would stimulate to the uttermost, the exertions of the police to regain it. But that good lady not being easily hood-winked, was not easily mollified; and, therefore, in return for this kind sympathy, only sturdily reiterated with a toss of her head, that whether the pickpocket was caught or not, *her* belief was—as that ere good-for-nothink Brigham Young was the worst of the two.

But all the vehicles being now drawn up, and the ladies handed into them, Sir Fulke scrambled into the last omnibus; but, unfortunately, his foot slipped, and he would have measured his whole length on the floor, at the feet of old Lady Agincourt, had not Lord Portarjis, as was his wont, given him a helping hand.

"Bibere, viri illustres, res et quæ in *omnibus terris*,"

as Lord Dufferin said at the Iceland dinner party, in reply

to his health being drunk, for having gone out in his yacht "The Foam." He was, of course, never at a loss for the *froth* requisite for speechifying; however, *his*, at all events, was true sparkling Falernian froth, quite equal to that of the hereditary "sherry!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Ego ero, post Principia."—*Ter.*

"It is better to avoid sin than to fly from death. If to-day you are not prepared, how will you be to-morrow? To-morrow is an uncertain day, and how do you know whether you will have a to-morrow?"—Thomas a Kempis.

WHEN Mabel's mother arrived at the London terminus, she had to wait several hours before the mail (which was the last) train started for Field-Fleury. Poor mother! could not the holocausts of mortal hopes, and of immortal prayers, offered up on God's primæval altar, a sorrowing heart, stir with their labouring breath to quicker speed, the cycle-sands of time's inexorable glass; no, it might not be; slowly each leaden, lagging moment came, lingering with dull delay upon the winged pulses of *her* fears, and then, *as* slowly went. Oh! verily there *is* no tyrant like to time for those who suffer! vicegerent of Omnipotence on earth, within His grasp are the issues of life and death, mowing, and reaping, for heaven's garners from the past, and scattering the seeds of human destinies broad-cast, over the future.

Oh, time! thou great antithesis of creation! at once the aggressor, and avenger! oracle of Omniscience! and enigma to men! to childhood a weed that it flings away!

to youth, a thorn laden with hopes, fair sweet blossoms; to maturity, a tree of knowledge, bearing bitter fruits for some, and golden ones for others; mighty Proteus! of passion's pantomime, ever forswearing thyself in some new form, as we question thee! Great Athlete, and Victor! in life's Olympiad race! say, oh say, why tarriest thou never in thy onward course, save to laugh at Love's vain efforts to outstrip thee; to pink the pallid popinjay of pleasure, who vainly tries to kill thee, or to mock with stern refusals the tortured, perishing wretch, who prays to THEE as to heaven's delegate, to hasten on, and bring some comfort, or some change! Oh, thou art deaf, stone deaf, old Time, from the piercing wail of poor humanity's ceaseless struggle. So, ON thou goest, heedless of it all, mending the world's highways with ruined empires, granite wrongs, and broken hearts; and, as succeeding ages travel over them, to that far unknown country, where *thou shalt be no more*, thou standest on the mighty causeway, proclaiming, trumpet-tongued, like a vain braggart, "BEHOLD THE WONDERS I HAVE WROUGHT!"

Poor mother! weep on; the tyrant of tyrants has no ear for thee; but the King of kings has, and the tears that flow through prayer are invested in Heaven; so draw not on earth for consolation, for it has none for thee. The very mystery of God's dealings with his martyrs here below, is an earnest that they *have* a monument above.

It was one o'clock in the morning before the train started for Field-Fleury. As Robert Bumpus was only a poor mountebank, he always insisted upon his wife's travelling in a first-class carriage, both for safety, and for comfort, he himself economizing by going in a second, or even a third-class. Poor Bob! chance,(?) that bungling busybody, who has always held office in the home-department, since the first dawn of civilization began, did right in kicking *you* into the world *viâ* the door of a village

ale-house; for, nature having divested you of all self, and all meanness, had quite unfitted you for a gentleman;—at least, as they are cast, lackered, and got up in true Brummagem style, at the cheapest *remunerative* rate, and in the most showy taste, now-a-days for the million; having nothing of gold about them but the glitter, and nothing sterling about them but their money, which accounts for their virtuous reluctance to part with it on all occasions, knowing as they do, that in these days of *prated* progression, our *verbal* philanthropy is so colossal, that, like the Leviathan, that model maritime monster, it is *immoveable* for all practical purposes; and so, according to nineteenth century ethics,

Money "Makes the man, want of it the fellow,
And all the rest, is leather and prunella."

Upon getting into the train, poor Mary was still sobbing violently, the sounds of which, she endeavoured to stifle by keeping her handkerchief before her face, as she saw that opposite to her was a gentleman who, having secured his hat, umbrella, and a bundle of papers in the netting, had taken out a travelling-cap, a shawl for his neck, a railway-wrapper, and all the other et ceteras that constitute a locomotive masculine *toilette de nuit*, and, in short, was endeavouring to conduce to his own personal comfort in every way within his power; and which, whenever an Englishman fails in doing, said failure, never arises from want of the most strenuous and indefatigable efforts on his part, or from any puerile fear of encroaching upon, or militating against, the comforts of other people.

Now, certain it is, that this state of intense national NUMBER-ONE-ATIVENESS, has brought the modern Anglo-Saxon very much to the state of practical individuality, of that peculiar sect which formerly existed among the Jews, a sect between the RECHABITES, and the ESSENES, supposed to have been founded by JETHRO himself; but

which sect took a solemn oath, never to help each other, under any circumstances, however distressing, or however difficult, were the sufferers their own parents, much less their own children; they, holding, that all virtue consisted in the human machine being self-supporting. It is true, that Christ reproved them for this inhuman code. But then, the blessed Founder of the self-abnegating, DO-UNTO-OTHERS-AS-YOU-WOULD-THEY-SHOULD-DO-UNTO-YOU, system of morals, was fastidious, as he even taxed the Levites with writing bills of divorce, "*because their hearts were hard.*" And yet, could anything be fairer, more above-board, or more in the spirit of live, and let live, than the conduct of these ancient Mosaic Arab-gentlemen—these Judean-Juans; when, from any sudden whim, they wished to get rid of their legal incumbrances. They forthwith gave them a "GHET," or written letter of divorce; and, to prevent all abuse of this summary practice, and all unfairness towards the repudiated human chattel, this "GHET" was written before, and signed by witnesses, and delivered to the woman in the presence of a priest; who, having read it, bid her not marry for three months; at the expiration of which time, she should be free to do so; the gentleman who had abandoned her for his whim, by every law, human and divine, having no further control over her. "Look on *that* picture and on this!"

Your modern English gentleman, when the whim seizes *him*, to turn his wife out of house and home, acts very differently. What can the poor wretched wife GET? without the H? and even *with it*, nothing but horse-hair—and humbug. Strong in the Demoniacal iniquity of the English ecclesiastical laws, an English gentleman (?) in turning his victim loose upon the world's wide wilderness, flings a lasso round her neck, far more galling than the legitimate *vincula matromonii*, the ends of which, *he* keeps tightly in hand, and upon—"The farther we fly, the tighter we

tie,"-plan (at least as far as *she* is concerned)—the farther the care, and protection, of a husband are withdrawn from her, the tighter, and more coercive, becomes the galling stringency of his legal power of oppression over her. His money, and *impunity*, always providing *him*, with plenty of tools to do his dirty work; he, of course, never *appearing ostensibly* in it; but, like the onion in Sydney Smith's salad, "unsuspectedly animating the whole." And what redress has his legal victim? NONE!

She, cannot bring an action against his emissaries, because *his* name must be joined in the writ with hers; and though she would be content, *even* with his refusal, to let it be as a *sufficient proof* of *his* complicity in the conspiracy against her,—there is scarcely a sneaking, rascally, pettifogging, lick-the-dust attorney in all England that would even run the risk of offending the powers that be, by applying to the husband for his name, to proceed against his wife's aggressors, said little pettifogger, knowing that they *are* the *moneyed* husband's emissaries.*

The other day, a poor schoolmistress sued a husband who was separated from his legal slave, for six months' board and tuition for his daughter, (the case was tried in the Birmingham County Court). The righteous judge decided, that the mother having been separated from her

* All rules, of course, have their exceptions. And even the Law has its prophets, or men that deserve to be such;—and to refute the proverb, by having *much* honour in their own country. Foremost among these exceptions, stands Mr. Charles Hyde, of Ely Place; an honour alike to the religion he professes, and to the profession he, with such astuteness, and ability, practises;—thereby proving, that the triune attributes, of a sincere Christian, a high-minded gentleman, and a shrewd lawyer, are perfectly compatible. And certainly a more thoroughly good, large-minded, large-hearted, "honourable man," both in his private, and his professional career, or a more Christian GENTLEMAN, never entered Heaven, than the late universally lamented Mr. Robert Hodgson, of Broad Street Buildings. These will suffice to prove, that if "LEX APPETIT PERFECTUM," it sometimes also attains it.

legal tyrant at the time she had put her child to school, *he* was in no way answerable for the support and tuition of his child ! ! ! The poor schoolmistress then wanted to sue the mother for the recovery of the debt, but was told that, as a married woman, *alias* a nonentity, *she* could not be sued. So, between these complex chartered frauds of the English law, especially framed *by* unprincipled profligates, for the protection, and impunity, of unprincipled profligates,—the poor governess was completely cheated out of her hard-earned money. No doubt, England is a great —a very great country, more especially in its own estimation. Still, out of the infernal regions, *in no country* is there such barbaric injustice, and iniquity, as that tissue of both, the English ecclesiastical laws. However, she can boast ONE honest M.P.—a vast surplus! as times go, who *did* say, during the protracted discussion upon that most iniquitous of modern humbugs, the new Divorce bill, when the Josephs (Surface) among the Lords, and Commons, were inundating the country with their pure and stringent *verbal* morality !—"How greatly it would simplify the matter under debate, if by any provision of nature it could suddenly appear on the forehead of each member, in *both* houses, the exact number of times he individually, had broken the seventh commandment!" But leaving this rather "difficult sum in addition" to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, let us return to our travellers.

"Beauty in tears!" like many other things, is very well on paper, but most men without even being husbands, or the weepers being their own wives, have as great a horror of damp eyes, as they have of damp feet, from having a vague idea in both instances, that the latter endangers their lives, and the former perils their purse; for there is no such thing as *actively* taking part in *any* species of distress, without the so doing, inculpating some sort of outlay, for

time, is money, to most persons; and trouble, what they would *almost* part with their money to avoid. For which reason, as the great effort of the present age is to do everything as cheaply and as nastily as possible, philanthropy distributes its largesses no longer in good deeds, and dividends of its substance, but in the soup-ticket cant phrases of "sympathy!" "suffering humanity!" and "the great human family!"

But no sooner is any *Individual* of this great family brought before your modern Philanthropist, with his special and separate burden of sorrows, or of wrongs, than his *manége* benevolence so graceful and intrepid! at meetings, and in speeches, books, and magazines, immediately shies at the vulgar, abstract misery, as a *personality*, which, far be it from young England, collectively, or individually, ever to be guilty of the "bad taste" of meddling with—more especially, if they happen to be wholesale and retail professional dealers in sentiment, and overflowing with love for their species, in lucrative serial works, or denouncing political corruption, and social abuses, at a penny per line, in provincial or metropolitan journals.

One of our most charming of modern writers of fiction, who "does the sentiment" in his books, better than any of them, in fact, (as a gentleman behind the counter says of the relative merits of real, and imitation Valenciennes lace,) —*gets it up, quite equal to real feeling*,—accounts for this discrepancy between theory and practice, by saying "the worst of it is, that eternally writing fine sentiments, while it *apparently* softens the surface of the heart, hardens the core."

"Plato, thou reason'st well,—it *must* be so," *çela posé;* —this would satisfactorily explain why the gentleman opposite to Mary, after having wrapped himself up as carefully in as many envelopes as if he had been some precious gem, intended for a wedding-present to a royal bride,

said of his *vis-à-vis*, within the depths of his under-waistcoat—

"What a confounded bore that snivelling woman is! She has nobody with her, and will be losing her way, or her luggage, and asking me to look after it. So after having made myself comfortable, I shall have to ask the guard to put me into another carriage—deuce take it!"

Now all this, though it don't look particularly well written down, and still less so in print, yet, as it never was intended to be either, must be merely looked upon as the letting off of the steam of a high pressure engine, which had, a very few hours before, furnished (to order) a most eloquent, and indignant, article upon the unjust, cruel, and socially degraded position of women in Great Britain, owing to the feudal barbarisms of our particularly uncivil code, and sent off the same, to "The Liverpool Allioth,"* and three or four more provincial papers; for which he fabricated facts, and did "Progress," and "Enthusiasm," and "the exposing of Abuses," at a very trifling additional charge. It is impossible to burn the candle at both ends: and a man cannot sell all the finer feelings of human nature at so much per maxim, punctuation included, and no extras for Capitals or Italics; and yet bestow them gratis, too, upon every ostensible object of compassion that he hears of, or sees. At least, if there *are* any such benevolent spendthrifts, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty was not one of them, but kept steadily to his paper currency, and his notes for general circulation; and never indulged in the extravagance of any acts of personal, or individual, kindness to his incarnate fellow-creatures so long as they were dis-

* N.B. This journal, however closely it may otherwise be connected with Ursa Major, has no connection whatever with "that bright particular star," the Allioth in the tail of the Great Bear, which is of such service to Mariners in finding the latitude; the journal of that name, only finding the latitude for penny-a-liners.

embodied;—as *the mass*,—that was another affair,—*then* he became truly Catholic, and celebrated the mass, on the GREAT ALTAR OF PUBLIC HUMBUG.

Therefore, at the very first station at which the train stopped, out got Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, and out popped Tatters' head from under the seat, with a low and somewhat lengthened growl, which doubtless was a canine way of expressing how much he preferred the Correspondent of "The Liverpool Allioth's" room, to his company; after which, that very sensible dog jumped up into his mistress's lap, and by his genuine and sincere commiseration, (for I will not use that detestably prostituted word "*Sympathy*" always employed to express the absence of the feeling): the great cold load at Mary's heart was as much warmed, and lightened, as it could be.

Did not the disciples sleep for sorrow? and how many sleepers has that same bitter opiate made since? So, when the train reached Twaddleton at about nine o'clock the next morning, and the guard opened the door, he found Mary fast asleep, a cold straggling tear or two, half petrified on her cheeks, and her chin resting on the head of the dog, who seemed to know he was wanted for that purpose, for he was sitting bolt upright in her lap, and though his brown eyes occasionally blinked, being in fact also overpowered with sleep, they were instantly called to order, by the strong will of their owner, and made to do penance, by being opened wider than ever.

With these two honest brown eyes, now wide awake, Tatters looked at the guard, as much as to say, "What am I to do? you see she is asleep, and it is a pity to wake her, for she is very unhappy."

And then he gently licked one of her hands, that was clasped round his chest, and Mary awoke with a start; but soon that heavy, leaden sense of oppression which is always there, always watching over the wretched, and

ready to meet them on waking, recalled her completely to herself; and hastily putting down Tatters, and putting on her gloves, she got out of the carriage, cold, and cramped by her unrefreshing sleep; but just in time to see the *en l'air silhouette* of Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's mackintosh, as he was getting into a fly with all his little comforts about him.

"Shall I get you a fly, ma'am?" asked the guard; moved to civility and compassion by the deep sorrow that so many tears had traced upon poor Mary's face.

"Thank you; but if it is not too far, I feel so numbed that I would rather walk;—how far is Beechcroft from this?"

"About two miles; or only a mile and a half, Ma'am, if you cut straight across the fields; and, when you get to the fourth field, and over the last stile, you take the first turning on your left, that will bring you out into Beechcroft, close to the church."

"Thank you; but how can I get my luggage sent?"

"Oh! there's a carrier leaves this in two hours, at eleven o'clock; where is it to be sent to?"

"To Maresco;—Lady Clairville's."

"Very good,—I'll see to it myself, ma'am," said the man, still more civilly, touching his cap. Mary thanked him, and offered him half a crown for his trouble, which he refused, so she could only thank him again, and follow the direction he pointed out to the first field she was to take; whereupon, Tatters, who had been listening attentively with drooping ears and tail, to the conference between her and the guard, (fearing it might end in a fly,) now pricked up the one, and wagged the other, as he bounded on before her, and soon showed her the way, by jumping over the stile of the first field they came to.

After all, bloom and beauty, sunshine and flowers, are but fair, unfeeling things; for let sorrow and fear, or even death

itself, come amongst them as they will, no shadow can their dark substance cast, upon these ephemeral summer parasites. And, as Mary walked through all, and each of them, with her quick step, and heavy heart, and the crushed grass, sent up the fragrant incense of its unuttered prayer, and the soft morning air came balmed by the odours of a thousand flowers, and played around her aching temples, she felt as so many have felt before, that all which Nature has of pleasures, and of pastimes, for the happy are but so many additional taunts, and torments, to the wretched.

Not so, poor Tatters; it was many a day since he had revelled in the rich pasture of the Field Fleury meadows, —where the first swift-pawed pranks of his puphood had been gambolled; and now, on he bounded, over long headed spear-grass, and snowy lady's smocks,—his nose now buried under their dewy sprays, rifling the sweets from purple clover, or from golden celandine,—till ever, and anon, the piny pungency of some too aromatic trefoil, would set him sneezing, when up went his head in the air, as if loudly calling upon Ganymede for another draught of that real nectar, sunlight, filtered through summer morning hours, and then, suddenly reproaching himself for all this selfish enjoyment, he would run back, and jumping up, put his two fore paws upon Mary's arm, and looking steadfastly, and fondly into her face, seemed to say, with a little low whine—

"I only wish I could make *you* feel half as happy as I do." At which she, with a fresh burst of tears, would stoop down, and kiss his head, saying, "Go, go, run on, poor fellow, for it will be some little comfort, to be able to tell your poor master how happy you are."

When they arrived, at length, at the last field, and had got over the last stile, Mary stood for a moment undecided which way to turn, for though, for the last five years, she had passed a week, twice a year, during Christmas and Mid-

summer, at Maresco, Bob had either brought her straight from Field-Fleury, or she had come down with the Circus to a large market-town within twenty miles of Beechcroft, from which an old stage-coach still ran to Beechcroft,—and, during her short stay at Maresco, she had always felt too happy to stir beyond its grounds, except just down to the velvet sands, immediately opposite to it, to pick up shells with Mabel. So that she was, in fact, a stranger to the *locale* of Beechcroft, and now stood looking at the old grey church, with its avenue of yew trees, and its ivy-covered steeple. But the face of its clock, was at least an "old familiar face" to her, and she now looked up inquiringly at it, and it answered her, that it was exactly half-past nine. During this dialogue between Mary and the clock, Tatters kept running down a lane, on the right of the church, that led to Field Fleury, and running back again, with his head round the corner, to see if she was coming.

"No, no, Tatters—I'm sure *that* must be the wrong turn; the way down to Field-Fleury, and that's the reason you want to go."

Tatters "owned the soft impeachment," by rearing up on his hind paws, and bowing his two fore paws gracefully forward, as he had seen Rosa-Munda often do at the Circus.

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, poor fellow, but I think we must go the other way."

"Hallo! Tatters, my man, how be you? and how be Bob? not fur off I guess, when you are to the fore; so, ho, good dog, good dog, well I be main glad to see ee; for it's a truer thing than ever was put upon a *tumbe*-stone, is that saying, of 'love me, love my dog,' and I *du* love Bob Bumpus, that I *du*."

This greeting (which, as the Americans say, Tatters cordially "reciprocated") was uttered by an old man

coming out of the churchyard, with a pickaxe on his shoulder, and closing the gate after him—in fact, it was Nahemiah Twigg, who had been at his morning's work, in what he piously, and poetically called, "God's garden."

"Could you, sir, have the kindness to tell me if going straight on to the left will take me to Maresco?"

"Ay sure, ma'am, straight as the bird flies—but stay, I may as well go with ee, for I *was* going up there *sune*, to ax after one of the poor little lasses there, that be cruel bad, and I *fale* it, I *du*, most as if it 'twar my own flesh and blood, for it's poor Bob's little lass, leastways, his missus as he married."

Here, a wild sort of shriek burst from Mary, who sank down upon one of the old grey broken stone steps of the churchyard.

"Good lack! what ever have I done?" cried the old man flinging down his pickaxe, and taking Mary by the shoulder, to prevent her head falling against the gate-post. "I wish ee could talk, Tatters, and tell me all about it; sure—ly— this baint Bob Bumpus's missus? the poor little lass's mother; don't ee, ma'am, take on so—pray don't. The Lord is good,—I'm an old man now, and it's forty-six year I've tended His two gardens here, and at Field-Fleury, and though I'm used to the work, I can't say as I ever like gathering on them buds for Paradise nosegays; it seems, too, like tearing on em up by the roots: let em bide a bit, say I, till they're more blown, and nipped with this world's cold winds, and fall off natrel, leaf after leaf, that is, hope, after hope, year after year, and *then* they're glad enough to be gathered, poor things, and planted out, for another chance; still, in course, He knows best, and what He wants, He must have, and if it comes to that, never fear, I'm old it's true, and can't *du* quite as I used *tu*, but as long as I can hear my own name, and answer *tu* it, there sha'n't be such a trim green cosset of a grave in

the whole country as little Mabel's; no, that there sha'n't, missus, I warrant ee; the daisies shall grow like print upon it, and I'll tuck it in, all round with violets, so that as neither wind, nor rain shall come to her, only the blessed light of day, and the stars by night, which I've heerd say, are angel's eyes, as sits up a watching over the world."

Luckily, the old sexton's well-meant, but harrowing consolations fell upon a deaf ear, for exhausted by fatigue, fasting, and anxiety, after Nahemiah had so painfully struck the jarring chord in her heart by his sudden allusion to her child's danger, Mary had fainted, and the old man was still entreating her to open her eyes, and the dog was moaning and licking her face, when Luther Mornington, and Walter Selden, emerged from the lane skirting the church, that led from Field-Fleury. Luther, no longer disguised by serious garments, looked like what he was, a very handsome young clergyman, with that large dower of intelligence, with which Heaven had gifted him, beaming out in every feature:—and Walter, a tall stripling of fifteen, with a dream-like beauty, and a precocious shade of melancholy haunting his deep starry eyes, such as is so often seen in those, whose first young years have been stepmothered by solitude, and fed with her hard crusts of meditation, thus ignoring all the sunlight of existence, and withering in its shade, till they become at once the prophets, and the martyrs, of their own exceptional doom.

"Eh! Mester Mornington, and Maister Walter, thank goodness you have come this way, for see here;—look at this poor body as pale as death."

"She does indeed look ill," said Luther; loosening the strings of her bonnet, while he took one of her cold motionless hands between both of his, and began chafing it, and slapping the palm.

"How is this, Nahemiah? how came she in this state? and here's Bob Bumpus's dog; so! poor Tatters, how d'ye

do ?" added Luther, as Tatters poked his cold nose into his hand, with a little friendly whine of recognition.

"Why you see, Sir, the way of it wor thus, I was a coming out of the garden, where I'd been making a bed for Nanny Fairlop, as is to be laid in it to-morrow; when up comes Tatters, and in course, I expected to see Bob; stead of which, there was this young ooman: and she axes me if so be as I could put her in the way to Maresco? Ah! sure, says I, and then as second thoughts is best, I said I'd go with her, as I *had* been a going there, to ax after one of the little lasses as was dangerous bad, Bob Bumpus's little lass, leastways his missus's; and with that, the poor cretur give one loud scream, as shrill as a petrel's afore a storm, and down she drops, into a sound as you see."

"How unfortunate: you should never tell a stranger bad news so suddenly, Nahemiah; you don't know but you may be signing their death-warrant."

And Luther then recollected, that on account of the strong holds of infection into which he went, he was seldom unprovided with a lancet, a roll of lint, a bottle of aromatic vinegar, and another, of Felsina water; so now, turning to Walter, he said,

"Just put your hand into my right coat pocket, Walter, and you'll find two bottles, one, a very small one, in a morocco case; the other, a larger one, in a wicker flask; and give them to me."

He did so; and then Luther holding the aromatic vinegar to Mary's nose, he told Walter to put some of the Eau de Felsina on his handkerchief, and bathe her temples with it, under which treatment she soon revived, and stared about wildly; not at first recollecting where she was, and seeming to listen, as if for information; from the hollow measured whisperings of the waves, as they came murmuring in, fringed with white foam, to meet the sands.

"Do you think you will be able to walk now?" said

Luther, in a kind low voice, as he gently took her hand and placed it under his arm.

"Oh! the—thank you, Sir;" said Mary, making an effort to rise, "but I am giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Not in the least, for we are going to Maresco, and I have so far good news for you, Mr. Langston and I, left dear little Mabel quite rational at two o'clock this morning, so she will know you, and has been asking for you, which is a great comfort."

"Heaven bless you, Sir; so you know my poor child."

"Know her, yes, she is a great favourite of mine, is good, gentle, winsome, little Mabel."

"We all love Mabel," put in Walter. "So pray lean on me, too, and you'll be able to get on faster."

Mary, strangely touched by the caressing tones of the voice that dropped these words of kindness, like balm on her wounded spirit, looked up into his face, but her heart was too full to speak. The strange, yet familiar beauty of those young features, (for there are lineaments which though unknown to our eyes, are instantly recognised by our hearts) seemed to touch a new chord in her nature, which vibrated for a moment, between pleasure and pain; but ended in the latter, as she thought this must be the Master Walter whom Robert spoke so much of, and knew so little about, and it was always "poor Master Walter." Now "poor" is the burr of pity, which, like every other burr, attaches it is true, but frets and chafes, the while. So Mary took "poor Master Walter's" proffered arm, and slightly, and almost involuntarily pressed it as she did so; but she said nothing, except a tremulous "thank you," to the old sexton, as she walked on, with her two companions, but soon relinquished Luther's arm, saying she felt quite able to walk now, without troubling him. He assured her it was no trouble, and tried to put her at her ease, by asking after his old friend, Bob, as he called him, and saying

how glad he felt, that he had married so well, and that such a great and beneficial change had taken place in him from that out.

"Indeed, Sir," said Mary, with a faint flush caused by many mingled feelings, the predominating one being a grateful enthusiasm of sincerity, in the words she uttered; "if there *is*, it is only in some trifling outward matters, for a truer, a more honest, a more noble, and I may say, a more delicate nature, than Robert's never existed. Nobody but One above, and himself, and those he serves, ever know, or even suspect, the good he does, for he never hints at it, and he is right, as it is so much to his credit, that it would be very like praising himself tremendously if he did."

"You only confirm what I always thought of him," rejoined Luther: "for even in his racing, and his ragged, days I used to say he had one of the best natures in the world, utterly flung away, and turned out of its proper course; so that all who wish him well, must thank you for having picked the gem out of the mire, and set it properly."

"Not me, sir, but him;" said Mary in a voice choked with tears.

"Oh! *do* tell me how Mr. Bumpus is," cried Walter, "and when he is coming down here again with his Circus; he is the best friend I ever had, and never shall I forget his kindness to me the first day I came down to Field-Fleury, and how he made me a great kite, (I've got it still,) and sat by my bedside *all night!* because I was foolishly afraid of sleeping alone, in that old groined Priory room, nor shall I ever forget the first riding-lesson he ever gave me on Solomon, along this very beach. I remember it as if it were but yesterday."

"Just like him," smiled Mary, with an expression of real pleasure flitting across her wan face, "but this is the first time I have heard of all that, though I have heard so much of Master Selden, or Master Walter, sir, as Robert

always calls you, for I think it is to him I have now the pleasure of speaking.

"Oh! yes, I am Bob's friend, Walter."

"I think I should have known you anywhere, sir, from hearing Robert describe you so often." And then she turned an inquiring glance upon Luther, who answered it by introducing himself.

"And I am Luther Mornington."

Seeing Mary's look of ill-suppressed surprise, he added, with a quiet smile,

"You know, Mrs. Bumpus—for your husband has given you the best proof of it,—that 'IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.' I have got a living now in Northumberland, to which I am going in a fortnight, and where I hope to 'do my duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased Heaven to call me.'"

In truth, a great change *had* come over the spirit, not indeed of Luther Mornington's dream, but of his nightmare, during the last five years. And his mother, much to her regret and amazement, had been the cause of bringing about the very thing she most dreaded:—like the king, in the fable, who, having been warned by an astrologer that the prince, his son, would lose his life by a lion, shut up the young man in his palace, forbidding him ever to join the chase; when one day, the prince, hearing the sound of the horns, and the pack in full cry, was so exasperated at his own imprisonment, that, happening to look up at the picture of a lion, he dashed his clenched hand between the eyes of the painted beast, exclaiming, "Ah! brute, if it were not for you, I, too, should be enjoying the chase!" and, in so doing, his hand came in contact with a rusty nail, which tore it; and the wound festering, he died by the very means taken to guard him from danger, as is too often the result, of short-sighted human precautions.

In like manner, had Mrs. Mornington, after the scandal

brought upon THE ATAT by her daughter's elopement with Sir Hugh De Byons,—(that wolf in sheep's clothing, as she always called him)—so strenuously warned her son against the moral malaria of Maresco, and "the strange woman that flattereth with her tongue," as she most unjustly called poor Lady Clairville, that Luther began by defending her in his heart against so utterly false an accusation, and ended, by filling that heart from all the fair humanities and benign influences that surrounded her, as from a fountain of light, and life, till the dark conventicle of his soul, in which hitherto the "letter which kills" had alone been preached, became lit up, and the spirit, which gives life, by teaching how to live, began gradually to displace it.

Then he thought, and thought truly, that the arrogant, not to say blasphemous, doctrine of election, and its concomitant, self-righteousness, inculcated at THE ATAT, was no better than the abominations of that early, Judæan, pervert Christian sect, the ANTINOMIANS, so called, for rejecting the law, as a thing of no use under the Gospel. Their creed was, that good works could not further, nor evil works hinder, salvation; that the elect, or children of God, as they called them, could not sin; that murder, adultery, drunkenness, and every other crime, were only sins in the wicked, but not in the elect! and, therefore, that Abraham's lying, and dissembling, were no sin; and that the child of grace, being once assured of salvation (?), never doubteth afterwards. That no one should be troubled in conscience for sin; or that no one should be exhorted to *perform the duties of Christianity;* and that a hypocrite may have all the graces that were in Adam before the fall. That Christ is the only subject of all grace; that no Christian either believed, or could work any good; but that Christ alone believed, or wrought it. Neither did God love any for their holiness (!) and that sanctification was no evidence of

justification. There may indeed be some truth in the latter tenet; but all the rest, is the blasphemous Calvinistic doctrine of election—the fire, and faggot, for my heretical neighbour, the irresponsible sin-charter, for my hypocritical self.

Alas! poor human nature! hast thou, then, *no* medal, even when struck in commemoration of the holiest subjects, but what has its obverse? NONE! for in Heaven alone, is there light without shade—because light is God's shadow. But on earth—oh! on earth,—where hopes fade, and flowers wither,—our very virtues cast cold, dark shadows before us, which lengthen as we go; but still it *is* the eternal sun above us, that makes us perceive our own opaqueness. It is easy to *talk* of hating the sin, and loving the sinner, but it is very difficult to *do;* and it is still *more* difficult, to admire and worship virtue in the abstract, and *not* love the Being, who has made of it an incarnate loveliness to us.

It is as who should say:—"I luxuriate in the exquisite perfume of the rose,—I could dwell for ever on the soft beauty of its delicate tints,—but I care not a fly's wing for the flower itself." Then what becomes of the perfume? what of the glowing tints? and what of the flower? Its breath, which is its soul, may be embalmed in an essence, and live after it; but its form, its colour, its beauty, and its grace, can only blush through its leaves, and perish with them! So does the memory of good deeds, and bright things, live after their authors; but that *all* of grace, and beauty which leads captive, lives, and breathes, or ceases with those, from whom it emanated, and cannot be condensed into either an essence, or an abstract.

The pure, calm, holy atmosphere of practical Christianity at Maresco, which, like a broad, deep, noiseless river, fertilized and beautified as it flowed, had first braced Luther's mind into a healthier tone; and then, the self-same words, from out the book of life, that were fulminated at the Ark,

like cherubim with flaming swords, once more expelling man from the little of paradise that remained to him.

At Maresco fell, like the gentle echoes of the steps from that holy path, in which its mistress walked, and seemed to stir his spirit, as if it had been touched by an angel's wing. And Luther began to pray with his heart, instead of with his lips. Oh! wayward, wandering, warring heart! is it that thou art *indeed* "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" that Luther Mornington, when he was ushered either into Lady Clairville's library, or drawing-room, and had to wait till she came, felt the vital current rush in such tumults through his throbbing veins, as he looked upon her work, her books, her flowers, or any thing that *was* hers, or that she had touched;—that he grew faint and giddy, at the soft, tepid, perfumed air, that floated through the room, as if every sigh that she had ever breathed, was collected, and prisoned, there. Or, was it merely that for eight-and-twenty years he had parched, and petrified, in the ice-bound atmosphere of the manor? And, grown bloodless, gazing at the insentient eyes of dead Covenanters, and weary, at the very sight of its cold, dark, stiff, Procrustes bed-looking furniture? or that, except on the memorable occasion of the inverse sensation he had helped to produce at Clanhaven House, he had never seen a nearer imitation of the gentler sex than his mother, and sisters, and the black, serge petticoats, and the black, Golgotha bonnets at the Atat? Now that, for the first time, he came within the Circean sphere of a refined, and elegant, woman, he felt like one entering the gardens of Armeida, or labouring under the influence of some subtile enchantment, which caused his whole being to thaw, and set the purple eddies of his blood, lilting in voluptuous measures.

Or, was it that his nerves were weakened, by sleepless nights; spent in pitying her, for that hardest of human lots—the being fettered, yet deserted! No, Luther Mor-

nington, it was *not* pity. Men don't *pity* women of Beatrice Clairville's stamp. Oh, no! *their* sympathies (?) are all for large public evils; they can become the apostles of burglars, and of murderers,—*that* brings popularity; or, at least, notoriety, which is its telling part. Nay, they can sentimentalize about street "Traviatas," and even write letters to "The Times" upon "The greatest of our Social Evils," recommending fresh penitentaries; never caring to recollect who, and what, it is, that causes this "greatest of our social evils," and that peoples these penitentiaries. But for the dark, dense, tortures of marital tyranny, they have NO feeling, or even no fustian, for *that* is the patent pivot, on which the axis of the irresponsibility —of *their* self-delegated privilege of sin turns.

Oh! merciful Creator! "whose way is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known," among the many high, and deep mysteries, which constitute at once thy attributes, and thy essence, there is none *so* high, and *so* deep, as the injustice, the oppression, and the apathy, which thou permittest to form the billets of the pyre, for the social suttee—sacrifice of women. Is it, that even *those* bitter, nay, those *bitterest*, herbs of earth—the discrepancies between their wide aspirations, and their narrow sphere,—between their Catholic faith, and their heathen fate,—*must* still be crushed, and bruised to the uttermost, before they can rise up as a meet incense to accompany the cries of the victim, from these expiatory human altars, to Thy Throne of Grace? THOU knowest, —we know not! But certain it is, that men do *not* compassionate such women as Beatrice Clairville; and, when they *think* they do, it is *not* the WRONGS which arouse;— it is the WOMAN that attracts them. And if they are men of the world, they immediately cast about to see, how they can consummate the ruin, which it is not in the power of the most brutal husband, without such ulterior aid, to

thoroughly accomplish; that is, they begin to calculate, how they can best immolate what remains of the poor victim, upon the shrine of their own selfishness, or vanity.

But Luther Mornington was *not* a man of the world; —he was a man of God;—when first this to him, new-being, and wondrous creature, flooded his soul with the bright light, of pure and holy things, he breathed, he basked, he revelled! in it. And gradually, the dark, harsh web of uncharitableness, and intolerance, which his mother had woven for so many years, began to whiten, and to soften, under the benign influences of this truer gospel light; but as this "*Divina Comedia*" progressed, and he perceived from *whose* eyes this "gospel light dawned," and that the *Beatrice* of *his* divine drama, was placing him in purgatory, and would lead him further, if he did not put Heaven, between her, and him, this brave young Gideon repeated, as his constant litany, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out;" "ay, and if thine heart offend thee, pluck *it* out, too." And then, he placed this inscription over his cross, in the large capitals of resolution.

"TRUE, SHE IS A BAD MAN'S WIFE; BUT YET, SHE, IS HIS WIFE!"

Still, the cross, though it bore this inscription, was planted too near the temptation; it must be carried farther on, and thus it was, that he applied for, and obtained, the living in Northumberland; when he received the letter granting his request, he was in his own room, finishing a little volume of Bible Stories, that he had written, at Lady Clairville's request, for her children; the subjects were all touching, practical, and well chosen; the interest heightened, and brought out, by an abundance of recondite eastern lore, set forth in a clear, natural, and simple manner.

When this letter was put into his hand, he trembled so violently, that it was some seconds, before he could open it; and, when he did so, he looked upon the words that would have been the heralds of such glad tidings to most men, with a fixed glazed vacant stare. The letter at length dropped from his hands, which he placed before his face, his head fell upon the table, and he burst into a paroxysm of tears. But the sacrifice was completed—the last fragment of the idol was destroyed!—and, lifting up his eyes, and voice, to Heaven, he made a solemn vow, to roll back the stone of silence, and secrecy, and, if it might be, of oblivion, upon the empty sepulchre of his heart.

"Only in prayer—only in prayer, will I remember her; as the far polar star guides the tempest-tossed mariner, so shall the memory of her unsetting labours guide mine; and as the bright hosts of Heaven, from out their eternal, and unapproachable spheres, marshal the tides of the deep, fathomless sea, the bright, pure halo of *her* distant life, shall influence the ebbs, and flows, of mine."

One struggle more, and Luther was *not* free, but *firm* in his resolve to have such a mastery over himself, as that the cause of this first, and last, great mystery of his life should never suspect, what a ruined Carthage she had made of his heart; and how, Marius-like, he endeavoured calmly to contemplate, the broken pillars of his hopes, and the razed temples of his worship.

On the morning which he, and Walter, had found Mary insensible upon the steps at the gate of the old grey church at Beechcroft, his printed volume of Scriptural Stories had come down from London, and he was going with it to Maresco, and also, to make his final adieux to that fair paradise, and its mistress.

But here they are, at the Lodge.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity: they must have action, and they will make it, if they cannot find it. Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than mine, and millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions, besides political rebellions, ferment in the masses of life which people earth. Women are supposed to be very calm generally; but women feel, just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts, as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their privileged fellow-creatures, to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings, and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano, or embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them, if they seek to do more, or learn more, than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex."

JANE EYRE, Page 109.

AS they neared the hall-door, poor Mary's tears again became uncontrollable, and deep, and heart-rending as *her* sorrow was, Luther almost envied her its unforbidden source, which could claim such a relief. Plutarch has somewhere truly remarked, of animal courage, that "Valour is not a fixed and permanent quality, nor is it found in any one always in the same degree, for that of all the virtues, it exerts itself most irre-

gularly, and rises by fits like "a divine inspiration." And this is still more true of its far nobler elder brother, moral courage. The former is a gladiator, or a warrior, with an assembled world for spectators, and their plaudits ringing in his ear. The latter, a poor anchorite in his lonely cell, with no eye but that of the unseen Creator, to watch the mighty, and unequal, conflict of a thousand temptations, against ONE VIRTUE! and no chronicler but the recording angel, with the deferred glories of his Doomsday reckoning!

When Horton opened the door, his honest face met Mary's anxious one, with a glow of cordial kindness as he said—

"I'm very happy to tell you, that a visible change for the better took place in Mabel last night, Mrs. Bumpus. She is quite sensible now, and has been talking about you all the morning. Her ladyship is up with her at present, and one of our children (Ruth Norland, I think) went to meet you,—didn't you meet her?"

"No; but then I came the shortest way, across the fields."

"Well, just so;—strange to say, Mabel dreamt you would come that way, and begged of Ruth, I think it was Ruth, to go and meet you. I wonder how she came to miss you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Mornington, and Master Selden; but won't you walk into the library?—I'll send and let her ladyship know that you are here."

"No, don't," said Luther; "I'll go into the schoolroom; I've something to say to the children, as I shall so soon be leaving them now—so don't interrupt Lady Clairville; I can wait till she comes down."

"And I," said Walter, "will go and sit in the library,—may I, Horton?"

"To be sure, sir, you may, unless you prefer going into the garden. I assure you, Master Walter, the green-

gages are well worth any young gentleman's attention, just now."

"Thank you," rejoined Walter, listlessly; "but I'm tired. I'd rather go in, and sit down."

"Well, then, sir, if you'll allow me, I'll show you into the breakfast-room, for her ladyship has not breakfasted yet, and I'm sure she'll be glad of your, and Mr. Morningtón's company. You know your way up stairs, Mrs. Bumpus?" added Horton, throwing open the door of a charming Watteau morning-room, in which breakfast was laid, with a profusion of fruit and flowers, and the quaint embossed, but particularly cosy-looking plate of Anne's time, the silver Rockingham-shaped tea-pot, with its branch of leaves, and bright apple on the top. The two tea-canisters, shaped, one like a large pear, the other like a quince, with the *obligato* branch on the top, by which to remove the lids. The square massive cream-ewer, like the tubs in which orange-trees are planted, with block handles on each side to lift it up by, and a lip at each corner for pouring out the cream, while the sugar, and slop-basins, were in the shape of melons; but the *chef-d'œuvre* of this *Rococo* service was a very large silver melon, in the centre of the table, every quarter of which, by turning the stem at the top of it, fell down, and each quarter, which again opened with a hinged lid, like that of a snuff-box, contained different sorts of sweetmeats, from Guava, and Polosanto jelly, and quince, and strawberry-marmalades, down to raspberry jam, and new honey.

The hangings of this little snuggery were of apricot-coloured damask, with blue satin shepherds, and shepherdesses all over it, presenting each other with silver doves, and bouquets of flowers, tied with silver true lovers' knots. The windows had the old-fashioned luxuries of window-seats, with cushions of the same damask, stuffed with eider-down, and these windows looked out upon a *parterre*

of the far-famed Maresco-giant red carnations, so that really, "all Arabia breathed," or seemed to breathe, through this little paradise of coquettish comfort.

Walter took off his hat, laid it on a table, flung himself into one of the window-seats, and leaning his elbow on the sill of the open window, and his chin in his hand, looked out upon the rich red flowers beneath, unfurled like a royal standard, and began thinking of the first day Gemma had torn up so many of them, and given them to him. But we will leave him to his thoughts for the present, and go with Mary up into the room of her dying child.

Not only did the poor mother's heart almost cease to beat, but her whole being seemed to stand still, as she got to Mabel's door; she could not for a few seconds even enter, though the door was a little ajar, but paused, and listened breathlessly, for she heard the low murmuring of a voice—yes, it was Mabel's voice,—very feeble it is true, but distinct and coherent; and these were the words Mary drank in—

"Till my mother comes, if it is not troubling your ladyship too much, would you read me one of the Morning Watches?"

"With pleasure, my darling; have you any particular one that you like?"

"Yes," said Mabel; "I forget *which* morning it is, but I know the verse that heads it, is the 15th, and 31st, of the first of Corinthians.—'I die daily.'"

Poor Mary! these faint, feeble words, struck like hard, sharp daggers down firmly into her heart, and she bit her lips nearly through, to prevent the cry which rose up from it, issuing out of them.

Lady Clairville had also to turn away her head, and dry the tears in her eyes, before she opened the precious little book, and read out in a tremulous voice the twelfth Morning

Watch, the beginning of which is as follows, and seemed almost like the prophetic, and parting prayer of the young spirit, that was so soon to return into the hands of the covenant God, who had lent it to earth.

"Heavenly Father, who hast permitted me, in Thy great mercy, to see the light of another day, enable me to begin and to end it with Thee. Let all my thoughts, and purposes, and actions, have the superscription written on them—'HOLINESS TO THE LORD.'

"Give me to know the blessedness of reconciliation—that it is as a sinner, and the chief of sinners to come, just as I am, without one plea to 'that blood which cleanseth from all sin.' I desire to take hold of the sublime assurance, that 'Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost'—that he has left nothing for me as a suppliant at Thy throne—a pensioner on Thy bounty, but to accept all, as the gift, and purchase, of free, unmerited grace. While I look to Him as my Saviour from the *penalty*, may I know him also as my deliverer from the *power* of sin."

Mary could listen to no more—she walked suddenly, yet noiselessly, into the room, and stood before them. A faint cry escaped from Mabel, and the one word "MOTHER!"

She was unable to lift her head from the pillow—the face was nothing but a white shadow, fair, and fragile, as some scattered leaf of a lily; but the deep, dark, luminous eyes, had that unearthly largeness which precedes death, as if they had already opened upon the illimitable of eternity, and could not narrow back, to the small boundaries of the material world. But with this cry of "Mother," she held out her arms, and the next moment, the little fleeting child was clasped to her mother's aching, breaking heart.

"Don't, mother dear!" said Mabel, kissing away her tears, and smoothing back Mary's hair with her poor little transparent hands. "If you knew *how happy* I am, you would not shed a tear for me; and look how good God

has been to the last. I had but *one* wish—to see you again, and he has granted it. Instead of crying, thank dear good Lady Clairville, who has been for five years doing all *she* could to make your poor little foolish Mabel fit to go to HIM."

Lady Clairville held out her hand to the poor mother, and silently pressed hers, kindly.

"And how is dear old father, mother?" For so Mabel always called Bob.

"He's very well, thank Heaven, and doing very well."

"I *should* like to have seen *him, too,* once more, but one can't have every thing; and, besides seeing you, I wish to stay here till the 25th, which is a week off, and my birthday, when I shall be twelve years old, and Dr. Roberts, and Dr. Arnold say, that they think I may last till then—and think how happy we may be in a week, mother; and then you know, when next we meet, it will be *never, never* to part again. Oh, poor Tatters!—thank you, dood old Doatskin, for coming to see oos sister," said Mabel, putting her arms round the neck of the dog, who had clambered up on the bed, and was whining and licking her face. "Oh! and me's got a present for oo, Tatters. They were obliged to cut off all Mabel's long ears, and it will make a collar for oo, my doggie. Would your ladyship kindly give my mother my hair that was cut off?"

Lady Clairville reached from off a chest of drawers, a long packet of silver paper, containing a thick cable of Mabel's beautiful satiny chestnut hair, tied at either end, with a knot of brown ribbon; but seeing that every word she uttered was wringing her mother's heart, she said, as she handed it to Mary, and marked the hot hectic spot that had come into the child's cheeks—

"Now, my little Mabel, who has been *so* good, and such a *real* patient all along—must *not* say another word, for you have made yourself quite feverish again; so *promise*

me that you won't talk any more, darling, for I know I may trust you if you *do* promise;—and, as I am sure your poor mother must want some breakfast, I'll go down and send it up to her."

At this, Mabel would not even utter the word "yes," but nodded her head in assent, and pointed to a glass jug of nice cool barley-water, but Maresco barley-water, clear as crystal, and of the colour of a fresh lemon, with the flavour of a fresh lime, which having poured out, and given to her, Lady Clairville, on her way down stairs, opened another window, not that the room was the least close, or disagreeable; it was too well ventilated and cared for, for that, and what every sick room *ought* to be, but so seldom is, the perfection of cleanliness, order, and almost geometrical neatness; and, besides the sprinkling of chloride of lime, to prevent infection, corks were kept burning in a small brazier, on the hearth—those sweetest, lightest, and *freshest* of fumigations for any room; for, with a far more delicious perfume, they leave none of the heaviness of pastilles. Before Lady Clairville closed the door, Mabel said on her fingers—

"Has not Ruth come back yet? Ask my mother if she met her?"

But Mary answered in the negative.

And Mabel looked annoyed. Her mother took off her bonnet and cloak, Tatters stretched himself out on the bed, and, previous to enjoying the luxury of a nap, looked up languidly to the little white dome of the bedstead, as if he had been singing, or saying to himself—

"Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?"

Lady Clairville saw, and so interpreted the look, and with a pensive but benevolent smile at the trio, closed the door on them, and went down to breakfast.

On opening the door of the sunny little breakfast-room,

she saw Walter sitting in the shade of the window, looking out dreamily, not to say gloomily, with his cheek resting upon his hand, his eyes wandering vacantly over the red carnations, and, in short, in precisely the same attitude in which he had been left when Horton closed the door on him, for he had not moved since.

"Ah! Walter!" said Beatrice, with a little start of surprise at seeing him—and then advancing to shake hands with him, she added, in the kind, and sympathizing, tones that she had for every sorrow, from the thewed and sinewy struggles of a giant, down to the ruffled plumage of an affrighted sparrow—

"What's the matter with my boy?—he looks dull."

"Do I?" asked Walter, with one of those pale smiles which are the most melancholy phase of melancholy—when all of joy is left out of them.

"Do I! yes, that you certainly do; tell me, has anything gone wrong at Field Fleury? Moses Bumpus, I hope, is not in any way unkind?"

"Oh! no, no," said Walter, hastily; "except his brother, I don't think there ever was such a kind old soul as Moses."

"Then, perhaps, it's some of your schoolfellows that you don't like; they are *not* a very refined set, certainly."

"I don't think about them," said Walter with a shrug that was worthy of Sir Charles Coldstream, as he seated himself at the table.

"Then, decidedly you *were* thinking of something, and something not very pleasant; and I don't think it kind of you, Master Walter, to keep all your thoughts *to* yourself," said Beatrice, pouting out her lip as she rang for the urn and the coffee, and pushed over a plate of rolls, another of grapes, and the before-mentioned silver melon to her youthful guest.

"Ah! you know, dear Lady Clairville," said the boy,

colouring, "if the thoughts were either pleasant ones, or good ones, I would *not* keep them from you."

"Walter! Walter!" she rejoined, shaking her head, and holding up her finger, "I can't, that is, I *won't* believe such a calumny as that you have *bad* thoughts; but even so, the worst thoughts, once confessed, are often by reason, and friendly counsel, blown into empty air like thistledown, but hoarded and brooded over, bad thoughts may, and too often *do*, mature into *bad deeds;* for it is quite true what Dr. Johnson says, that 'The *beginning* of action, is in the mind.'"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Walter, colouring still more deeply; and, as he spoke, hastily plucking off grape, after grape, from a very fine bunch, and not eating them, but filliping them round his plate, as if they had been marbles; "I'll tell you what I was thinking of. I was thinking—that is—I was feeling—what an odd thing—what a cold strange thing it was—to belong to nobody!—to be alone in the world—and to—to—to have nobody to care for one."

A sharp pang shot through all the woman of Beatrice's nature; for she knew what he meant; but, putting on a bright smile, she got up, folded her hands, and made him a low curtesy, as she replied—

"*I thank you*, Master Walter, on my own account, and in the name of all your other friends, for the *compliment* (we'll say nothing about the gratitude) that you've *nobody* to care for you; but perhaps you only mean to allude to the gentleman I used to sing about, when I was a girl,

'Nobody! nobody! my own dear constant nobody!'

the moral being, that *he* was the *only* person, who ever *is* constant to anybody in this world!"

Here, Horton and one of the footmen, brought in the

urn and the coffee; and the former announced, that Mr Mornington was in the school-room.

"Pray, then, let him know that breakfast is ready, and bring some chocolate, which I think he likes better than tea or coffee; and tell Bracebridge to send Mrs. Bumpus up some breakfast."

As soon as the servants had left the room, Walter rose, and, with tears in his eyes, bending over the back of Lady Clairville's chair, said,

"Oh, *don't* think me ungrateful, dear Lady Clairville, for all your long kindness to me; for which I shall always love, and be grateful to you, as long as I live; more grateful, I fear than I shall ever have the power of proving to you; and, indeed, *everybody* here *has* been very, *very* kind to me. It is not that. All I meant was, that I was not like other people. I have no parents, no brothers and sisters; no—no home; and—and—though it's very good of people to love me—yet, you know, no one is obliged to do so."

"My dear Walter," said she, pausing in the hot bath she was giving the cups, and endeavouring to look him steadily, and unflinchingly, in the face, with her large soft hazel eyes—"No one ever *is obliged* to love; for, love *can't be* obliged, that is, compelled; it *must* be free, and spontaneous. Duty even cannot create it; duty can only influence our actions; but it is powerless, utterly powerless, over our affections. *I* love you; we *all* love you here, because you *are* good and loveable; but you might be my son, and yet so unamiable, and *un*loveable, that I could *not* love you. And, like 'Lord Bateman,' 'half Northumberland' might belong to you, which would make you a quintuple *millionnaire,* but could *not* make people love you; unless, indeed, you invested your wealth in their hearts, by your Christian stewardship of it. But, pray, may I ask how long is it since you came to darken

your mind with the cold shadows of such thoughts? for something, or some *one*, must have done you the ill office of putting them into your head. Now, I don't want to pry into your secrets, Walter; but, as you have told me so much, I *should* like to know this; because I think I might be able to pluck up such an ugly rank weed. You know my aversion to all weeds; because they *do* grow apace; so you see, Fraser, and I, wage war against them; and I defy anybody to find *one* in our *immaculate* garden!"

For some seconds, Walter remained silent, twisting his napkin into a perfect Gordian knot; and his cheeks flashing, alternate red and white, like lightning in a summer sky. At length, tossing back his head, and hastily putting aside the rich masses of his burnished chestnut hair, he said, in a hurried, low, and not very distinct voice,

"Lady Gemma De Vere, the last time she was down here, asked me if I did not think it odd to have no home; and if I should not like to have one?"

"Gemma's a goose!" said Lady Clairville, hastily rising, ostensibly to move the three-leaved screen that stood before the empty grate, three inches further back; though it was not the least in the way where it stood; but, in reality, to put her handkerchief to the corners of her eyes, which, maugre all her efforts to prevent them, were beginning to overflow. Having done so, she re-seated herself; began dropping the sugar into the cups, and said abruptly to Walter, "Did you ever repeat this very illbred speech of Gemma's to any one else?"

"Only to Eva Mornington."

"And what did she say?"

"She said the Manor *was* my home—and should be my home. That was kind of Eva; but—you know—it is not true?"

"Walter, the kind is *always* the true; for nothing is kind, that is *not* true; but truth is rarely, very rarely, met

with in this world; so we should value it the more, when we do meet with it. But you *have* a home, Walter."

"Where?" said he, eagerly, his wish clinging to the literal meaning of the words.

"I'm *afraid* you will think me a *very* matter-of fact, common-place sort of body, if I answer, that your Catechism tells you where."

"Oh, in Heaven," rejoined Walter, with a disappointed sigh, as if he were already so weary with his short pilgrimage *here*, that he thought he never should have strength to keep on, till he got *there*.

"No—*that will be* our home; at least, let us hope so, hereafter; but I mean *here*."

"I don't remember," said Walter, with a look of half-puzzled curiosity, and yet half-ashamed of forgetting his Catechism.

"Why, are we not one, and *all*, told, that we should *endeavour* to do our duty, 'in that state of life into which it may please God to call us?'"

"Oh, yes—certainly—but—"

"Well, believe me, that whatever state that is, it *is*, or ought to be our home; for, what does home mean but the small, immediate, apart space, that we individually occupy in the world?"

"Ah," said Walter, with a sceptical sigh, looking round at the charming little room they then occupied, with all its comforts, refinements, and peculiarly *home* look. "But *you have* a home; and an enviable one, too."

"I know what you mean, Walter," (and the tears trembled as much in her voice, as in her eyes), "and some day, when you are older, I will tell you my history; and you will then know, that for years, and years, with what ought to have been a splendid home, I had NONE, but was hunted, and lashed through the world, by the scorpion whip of poverty, not knowing, from one week to another, where to

lay my head, and manacled by that cruellest of fetters, A FALSE POSITION; for, my poverty was neither the reverse of fortune, which a dignified submission to, ennobles; nor that of birthright, which has neither sting, nor degradation; but it was the hardest of all to bear, that which is seared into us by the branding-iron of cruelty, and injustice.

"Still, Walter, *while* it lasted, and it lasted many a long, weary year, (which to my suffering, struggling spirit, seemed each leased on eternity,) it *was* the state of life, that is, of *trial*, unto which it had pleased God to call me. I could only make a home of my own heart, by peopling it with as much good, and banishing from it as much evil, as possible. But it was a *hard, hard*, unequal struggle, for what air and sunshine are to vegetation, *justice* at least, if not appreciation, is to our good qualities; and to persevere in fostering them in the obscurity of poverty, and the calumny, which is the owl that ever hoots round desolation, is very like endeavouring to cultivate flowers in a cellar. The Creator, and the Cultivator, knowing the difficulties that have been surmounted, may estimate the result, but for the rest of the world, the wealthy, and well-placed, who have earth, air, sunshine, and science at their command, this dark and difficult germination is either a ridicule, or a doubt. As plants change their colour, under certain influences, so do virtues change their name according to the circumstances under which they are exercised. For the rich, to give sparingly from their superfluity, is charity, benevolence, generosity; while for the poor, to curtail still more their already too scant necessities, in order to give at all, is an unpardonable and unprincipled piece of extravagance, for which they deserve all the additional thumbscrews of penury's ever-creative Inquisition.

"ALL THIS I HAVE GONE THROUGH; and, thank Heaven, it has been graven in indelible characters on my heart, so

that the golden tide of a whole Pactolus, could *not* efface it. But even *here*, in I grant you this *externally* luxurious home, for which I trust I *am truly*, and humbly grateful, yet even *here*, I have not what is called, and justly called, ONE NATURAL TIE! The whole is a moral winter garden, all artificial, all created, but created from *realities*, so that the birds, the fruits, the flowers, and above all, the genial atmosphere IS there. I have not only re-made, but have, as it were, multiplied my fate in that of others,—in short, Walter, both in the shade, and in the sunshine, in the desert where I was ALONE, and in the Paradise which I have peopled, I have endeavoured to *do my duty in that state of life, unto which it has pleased God to call me.* And believe me, my dear boy, this *is* the *only* talisman that can carry us unscathed through the bitter trials, and the blooming temptations of life, the ONLY amulet, that can preserve us against its plagues, pestilence, and famine, and save us in our hours of desolation, and of darkness, from that often worst of foes,—OURSELVES."

"I *do* believe you," cried Walter, kissing the hand that held out a cup of tea to him, and again kissing it, as it handed him the cream, as he added, "ah! if I could be only *half* as good as you, I should never feel either unhappy or discontented."

"Come now," laughed she, with a toss of her pretty head, and a little look of most becoming, because only mock conceit; "you are *quite* too ambitious, Master Walter, for you are, or are to be a man, and as well might we women, wish to equal the angels, as for what the grammar, but *only* the grammar, mind you, says is worthier than the feminine, the unfair sex, try to come within a thousand virtues of ours."

"Well, if all women are like *you*, *that's* true enough. How is poor Mabel this morning?"

"Free from pain, and quite rational, thank Heaven, but

fast hastening to where there IS A HOME FOR US ALL, WALTER;" and here again, the eyes of Beatrice overflowed, and scarcely had she brushed the tears away, before Luther Mornington entered. She turned round without rising, shook hands with him, and wished him "good morning." Poor Luther, it seemed quite too great an effort for him to say "good morning," in return, or even "How do you do?" so all he managed to get out, as he seated himself, was the one word—

"Mabel?"

"Better, as far as being free from pain;—but,"—and Lady Clairville shook her head and again dried her eyes.

"Happy Mabel!" sighed Luther.

"Well, yes, I think so—happy Mabel! for her unburthened Spirit, will soon be unfettered and at HOME; that *home* you think so much of, Walter."

"I'll try and not think any more about it," said Walter, with a sigh that belied his words, as he helped himself to some more cream, and added, "But now don't you think, that a boy of my age, *ought* to go to a public school, Mr. Mornington?"

"Well, really, Walter," smiled Luther; "I don't see the *absolute* necessity of it; further, than as we *are* to live in the world, perhaps the sooner we find our level in it the better. On the other hand, there are a great many things which a public school teaches, which would be quite as well ignored to one's dying day. But, as you wish to go to Winchester, (I've heard you say) so much, I wonder you have not asked Mrs. Selden to let you go."

"I *have* written to my grandmother over, and over, again about it."

"And does she disapprove of your going?"

"No, she says she thinks I *ought* to go there, or to *some* public school."

"Then why," said Luther, rather abruptly, "does she not send you?"

"I suppose," rejoined Walter, looking down into his cup, and getting as red as one of the carnations under the window, whose spicy breath was balming the whole room, "I suppose she can't afford it."

It was now Luther's turn to grow red from vexation at the inadvertent coarseness of his question; but Beatrice, upon whose cheek there was also a deeper tinge, with a woman's tact, (that is with a woman's feeling, for tact is nothing more than practical feeling), now came to the rescue, —and said, with a sunny smile,

"Really, Walter, you, and I, have passed the whole morning wrangling; which is a very sudden and disagreeable change from my model boy that you were, but as the change *has* come, and I am *senior wrangler*, pray let me ask you *why* it is your wish so much to go to a public school? Is it that *there*, you would have plenty of big boys to bully you, and little ones, whom you could bully?"

"No, not exactly," laughed Walter, throwing back his forest of wavy chestnut hair, so as to show every ray, of his peculiarly sunny smile.

"Not that! what *can* it be, then? You know women are full of curiosity, at least, men say so; and I am a *peculiarly* curious woman, and you really make me more curious than ever!"

Again, Walter laughed; and, first closing up the silver melon, then turning the stem, and suddenly letting all its glittering quarters fall flat like a sunflower, *fiddling* in fact, he said—

"Well, I'll tell you why,—I think going to a public school, forms a fellow's character."

"PRODIGIOUS! as dear old Dominie Sampson says," cried Lady Clairville, throwing up both her hands, and looking so solemn, that now Walter laughed in good

earnest,—but Luther did not laugh, for really she looked beautiful at that moment.

"Not only prodigious, but stupendous! So much so, that I should not venture 'Most potent, grave, and reverend' scholar, to oppose any arguments of my own, to so profound an axiom; but listen to the words of a modern writer, for every one of them is a pearl of TRUTH, strung on a golden thread. I am always repeating, and instilling, them into my children, and you know, Walter, *you* are one of my chicks.

"'Let every young person,' says this author, 'regard it as a *fact*, that he or she must make their own character. It is a work which God has wisely consigned to them. Character is the unseen spirit-garment, that one's own thoughts, and feelings, weave about our souls with invisible fingers; and though for each of us, the Eternal has placed the spirit-loom under *different influences*, still we, and we alone, must be the weavers of that indestructible tissue that is to last us through life, and to decide our lease on eternity. OUR OWN CHARACTER.—If the circumstances under which we work be favourable, we must profit by them; if indifferent, we must then exert all our skill, and especially all our *vigilance*, and perseverance to improve them. But, if decidedly hostile and pernicious, as our Creator has given us intelligence to discriminate between good, and evil, we must *then* counteract, and resist, them with all our might.' For no *one else can* weave the weft, or smooth the warp, of this mysterious *inner fabric*, OUR CHARACTER, BUT OURSELVES.' In short, dear Walter, this brings us back to the point from whence we started, before Mr. Mornington came in; 'DOING OUR DUTY IN THAT STATE OF LIFE, INTO WHICH IT MAY PLEASE GOD TO CALL US,' *whatever state that may be*. And I'm sure Mr. Mornington will tell you the same?"

"If he believe not angels and the prophets," began Luther, but igniting with a blush at his mis-quotation, he broke down, and stumbled into a stammer that he could not get out of; when, to his great relief, some one knocked at the door, and he rose to open it. It was Ruth Norland, crying violently.

"Why Ruth, what's the matter? come here my child," said Lady Clairville, turning her head back towards the door.

"Me—me—me—Mrs. Evelyn we—we—won't let me go—go—go upstairs again to sit with Mabel." Mrs. Evelyn was one of the teachers.

"And why won't she let you go and sit with Mabel? There must be a reason for her not letting you go; and, before you complained of her, you should have told me that reason, Ruth, for you know that I never decide upon anyone's conduct without knowing the *cause* of it; for abstract murder itself, may be only manslaughter in self-defence; when one knows what has gone before, that is, what has led to it. If Mrs. Evelyn has capriciously, or unjustly, forbidden you to go up and sit with Mabel again, I shall reprimand her; but I must be sure of this first."

"Why," re-sobbed Ruth, "Mabel asked me to go down to Field-Fleury to meet her mother, and to go by the fields, for she had dreamt she saw her coming through the meadow. I thought the train wouldn't be in so soon; and that I should have time to go round by Well Close, and leave a black Shetland shawl I had knitted for Dorothy Windsor; and—and—so I missed Mabel's mother, who did come by the fields; and Mrs. Evelyn says Mabel was so anxious, and fidgetty, at my not returning, that it might have thrown her back; and she says I couldn't care about Mabel, not to do that much to oblige her; but indeed, indeed, I *do* love Mabel, and if your ladyship will only let

me go up and sit with her again, I'll tell her how sorry I am, that I did not do exactly as she told me."

"My dear Ruth," said Beatrice, gently, but very gravely, laying both her hands on the child's shoulders, and looking sorrowfully into her face. "All the sorrow in the world, never can atone for any evil we do, either from stupidity, neglect, or premeditation. You might poison a person from any one of these sins, and whole ages of after sorrow, won't bring them back to life. Half the mischief, and half the misery in the world, are caused by '*I thought,*' and '*I didn't think,*' which arise wholly, and solely, from a want of conscience, in what are miscalled *little things*, a *daily* conscience, in fact, which is as necessary to our moral health, as daily bread is to our physical.

"You know, Ruth, how hard I have striven to give all my children what Southey so truly calls, '*the virtue of reliability.*' Depend upon it, persons who are *not* faithful and scrupulous over little, are *not so* over much, beyond what the fear of punishment, or exposure, may induce. For my own part, if I requested any one to put a letter into the post for me, *expressly* stipulating that he should post it at *one* particular office, or in one particular street, for which of *course* I had some motive, were that motive *only a whim*, and I found out that he had, instead of *strictly* complying with my instructions, when *he had undertaken my commission*, tossed it into the first letter-box he came to, or into *any* other, than the one I had stipulated for, arguing, "what *did* it matter, so long as the letter went?" and it would be sure to go equally safely from any other Post-office, as from the one I had named; I confess I should be sorry to trust that unconscientious person, either with a thousand pounds, or a matter in which my life was at stake.

"Ah! I see you stare, Ruth; and seem to think *this* is an exaggerated view to take of so small a matter. But

now I'll put a case to you: You have read about the horrors of the great French Revolution, and the minor ones, of our own civil wars: now suppose under such a state of things, when nothing could be done openly, two persons separated from each other,—say a parent and child, husband and wife, two friends, two lovers: no matter who, had agreed, that if condemned to death, the signal should be their posting a letter in A— street, but if they were safe, it should be posted from B— street, or for any other reason, to relieve an anxiety, or prevent a catastrophe. But being unable to leave their prison, and afraid to say a word in it, as prison-walls have sharp ears, they merely give the letter to the supposed friend, *requesting* it may be posted in B— street, which is duly *promised.* But the careless, that is, the *unconscientious* friend, as most convenient to himself, tosses it into the post in A— Street, thinking it a matter of no consequence so long as it *is* posted. Of course, when he hears all the mischief that accrues from his *very* immoral want of good faith, and reliability, in this in *itself trifling,* but in its *results, fearful* thing, he is in despair, but can his despair, contrition, or remorse, even if life-long, undo, or atone, for *one atom of the evil which a probity in small things would have prevented?"*

"Oh! I see what your Ladyship means now," sobbed Ruth; "I'll always think of the letter, and the two post-offices, when any one asks me to do anything for them, and do it *exactly* as they tell me."

"Then, as far as *you* are concerned, you will do right, even should the thing you are deputed to do, fail, or turn out to be wrong. For believe me, that half the so-called ingratitude in the world, arises from the apathy, carelessness, or contradiction of persons undertaking to serve others who either have not the time or the capacity to know how to do so: or who *will* do it in their *own way,*

without any reference to the wishes, feelings, or even the interests, of the person they profess to serve, so that when the account comes to be added up between the nominal debtor and creditor, instead of gratitude, and affection, which *should* be the amount, it is generally found to be irritation and disappointment.

"See too, Ruth, how you mar a virtue, by obtruding a fault into its society ; it was kind of you to knit a shawl for Dorothy Windsor, and still kinder of you to take it to her, but you had no business to employ time in the latter, that was *not* your own, and Mabel, having sent you on this errand, the time was, strictly speaking, *hers*,—besides, *She* was ill, *she* was unhappy, *she* was anxious, and it is a leaden sin in any human being to add a grain of sand's weight, to either of these heavy burdens, in the heart of another.

"Dorothy Windsor could have waited for her shawl, better than poor Mabel could wait for tidings of her mother, and you know the French proverb :—Il ne faut pas déshabiller un Saint, pour en habiller un autre : and it is still worse, to go out of your way to pay a little attention to a person who is well, at the expense of neglecting the wishes of one who is ill, nay dying."

"Oh ! do—do—let me go up to Mabel ;" re-sobbed Ruth, with a fresh outburst of tears, "and I will tell her how sorry I am that I went round by Dorothy Windsor's, and that when I got to the station, they said the train had been in a quarter of an hour."

"Mrs. Evelyn was quite right in not allowing you to go up again to Mabel ; you did not deserve to do so, when you could not attend to so very trifling a thing for *you* to do, but one which to her feverish anxiety, was all important, and if I allow you to go up again, it is, Ruth, because Mabel will be with us so short a time, and I think the life-long regret you will have, from neglecting this one of her last

wishes, will be *more* than sufficient punishment to you, so you may go now, but first bathe your face in cold water, and don't let her see any traces of tears, and, *above all, don't* wound her by telling her you went round by Well-Close, thereby showing her how little you heeded *her* wishes. Simply say, you unluckily missed her mother, after all, as when you got to the station, you were told the train had been in a quarter of an hour. Were poor Mabel to recover, your just punishment should be to tell her all, but *now*, we must *only* consider her.—There, you may go now, and I shall never reproach you with this, Ruth, because I feel assured you have bought your amendment in the dearest, but the *best* market—experience."

"Oh, thank your ladyship," said Ruth, kissing one of the hands that were now withdrawn from her shoulders, and hurrying out of the room.

"I'm afraid it is an incontrovertible fact," sighed Lady Clairville, turning to Luther, "that we English, have neither the word, nor the thing, called *Politesse du Cœur*, which arises from our intense egotism; of always referring every thing to our *own* motives and feelings, without any reference to other people's. One of our modern *littérateurs*, who has now past away, and who, like the rest of those gentry, had plenty of *sentiment* fused in his inkstand for general circulation, without an obolus of feeling for daily expenditure, said, the great want in England was, not a want of kindness, but a want of sympathy. Now, really it is difficult to know how there can *be kindness* without sympathy; and that there *is* a deficit of sympathy, that is, of active, *Christian* bearing *each* other's burden, in England cannot be denied.

"'What on earth does the man, or the woman, pester *me* with their grievances for, *they* have no claim upon ME; and do they think *I* have nothing to do but to listen to their jere-

miads?' is the common Anglo-Saxon formula, in which all sympathy for the afflictions of others is refused. Or if — or if Mr. Bull does, in the digestive expansion resulting from a comfortable meal, or an advantageous investment, say to his wife, 'Really, my dear, the poor So-and-So's are very much to be pitied; I think we ought to show them a little attention.' It is ten common-places to one, but Mrs. B. negatives the proposition, with 'Oh, my dear, better not interfere; it's no business of ours; and we shall only get into a mess; for you know the father, the husband, or the brother, as the case may be, have powerful influence.' And, of course, Bull, who in marital matters is always in extremes, either a Jerry, or a Juggernaut, buttons up the pockets of his nether garments, and says submissively, 'Well, my dear, you know best.'

"It is true, there are cases so monstrous, that those compelled to hear them cannot, in common decency, avoid assuring the narrator, in a drawling voice, that they have their sincere 'sympathy!' but, having uttered that 'tinkling cymbal, and sounding brass word,' they think they have done all that is necessary. For, as we say of ourselves, 'we are not a *demonstrative* people;' a most supererogatory assertion, as our nullity in all social duties fully establishes that fact. Now, the first symptom of *real* sympathy is evinced by the fixed attention of the eyes, and ears; for, how can people *feel* for that which they ignore? But, any man, or woman, sufficiently *mauvais ton*, 'odd,' 'eccentric,' or so downright vulgar! as to obtrude his or her, individual sufferings, however pressing, and overwhelming upon another—what are they met with; a smile or a yawn; and here and there, an 'oh!' which, like Dr. Primrose's oracular responses to his wife's curtain-lectures; do not compromise the utterer, and fit equally well, *any* events that may happen to turn up.

"Now, from all this apathy and egotism, arises our in-

tense ill-breeding. Men, even, are eternally threatening ladies, their superiors in a social position, to call upon them, as if it were such an honour, and their clumsy apologies, for not having done so, are even more offensive, as if, by *their* non-patronage, the *lady* had sustained an irreparable loss; and, I am sure, if I were to invite one of the Twaddleton shopkeepers to pass the evening here, which, socially speaking, I should think, was a great kindness and *condescension on my part;* ill-breeding the first, would be, that they neither came nor sent an excuse; and insult the second would be, *their* writing me a note the next day, to say they hoped *I* did not think their not coming *unkind;* thus totally reversing the relative positions as people invariably do in England, from want of *the right feeling in the right place,* and its evidence, good breeding.

"How different is it with our French neighbours! Did the monarch on the throne condescend to accept an invitation to a poor artist's, or a poor author's garret, or to the apartment of a lady, no matter how destitute of the goods of fortune, and he, or she, were *unavoidably* prevented coming, *they* it is, who, in their apologies, would deplore *their* loss (not yours) and hope you would let them compensate themselves (*not you*) for it, at the earliest opportunity; and, tell the merest stranger you met in a crowd, the sorrow that was gnawing at your heart, you would see it sympathetically reflected in the expression of earnest attention and interest depicted in their countenance; followed, not indeed so much by *professions* of a wish to serve you, as by every *act* of kindness and attention in their power. In short, *they* have coined the ingot parable of the good Samaritan into a decimal Christian currency, to meet hourly and daily exigencies; while with us it is only struck into a few of those five-sovereign pieces, which are kept in the mint, and can only be got from it on special occasions."

"Ah," said Luther, "it is, indeed, too true, that you will find few persons so earnest in all good, as yourself."

"For Heaven's sake, whatever you do," laughed Beatrice, putting both her hands to her ears, "*don't* call me '*an earnest woman!*' among the many hollow, modern, *mean-nothing, assume-everything* cants, *that* is one of my favourite aversions; for your 'earnest woman' is a female prig, who waits till a question is well-aired in the sunlight of popularity, before she would venture within a thousand miles of it; but, *once* it *has* gained a firm footing, no matter, were the movement in favour of swearing, drunkenness, or even impudicity, the 'earnest woman' would then *follow* in the wake of the 'man of progress,' and get up all the steam of her Brummagem enthusiasm. No, no; I assure you, Mr. Mornington, I am *not* 'an earnest woman!' I hope I am an energetic and *true* one, though I fear somewhat of a self-sufficient, or at least of a self-sufficing one; as I not only presume to judge for myself, respecting most persons and things; but instead of *following,* as 'a *female*' *ought,* I even venture to take the initiative; as nothing can convince me that conventionality, and correctness, are synonymous."

"Well, at all events, you will allow me to call you a *good* woman!" said Luther, with more decision in the inflection of his voice than he could generally command, when he addressed her.

"Nay—*that* least of all," she replied, gravely,

> 'Distrust that word,
> There is none good, save God, says Jesus Christ.'"

"Certainly, it *is* a melancholy fact, that in a nominally Christian country, where people *profess* their belief in a Heaven, and a Hell, that so few should *act,* as if they hoped the one, or feared the other," sighed Luther.

"Well, yes," said Beatrice with a smile; "they believe

in them upon a limited-liability plan, and think, like Jane Eyre, in her childish theology, that they have solved the enigma of how to avoid going to the latter place. You remember little Jane's answer to the orthodox, and pompous, Mr. Brocklehurst, when he asked her first if she 'should like to fall into that pit, and to be burning there for ever?' And she very naturally and pertinently answered, 'No, Sir.'

"Upon which, the Reverend gentleman further inquired, 'What must you do to avoid it?'"

But Luther did not remember it; for, indeed, though his effigy sat there, his spirit had wandered far away, on the verge of creation, to what the Americans would no doubt call "first principles," for he was wishing that he never had been born, and wondering *why* he had been? with a great deal more recondite speculation, for which it is not easy to find a solution.

"Mr. Mornington," said Walter, as loudly as if the person he addressed had been deaf, or asleep, "Lady Clairville is speaking to you. She asked you if you remembered what answer Jane Eyre gave to Mr. Brocklehurst, when he asked her what she must do to avoid going to Hell?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon," coloured, and stammered, Luther; "No,—no, I do not."

"Why," laughed Beatrice, "she deliberated a moment, and then said, 'I must keep in good health, and not die!' and really, half the world seem to act upon this admirable suggestion, and consider *these two* things needful, to prevent that 'consummation so devoutly *not* to be wished.'"

Walter was laughing at this; and Luther, in common civility, doing the same; when Horton entered, and walking up to his mistress's chair, handed her three dirty-looking provincial bank-notes, saying—

"Old Paul Windsor has come over from Field-Fleury, wishing to know if your ladyship could oblige him with

fifteen sovereigns, for these three five-pound notes of Silverthorn's bank?" Silverthorn's was a provincial bank, about fifty miles off.

"Why on earth could he not get them changed in Twaddleton, or at the bank?" asked the *Dame du logis*, eyeing the three bits of dirty paper, without attempting to take them off the salver.

"That's the very question I asked him," said Horton; "but he said he could not get them changed in Twaddleton, or he should not have taken the liberty of troubling your ladyship."

"Well then, let him keep his notes till he gets them changed; for I certainly shall not minister to his horrid thirst for gold. Tell him I haven't any sovereigns that I can spare; and Horton," added she, calling after him, "as I have no doubt he'd like even a sack of silver, better than this unclinking paper; if he asks you for *that*, instead of the sovereigns, say I want all my silver for my weekly payments."

"I will do so, my lady," and Horton closed the door.

"Poor old Paul," said Walter, "*may* he come in? and may I give him half of this chicken, and this loaf?"

"Indeed, Walter, he may *not* come in, nor shall you give him anything; the dirt and rags of poverty, I never have been, and hope I never shall be, squeamish about; but to me the dirt and rags of wealth, and all its other privations, are among the most loathsome sights in nature, or rather *out of it*."

"That's just what Robert Bumpus says about old Windsor; and yet I cannot think that he *is* so rich, for I cannot understand anyone voluntarily suffering cold, hunger, and every other misery, with plenty of money to get all he wants."

"Then I assure you, Walter," said Luther, "he *is* culpably, *criminally* rich, for what good has he ever done to

any human being? not even to *himself* or his poor wretched sister, whom he equally starves; and in the rich, extravagance itself, *almost* amounts to a virtue, that is, in its *effects*, though *not* in its *source*, for the rich man's whim, is the poor man's bread, the superfluity of Dives, is the labour-meed of Lazarus. Therefore, want of thrift in the poor, is scarcely so great a vice, as avarice in the rich; for the thriftless poor only militate against their own creature comfort, they do not harden, and corrode, their own soul as the miser does."

"That is true," said Beatrice, "for of all idolatry, that of SELF is the most revolting, and must be, I should think, the *real* sin against the Holy Ghost."

"Oh, well! if he is really so rich," said Walter, "I never will defend him, or pity him again; for it *is* as you say, both wicked and disgusting."

"What a beautiful-toned organ that is you have put in the schoolroom!" said Luther.

"Yes, is it not? I had it down from Flight and Robinson's, only last week; and oh! by the bye, I have been sent such a beautiful hymn from Germany. I should like you to try it; and as I see by the timepiece it is half-past eleven, the children are all out walking."

Luther murmured some faint excuse, about having to be back at the manor at a certain hour. But, as the moth hovers round the flame, still he lingered, and followed her out into the vestibule, and on, into the schoolroom. Poor Luther!

At one of Professor Faraday's lectures on Carbon, (that one, the last of a series on non-metallic elements), the theatre for many instants was illuminated by the combustion in oxygen gas, of a somewhat costly species of carbon, neither more, nor less, than the diamond itself. Oh! Luther, were *you* not in these lingering moments, illuminating your heart, at the cost of a more priceless gem,

your own soul? No, no, for you were *going*, flying, for ever from the temptation, *this* was only your final farewell to it; so that like another diamond, in the Professor's experiments, there was only *one* small portion of the gem charred, the *rest*, was adamantine still. Alas! as legends tell, did not the angels of light, *first only* singe their radiant wings, but this was their novitiate, preparatory to donning the Evil Spirit's whole livery of darkness; for that fatal, and prolific monosyllable ONLY! ever has been, and ever will be, the germ, from which the great round world's abundant harvest of sin, and sorrow, springs. And yet, on the other hand, where there is *no* conflict, there can be no conquest; where no vice assails, virtue can achieve no victory; and it is, out of these *internal* civil wars —that greatness alone can arise, these hard-fought gladiatorial struggles with our *own nature* it is which are the clashing flint and steel of time, and eternity, from which the Promethean spark flies, that kindles us into immortality.

Nature may have, and has, for the world's use, always in every age a limited assortment of ready-made great men, who, like Ferdinand Cortes, Gesner, Cyrus, and Napoleon Bonaparte, at a moment's notice, and without any rehearsal, can fill a great part, to the admiration of posterity's illimitable audience, while men of *mere* ambition, without genius, are rehearsing great parts all their lives, without ever having, or making an opportunity of acting them. But, in either case, these are but the fleeting shadows of Time's magic lantern, vanishing in quick succession, from the blank surface of this world's whited sepulchre: while the real hero!—because the real martyr, —is the brave spirit that wars against its *own* fleshly host, with its panoply of belligerent passions, and yet comes off victorious!

Therefore, calm and impassive, as Luther Mornington's outward bearing was, as he seated himself at the organ,

and in a clear, rich tenor, sang the beautiful hymn placed before him,—had a giant asked him to lift a mountain with one hand, and fling it like a pebble into the sea, he would have thought it a light and easy task, compared with that which he had imposed upon himself, and was so bravely accomplishing,—yet, as a single grain more, we are told, would endanger the gravitation of the globe;—so the same infinitesimal atom often endangers the equilibrium of a whole world of moral resolution. And when Luther had finished singing the hymn in a firm voice, and his eyes steadily bent on the keys of the organ, Walter unluckily said:—

"Oh! *do* sing that pretty song you were singing the other morning, when Eve and I came into the drawing-room?"

"I don't know what song you mean, Walter," said he hastily, attempting to rise.

"You said it was a Spanish air."

"*Do* let me hear it? I am *so* fond of those delicious Spanish airs," said Beatrice, laying her hand upon his arm to prevent his rising. Indeed, he could not then have got up, looked her steadily in the face, and firmly refused, had an empire depended on it; so, as a *pis aller*, he played the acompaniment. It was one of those rich, mellow, minor, Alhambra, Moorish airs, that always remind one of twilight stealing over a golden sky, and redolent of the perfume of jessamine, and orange blossom; the extreme tremulousness of Luther's voice, rather added to, than took from, the touching plaintiveness of the music, as he sighed out, more than sang, the following words:—

Ah! only to the stars above thee,
And to the sweet flow'rs at thy feet,
Have I e'er told how *well* I love thee!—
But stars and flow'rs are both discreet.

It may be, perchance, some wandering air,
On hearing thy name amid my sighs,
Mistook it for an angel's prayer,
And bore it home, beyond the skies.

But, oh ! never into mortal ear,
Has, my soul's deep secret yet been pour'd ;
Like to beings of a brighter sphere,
So in mystery, art *thou* adored.

We part !—oh ! would we ne'er had met !
No vow between us e'er was spoken,
Still, on my fate thine eyes have set
A seal, that never can be broken.

I have wandered silent,—sadly ;
No word, no look, betrayed the love,
That waged within me wildly—madly !
For it's pure goal was *still*—above !

* * * * * * *

But here Luther's voice completely failed.

"A thousand thanks ;—what a charming air ! I must ask you to give me that ?"

"But that's not all ; there are two more verses," said Walter.

"I forget them," murmured Luther, starting to his feet, as if he had been dislodged by an adder.

"Oh ! *I* remember them."

"E'en to my God, on life's drear morrow,
I dedicate my soul—my life ;
And *thou*, art bound to that stern sorrow
Which brands the *empty name* of wife !"

"Walter," gasped Luther savagely,—*so* savagely, that, if looks ever did, or *could* kill, Walter would have been stretched lifeless before him.

"What a jumble you *are* making ;—you should never quote when you are not perfectly sure."

"But that really *is* one of the other verses," recommenced Walter.

But he was cut short by Luther's turning abruptly to Lady Clairville, and saying, as he extended his hand to wish her good bye,—"I'm already very late, and—and —I fear we have encroached sadly upon your morning— I only came to say good bye."

"Going so soon?" and Luther's heart beat high, as accompanying this question, he evidently saw a shade of sadness steal over her face, but the next instant his heart almost stood still, as he thought, "Oh! but she would have looked equally, if not more sad, if one of her pupils, or even a kitten she had been used to, had been going away." So he answered, in a tolerably steady, though rather hoarse, voice—

"I do not go to Northumberland for a fortnight—but I fear I shall not be able to have the pleasure of coming over to Maresco again."

"And what is the name of your living?"

"Brankton—Brankton Rectory." And once more, Luther held out his hand, and from burning that it had been, it was now cold as death; and again he said "good bye," and this time he added, in a low broken voice, "Heaven bless you!"

"Bless and speed you!" she replied; and Walter having opened the little side-door of the schoolroom, that led out to the baths, and also wished her good bye, the next moment, the door was closed between them.

Beatrice looked round the long empty schoolroom, and experienced a strange unwonted feeling of desertion, and desolation. Involuntarily, she sank down into the large easy chair, in which she had been sitting; involuntarily, also, she passed her hands over her eyes, and thought—"That poor young man cannot be well, to have a hand one minute so burning, and the next so deadly cold." And then, *quite* involuntarily, nay, unconsciously, she said aloud, as she rose up, and slowly walked down the room, in order

to go up stairs to Mabel, her eyes on the ground, her right elbow in the palm of her left hand, and her cheek leaning on that of her right—

"Well, what a happy thing it *would* be, if one had every day, some one to look *so* kindly at one, and say 'GOD BLESS YOU ! as if he really *meant* it.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Showing that there is sometimes Honour among Thieves, but never among Misers.

"There's two languages, Squire, that's universal, the language of love, and the language of money; the gals onderstand the one; and the men onderstand the other, all the wide world over, from Canton to Niagara. I no sooner showed him the half-dollar, than it walked into his pocket a plaguy sight quicker than it will walk out, I guess."

SAM SLICK'S "ATTACHÉ."

LUTHER and Walter, retraced their steps back, to Field-Fleury, in as profound a state of silence as if they had each been alone, and a hundred miles asunder. The boy's restless thoughts speeding on the pinions of the white winged birds, as they cleft the air, and skimmed the blue hyaline of that world of waters, while he turned his eyes towards the beach in a strenuous effort after that contentment in his actual state, which Beatrice had been trying to instill into him all the morning. which effort, alas! terminated in his only changing the venue of his discontent, by inwardly exclaiming, as his

clenched hand hit the air a harmless blow, but descended on his own knee with a severe one; while he kicked an unoffending, and very beautiful branch of fine sea-weed back into its native element.

"Well, if I belong to nobody, and have no place in the world, why don't they let me,—(at least my grandmother, and the superior will she is always mysteriously alluding to, as being in authority over her,) why? I say, can't they send me to sea, and let me swim through the world in my own way? as many a fellow has done before me, and not leave me, like this piece of sea-weed, to rot, high, and dry, in this stranded state? If I hadn't given Lady Gemma my gold Jacobus,—but I couldn't refuse, when she asked me for it,—I would have sold it to Paul Windsor; I'm sure he would have given me a guinea for it, as they say it's worth two; and I'd have gone down to Pencridge, and *made* my grandmother tell me *who* it was, that had power to send me to a public school, or to keep me from it."

So the boy, as he rose higher, and higher, into the clouds in the balloon of Aspiration, flung out in quick succession, the ballast of patience and resignation, till he became completely at the mercy of the currents, and counter-currents, of imagination. Not so the man; he never once even raised his eyes from the ground; *his* discontent was no vague yearning, it was a dark and heavy sorrow, and *that* always turns to a divining rod, and is for seeking the hidden source either of the bitter waters of the Marah, from whence its cup has been filled, or of some brighter, and purer, spring; to slake the burning thirst of its "fitful fever."

"Surely, Surely;" burst from Luther's suffering, struggling spirit, over his desolate heart, like to the wail of ten thousand exiles, departing from a razed, and ruined city, so concrete, and concentrated, was his agony. "Surely, it never *can* be approved by Omnipotence, that so many Hagars in the shape of disinherited destinies should be turned out

homeless wanderers through this world's wilderness: so *many* lost Pleiads of immortal souls, thrust from out their orbits, into the misty Nebulæ of an illimitable void! No NO, NO! the Heavens above, the earth beneath, the waters under the earth, the universal air, all Creation answers, No! any more than He approved, though He permitted, the revolt of the angels, and Lucifer's dark victory.

"No, man has, and can have, NO right, no warrant, to hurl his twin co-heir of immortality, Woman! adown the torrent of his tyranny, and engulf her in the whirlpool of *his* career, *there*, for ever to lose her own identity and her own volition. No wonder, that under such an unhallowed dispensation, the land should reek with vice in high places; that our Law-makers, are our most flagrant Law-breakers, and that, among the magnates deputed to administer them, are men whose lives might have dyed Babylon with a deeper red, and have added another taint, to the cities of the plain! The old Mosaic law was hard,* cruel, and one-

* At all events, in all Judæa a judge could not have been found to decide as the Chief Baron did, in the recent case of Johnson, *versus* Sumner, that, "IF A HUSBAND HAD £10,000 A YEAR, £200 IS ENOUGH FOR THE WIFE!" a tariff that has always been *practically* carried out in "Moral England," but NOW, it is judicially proclaimed from THE HOUSE TOPS, and *this!* is the first-fruits of that blasphemous juggle—"The Matrimonial Causes Bill." But as, save in the exceptional case of guano, no good ever can proceed from corruption, all who know the *source* of the Matrimonial Causes Bill, cannot be surprised at any amount of iniquity which may arise from it. The most direct of which will be, that women will not henceforth *even* have the forlorn hope of the verdict of a jury, for now that this poisoned, and *treacherous*, ecclesiastical olive-branch has been extended to them, the Temple of Janus at Lincoln's Inn, and Westminster Hall, will be more hermetically closed than ever, and Horsehair, and Humbug, reign in autocratic triumph. Then, as a sort of after-piece or Farce, to the Tragedy of "The Matrimonial Causes Bill," though preceding it in date, comes the next great legal juggle of the age—fiated over, by the *same* Hierarchy as the Divorce Bill, viz., "The Law Amendment Society," Article 6, of which, by allowing female married slaves to be responsible for their own

sided enough, to satisfy all *human* selfishness, since the Saviour of the world so branded it, but *ours* is framed to protect vice, and satiate inhuman vengeance.

"In old Judæa, men were content with once for all breaking Heaven's commandment, and deserting their wives, but *nce* repudiated, their victims were free, and not fettered to the Marital Juggernaut Chariot-wheels of their sacrificer, to be driven over in all his sanguinary triumphs, during the rest of their unnatural, because unparticipated, lives. Oh! Truth, oh! Charity, when will your reign be established on earth, Christianity planted, and cant rooted out."

Yes, men in Luther Mornington's position, qui prêchent pour leur paroisses, can see the hideous plague-shot in all its deformity, and feel its pestilential malaria, sapping and festering their vitals. But for one Luther Mornington—that is, for one single-minded Christian-souled man, there are fifty Sir Fulke Clairvilles, and a hundred Lord Portarjis's; men who have no principles, no affections; but who have innumerable passions, carrying on a large slave-trade of vices, and great talents; which, unchecked, and un-

contracts, bestows on them an *entity*, which makes them amenable to prison-incarceration, a glorious privilege! they were *debarred* from, under the old system of open *honest injustice*. But Article 7 contains the Pith, and Marrow, of the whole affair, and is the concentrated quintessence of that virtue, morality, and exemplary equity, for which some of the presiding Magnates are so famed; for it provides that a husband's liabilities shall not *exceed* the amount of fortune he had with his wife. So that, if a man with £10,000 a year marries a girl, who though accustomed to every luxury, has nothing; and at *his* pleasure, as is the fashion in moral England, he chooses to kick her off, *he* keeps his £10,000 a year to wallow in every vice, and is liable for *nothing*, towards the support of a woman who *had* nothing; or if she had only £200 or £300 a year, *he*, is only liable to that amount out of his £10,000! which at once reduces the whole swindle, to the Chief Baron's, iniquitous Veto. OH! WOMEN OF ENGLAND, THE SOONER YOU ARE TURNED OUT TO GRASS, THE BETTER; FOR VERILY! YE ARE BEASTS OF BURDEN,

guided by principle, and unregenerated by feeling, are ever the steam, and electric power, of Tyranny, Injustice, and EXPEDIENCY. Truly says Dr. Livingstone, "IT IS MORAL PROGRESS THAT WE WANT." And that we are likely to want, for at *least*, the next two generations.

They had quitted the yellow sands of Beechcroft, turned down the lane that led to Field-Fleury, and cleared the last stile, which brought them to the Priory fields, when the sight of the school-house, effectually destroyed all Walter's aërial castles. So, being the first to break silence, he said—

"Are you going to the Manor?"

"No, I'm going into the town; at least as far as Itsout's library, to read the papers."

"As to-day is a holiday, may I go with you?"

"Certainly."

Again they relapsed into silence, Luther returning to his own train of thought, as far as it bore upon his own rankling wound, and Beatrice. Oh yes, Beatrice! he compassionated, with all the energies of his whole being, mortal, and immortal; but how few men, unless they *have* a Beatrice, or an Egeria, woofing the weft of their own life's tissue; think or care about the myriads of flawed fates—the legion of desolate deserted women; who, every lonely step they take, through the world's intricate and treacherous maze, are obliged, in order not to lose themselves, and accurately define the right path, to strew the way, with their ever-crumbling feelings; the fragments, in fact, of their own hearts, as the children in the Fairy Tale, strewed the wood with crumbs.

Had any one put Luther's thoughts into words, and given those words a voice, their import (more especially if made clear, and their essence extracted by a commentary) might have startled him; for, as Monsieur Jourdin had been in happy ignorance of his own talent for speaking

prose all his life, till the fact was pointed out to him by his friends, so we all, more or less, go on thinking, and feeling heresies, without being aware of our delinquencies, till they recoil upon us, barbed like poisoned arrows, from the tongues of others. Just as we may live all our lives in an apparently most dull, and uninteresting, country town, or most dirty and insignificant country village; and ignore not only the historical facts, and archæological treasures it possesses; but *even*, that the scenery is a paradise, and the social *agrémens* and resources, peculiarly adapted to "persons of weak health and cultivated minds," till we stumble upon some guide-book, or topographical work, which withdraws the curtain from before the magic mirror, and reveals all these unsuspected wonders! to our astonished gaze.

But the curtain was still before Luther's mental mirror, and he only knew his own thoughts, and his own sufferings; nor were the latter much assuaged on reaching the reading-room; for, in the very first paper he took up ("The Times," of course), there was an announcement that the following week Sir Fulke Clairville was to take the chair at the annual dinner in aid of The Commercial Travellers' Schools, and then ensued an elaborate puff, about the learned judge having been always foremost in the ranks of "PROGRESS," (there *is* a downward, as well as an onward progress,) terminating in a *fanfaronnade* of all he had done for jurisprudence! science! literature! and social amelioration!"

Venice is said to be going fast; because it is built upon rotten piles. Oh, England! turn aside for one moment, in the hour of thine insolence; and ask thyself if rotten puffs are one whit a more stable foundation? And yet, verily, till thou dost open thine eyes, and lay the first truth, of Dr. Livingstone's MORAL PROGRESS; thou hast *none other*.

Well says,—Thomas à Kempis:

"Melius est modo purgare peccata, et vitia resecare, quam in futurum, purganda reservare."*

Luther flung the paper from him, with a movement of uncontrollable disgust, and took up another. While he read it, Walter stood at the shop-door, conversing with Mr. Itsout, the librarian, upon that *one*, and only, national topic of conversation for all classes—the weather. He had just announced to Walter the pleasing intelligence, that it was a remarkably fine day, to which Walter had unhesitatingly assented; as, indeed, he could not do otherwise, having come to that conclusion, and entertained the same opinion, ever since eight o'clock that morning. While they were thus barometerizing, they saw Paul Windsor emerge from one of the numerous passages, or "courts," as they were called, in which the main street of Twaddleton abounded. He was walking at, for him, a rapid pace, but could not resist stopping, as usual, to root with his stick in a heap of rubbish, collected at one side of the pavement, just opposite to the hall-door of Mr. Quirker Larpent, the wine-merchant; while, before the ground-floor windows of the same house, stood Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, reading, from the gilt letters on the wire-blinds, the exhilarating announcement of

"Old Bees' Wing Port."	Laffitte.
White ditto.	Château Margot.
Old Nutty Sherry.	Chambertin.
Dry ditto.	Côte Rôti.
Brown ditto.	Cognac.
Golden ditto.	Old Jamaica Rum.
Madeira.	Hollands.
Marsala.	Kinahan's LL Whisky.
Teneriffe.	Hock.
Sack.	Sauterne.
Champagne.	

* *i.e.* It is better now to cleanse ourselves of our sins, and to lop off our vices, than to reserve them to be cleansed at some future time.

As the correspondent of "THE LIVERPOOL ALLIOTH" read, and drank in, (alas! only with his eyes) the different *crux* of all these vintages, the proprietor of the firm, Mr. Quirker Larpent himself, appeared in the doorway; and having somewhat of the side fencing of the eyes, of his cousin Terps, he forthwith stuck his glances of interrogation, rapidly and promiscuously, into Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, much after the same unceremonious fashion, that that gentleman himself, stuck his steel pen into his leaden inkstand, after having invented, and jotted down, the last *fait accompli*, for his "GOSSIP, SOCIAL, LITERARY AND POLITICAL," for "THE LIVERPOOL ALLIOTH," when only two minutes between the Scylla of the last post, and the Charybdis of a postponement remained. Perceiving these interrogatory notes upon the part of Mr. Larpent, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty slightly raised his hat, muttered something about "*as well to get the six dozens of nutty sherry for Tompkins here.*" But *this*, was in strict soliloquy—ostentatiously *not* intended for Mr. Larpent's ear; and then gracefully advancing, as if he hadn't the most remote idea *who*, and what, the "*Gent*," displayed proper, in the doorway was; and gingling his own gules argent in his trouser-pocket, the luminary of the Tail of Ursa Major said—

"Could you have the kindness to tell me, sir, the way to Matchlock House? a friend of mine, a native of this town, Mr. Roger Quirker, has entrusted me with a little commission for a lady there; and as I have to return to town by the quarter-past four train, I am anxious to execute it as soon as possible.

Now the fact was, that though "there was no just cause or impediment," nor any one, nor thing, on this side Styx, to *prevent* Mr. Quirker, and Miss Jetson, from being "joined together in holy matrimony;" not only, like Mr. Rocca, did he feel, that once plunged into the common-place Lethe of marriage, he should have no place to spend his evenings;

but Terps had also an intuitive perception, that the probationary state of courtship, in "lengthened sweetness long drawn out," was the solitary chance of *his* life, for throwing around him a *mirage* of sentimental mystery, and investing him with a degree of romantic interest, not easily acquired from his own *engrossing* profession, or even from the *Filum aquæ* of a solicitor's office. Consequently, notwithstanding the reiterated remonstrances of the fair Jacyntha, who had pointed out, over, and over, again, the fearful peril she was exposed to in the close vicinity of Matchlock House to "those odious barracks," and "*those limbs*," as she somewhat anatomically designated the officers of the Cherrypant Hussars—(and, of course, in a cavalry regiment, horses included, there *were* a great many limbs); and, notwithstanding, also, that she had given him more than one annual hint, that owing to the aforesaid obnoxious vicinity, "Time" was not only "thinning her flowing hair," but herself; and besides her ringlets, handfulls, or at least, mouthfulls of her reputation, were also vanishing, still Terps remained inexorable, appearing to be quite of Werter's opinion, (as enacted at the Porte St. Martin), that "the whole charm of this courtship, consisted in its never coming to anything."

So he went on, week after week, and year after year, laying little shilling and halfcrown votive-offerings on her shrine, from the Lowther-Arcade, or the Baker Street Bazaar, and at Christmas launching out as far as two-pounds, three pounds, and even five pounds, and waylaying all the "gents" of his acquaintance who happened to be going within a hundred miles of Twaddleton, to take charge of these "trifles, light as air," for his lady-love; but better even than all this, was the legitimate excuse, these unblown orange-blossoms, this honeymoon in abeyance, gave him; for, as he expressed it, "*Aving a oliday from Friday* P.M. *till Monday* A.M."

The bride elect, on her side, was not without the philosophy of necessity, and, therefore, "sought in many," not exactly "all she had lost," but all she could *not* manage to secure, in ONE, and so had surrounded herself with a sort of small change; for Terps, in a *ménagerie* of nasty, troublesome, contemptible little animals, consisting of a white mouse, two aver-de-vats, a tomtit, a tame hedgehog, and a dropsical guinea-pig, and to all these she had recently added a squirrel. It was owing to this last, that Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty had, on the present occasion, been appointed ambassador-extraordinary; for thinking the old revolving machinery of a squirrel's cage quite beneath the scientific strides of the present century, Terps had caused to be made, by the original inventor, a miniature baby-jumper, to be suspended in the cage of the fair Jacyntha's last pet; and this triumph at once of genius, and of gallantry it was, that he had now deputed the Own Correspondent of "THE LIVERPOOL ALLIOTH" to present, with his credentials, at Matchlock House.

No sooner had Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty announced his mission, and bespoken Mr. Larpent's good offices to put him in the way that he should go, than that gentleman, who had drunk in, every syllable of the soliloquy about Tomkins and the six dozens of nutty sherry, as he hoped in his secret soul, Tomkins might ere long drink in the sherry, replied with great *bonhomie*—

"Oh, indeed! Terps Quirker is my cousin; as you have to return by the quarter-past five train, perhaps, sir, you will allow me to offer you a family dinner, if our country hour of two o'clock, is not too early for you?"

But as on the chapter of dinners, good, bad, and indifferent (though, of course, he preferred the former, and showed least toleration of all, to the second), nothing could be more amiably obliging and accommodating than the fabrication of facts for "THE LIVERPOOL ALLIOTH;" he

accepted this really hospitable invitation with alacrity, and capped his assent, by holding out, if not the right hand of fellowship, at least that of penny-a-linership, and saying, "you are very kind."

"I'm sure, I shall be most happy."

This point settled, Quirker Larpent, with sundry jokes about Terps, not being of opinion, that "Happy is the wooing that's not long a doing," told him he had only to go straight up the High Street, then turn to the left, and after that, take the first turning to his right, up a steep street, which would lead him to the barracks, and when he saw those, he could not fail to see Matchlock House, which overlooked them.

"But," added Quirker Larpent, lowering his voice, and drawing him into the passage, as he pointed to Paul Windsor's bent figure rooting in the rubbish, from which he had just fished out the remnant of a fish's head, the *débris* of some more pampered Grimalkin's luncheon, which he thought would do admirably for Scratch. "But, were you to give that old fellow sixpence, he would show you the way, and though you see him purloining the offal out of the gutter, he could put his name to a cheque for fifty-thousand pounds, as easily as you could drink a glass of wine. He is one of the greatest curiosities of Twaddleton; his name is Windsor—Paul Windsor."

"Oh, indeed! So *that* is old Windsor, the miser, of whom I have so often heard," said Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty; and, as he was delighted at, at length, finding the long-wished-for opportunity of scraping acquaintance with a man, who had scraped together so much glittering dross, out of the filthiest, he, therefore, begged he might not detain Mr. Larpent any longer; and, as Mrs. Quirker Larpent was not a woman quietly to submit to having chains, rings, and mustachios, indiscriminately let loose

upon cold mutton, pickles, and a reversionary table-cloth, her *sposo* was not sorry, to be able to make a timely confession of the bold and unauthorized step he had taken, and atone for it, by the immediate offering of a piece of salmon, a lobster, and a couple of chickens, and the perspective of a new bonnet. So, pushing open the purple cloth-door, that divided the hall from the entrance, he merely nodded his *adieux*, saying—

"Well, then, at two, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Warren Hastings, in his very blandest tone, "but, *could* you tell me where I could find any one to show me the way to Matchlock House? I shall be happy to remunerate him for his trouble."

"Eh! eh!" said the old man, suddenly regaining his perpendicular, and affecting not to hear the *latter* part of the speech, which was all he *did* care to hear. "I'll show you the way myself, sir."

"I'm sure, you are very good; but I fear that is giving you too much trouble?"

"No, no—no trouble—though there is nothing to be had without trouble;" and then, perceiving that he held the unfragrant piscatory fragment in his hand, and thinking that it, perhaps, required some slight apology to persons who were *not* amateurs of archæological provisions, he added, with a forced chuckle, holding up the morsel—

"Ha! ha! ha! I keep a cat."

"Oh! indeed, sir!" said the "Own Correspondent," in such a well-modulated voice, as left it doubtful whether surprise at the extravagance, or admiration at the benevolence, of this announcement most predominated.

"Ravenous things, cats! ravenous things! and flagitiously fond of fish!"

"Ah! I fear you spoil *your* cat, sir; but for persons addicted to those attractive creatures, it is always '*Micat*

inter omnes.'" And Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty laughed as much, as if this line of Horace, had never been made whipper-in to the same pun before; and then gliding, as befits an "Own Correspondent," from gay, to grave, he added, with a profound sigh, "It's well to be a cat, or dog, or any thing, during all these terrible monetary crashes!"

"Eh! what! any more of them?" asked the old man, in great alarm.

"Yes—Silverthorn's bank, at ———. It was only telegraphed to me here, half an hour ago."

"Sir! sir!" gasped Paul Windsor, as he clutched his companion's arm with a convulsive grasp, while his eyeballs revolved, as if he had been seized with an epileptic fit.

"Good Heavens! sir, you are ill! I hope *you* had no money in Silverthorn's bank?"

"*I* have money in a bank! No—no! *I* have no money in banks—or any where else; but—but I know a person who had a few of Silverthorn's notes, and who tried to be rid of them this very morning; for he very sensibly hates those paper rags. They may be torn, burnt, blown away, lost, or a thousand things. Gold!—gold is the thing! Those who have it should *never* part with it!"

"A most sensible observation, sir," eulogized Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty.

"But," resumed the old man, suddenly stopping, and laying one skinny, grimy talon-like hand on the glossy, broad cloth, of the "Own Correspondent's" sleeve, and, clutching at it, as he lowered his voice into an agitated mumble:—"Oblige me, by not hinting to *any one else*, as you go through the town, the stoppage of Silverthorn's bank; because—because—you see, *other* people have money in it—and it will frighten them."

"Very kind and considerate of you, sir, I'm sure. Still, they must hear it sooner or later."

"Ay—sooner or later!—sooner or later!" repeated Paul, chewing his words, that his teeth might not quite lose the habit, or at least the power of mastication.

"But, don't you know, that the sooner, or the later, just makes *all* the difference of *everything* in this world."

"Most true, sir, and the purveyor of veracity to 'The Liverpool Allioth,' thought this an excellent opportunity *viâ* a diatribe against the instability of banks in general, and of provincial banks in particular, of slipping in a recommendation of that exception that proved the rule, 'The West Middlesex Doem and Cookem Bank;' which he did, by announcing, that *it* was the *only* monetary rock upon which the whole world might, in perfect security, pin their faith, and their capital; the proof being, that it was then paying thirty per cent."

The old man again stopped, and measured, with his small cunning twinkling eyes, the portly representative of periodical literature, and unlimited audacity before him, from head to foot; and then, without stating his peculiar opinion upon the result of this guage, merely said—

"Ah, and how long will it pay thirty per cent., or three per cent., or even ONE per cent.?"

To this, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty modestly intimated, that the West Middlesex Doem and Cookem, would be safe till the Poles were rent asunder; it would be presumption to guarantee it *beyond* that epoch, so he did *not* do so.

Whereupon, the old man once more stopped, and shaking his head several times, slowly and incredulously, endorsed his scepticism, by pounding his stick energetically down on the pavement, and saying,

"No, no! don't tell me; there is but *one* safe place for depositing money."

By this *charade en action*, he seemed to imply that the earth was that place. For a few seconds, both walked on

in silence; and this brought them to the foot of the steep narrow street, called Matchlock Street; and, just as they were about to ascend it, from a small public-house at the foot of it, issued John Palfryman, with a rent-book, and pencil in his hand. He, as the reader may remember, being the landlord of the houses tenanted by Mrs. Fowkes and Paul Windsor, in Well-Close; and that morning he was engaged in collecting his rents.

"Ha! ha! Mr. Windsor," said he, advancing, and barring the old man's passage; "Now, I've caught you; and you, and I, don't part till I've got my rent; for you and Mrs. Fowkes, are more trouble to me than all my other tenants put together; and it isn't as if it was a matter of *can't*, but it is one of WONT; and for *that*, I have but two remedies, SHALL, and MUST."

"Ta, ta! here's a to-do about nothing, Mr. Palfryman. Why, I was on my way *to* pay you your rent, when this gentleman caused me to turn back with him; by asking me to show him the way to Matchlock House."

"Ay, ay; tell that to 'the Red Lion,' Mr. Windsor," said the landlord, jerking his thumb over his right shoulder, at the sign of the public-house, out of which, he had just issued; and, perhaps, if he's hungry, he may swallow it; but it's rather too big a one for me."

"To show you that I am in earnest; if you have got such a thing as a stamp about you, as soon as I have seen this gentleman to the top of the hill, and left him at Matchlock House, I'll return, and pay you in the tap-room of 'The Red Lion.'

"Of course, I have got a stamp about me; and if I hadn't, I could easily get one; but I know what *that* means. As soon as you get up yonder, you'll give me the slip."

"Now, if it were not for leaving this gentleman standing in the street, I'd go in now, and make you sign your

own name to a recantation of your unjust suspicions."

"Pray, don't mind me," put in Warren Hastings De Musty. "As Matchlock House is at the top of this street, I can easily find my way now, without troubling you any further. But if, sir, you *should* think better of 'The West Middlesex Doem and Cookem,' or felt inclined to recommend it to any of your friends, here is my London address." And, on his card, the director delicately, and dexterously, placed, in the solid circle of a shilling, twelve lines of "social, literary, and political gossip."

"No occasion for that," muttered the old man, hastily and nervously, however, clutching the coin, and transferring it with credible *légère-de-main* to his pocket; while the card he still held, *en evidence*, in his left hand, and said he would consider about it. But as, like all disappointed persons, whether the disappointment arises from a great or a trivial cause, or inculpates a mighty, or a mean, consequence, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty was sure to walk listlessly, and leisurely, up the hill leading to "Miss Worrybones' Establishment," we will take our chance of coming up with him, and for a few minutes follow Paul Windsor and his landlord into what was called the summer-parlour of 'The Red Lion;' where sat Farmer Jenkins, the progenitor of the intelligent "help" at the Manor, who had wasted on Mr. Sejeter's outward man, that beverage which he so much preferred imbibing internally. At their entrance, the farmer rose, and was about to withdraw.

"No occasion to go, neighbour," said Palfryman, pressing him down again into his seat.

"On the contr*ai*ry—if you stay," added he, with a wink, "you may see a raree-show, free gratis for nothing; no less than Mr. Windsor, who was *looking* for me, running all over the town distracted, to find me, in order to pay me his rent; you'll own *that's* something like a tenant."

"Well, zo 'tis, neighbour; and oi should jist loike drive *my* pigs *t'same* market," laughed Jenkins, taking another pull at the mug of cyder before him.

Paul listened, but he did not laugh; for all the worst passions are solemn, from avarice and lust, down to murder.

"Write a receipt," said he curtly and dictatorially, to Palfryman, taking a stone ink-stand off the mantel-piece, and pushing it over to his landlord; who, tearing a leaf out of his rent check-book, and appending a stamp to it, forthwith began to write, Windsor watching the formation of every letter, and listening to every scratch of the pen, till, just as the scribe was about to put his signature, the old man cried out,

"Hold! while you are about it, make the receipt out up to next October, for £15 instead of £10; that is, for nine instead of six months."

"Why, what in the name of wonder does that mean, Mr. Windsor?" asked Palfryman, perfectly astounded, flinging his spectacles up on his forehead, himself back on his chair, and joining his two thumbs together, as he interlaced his fingers, and tried to spell every hard, crooked line, in the piece of human parchment before him, but without being able to make out a single syllable.

"It means," said the old man, slowly, and deliberately, as his right hand fumbled in his bosom for something; "that I have a journey to take, and may not be here in October, and as you thought fit to insult me before a gentleman in the public street to-day, to prevent your doing so again, I thought I would pay you in advance. But, as I am not in the habit of paying before-hand, a foolish, a most foolish thing to do,—for I might die, or Dorothy might die, or we *both* might die before October, and Scratch could not recover the quarter's rent I am now paying you; you need not take the money if you don't

don't again insult me before gentlemen in the street, for Farmer Jenkins is witness, that I offered to pay you."

"Take it!" said Palfryman, like a man recovering from a trance, and slowly re-adjusting his spectacles, and resuming his pen.

"Yes, I'll take it; and egad! if I could only get old Mother Fowkes to do the same, I'd have the two sums framed and glazed, as the greatest *curosetics* ever seen, leastways in *these* parts."

"Oi *blave* ye, neighbour," roared Farmer Jenkins.

"Those may laugh that win," said old Windsor, after having deliberately read, and as deliberately transferred the receipt Palfreyman had given him to his pocket, while he handed his landlord in exchange, fifteen pounds, and then, with a silent nod to him and Jenkins, he stalked out of the room. And no sooner did they see him through the window, at the opposite side of the street, than the Farmer went off into another roar, ducking down to the floor, and inflicting the most unmerciful flagellations on his own person. As soon as these gymnastics had subsided, he turned Palfryman round and round, as if he had been a tetotum, and exclaimed—

"Noa, dang it, oi don't see noa brown nayther, but oi'd made zurtain zure, as the old chap had done ee brown, some way or another, when he opened a vein in his money-box and let his blood flow so freely, but taint *naitral* nayther, so you marke my words, if *he*, or *you*, doant have a feet (fit) when ee gits to home."

"Well, it *is* strange that nobody *can* deny," said Palfryman, closing his black leather pocket-book upon the three dirty bank-notes, and then scratching the back of his head, which brought his hat over his eyes. "But who knows, perhaps old Nick has foreclosed his mortgage, and old Paul is going to hop the twig, and not be leased out

to rob Peter any more; for they do say, great and extraordinary changes, often come over people just before they die, like as you may say an overtaken thief flinging down his stolen goods, and thinking to get off that way. But whatever is the cause, the thing is so *on*accountable that I don't mind standing summut to drink, on the strength of it, if you are agreeable, neighbour?"

"Well, I doant moind if I *du*, John Palfryman;" and the twain repaired to the taproom, accordingly.

Meantime, Paul Windsor, who was neither given to junkettings, jollifications, nor any other species of costly hilarity, hurried home as rapidly as possible, taking the shortest way, in a diagonal course, through several courts, but looking behind him every minute furtively, as if in full expectation of some sort of pursuit. Nor was it before he had slammed to, his own door, and its shrivelled front was between him and the outer world, and that he had presented the clamorous Scratch with the delicate morsel he had brought her home, that he rubbed his skinny hands, and drawing a long breath, said—

"Ha! Silverthorn's bank may *now* break into as many pieces as it likes, since I've got rid of those three notes; but what a narrow escape, since before I knew of it, I could get them changed nowhere, and *after*, it was too late; it will be a warning to me as long as I live, *never* to take another scrap of Bank-paper, and then John Palfryman's being at 'The Red Lion,' how providential!" A miser's Providence! must be Pluto, as Plutus is his God. With this last blasphemy still hovering like a grave-light round his shrivelled and livid lips, we will leave Paul Windsor with his own harpy-like hugs to gloat over, the pleasing, and praiseworthy reflection, of having so cleverly "*done*" his kind, indulgent, and really very forbearing landlord; for what is there in a miser's den, to induce any one to linger like; but *mind*, if you are *not* paid in October, that you

there with the exception of what they cannot get,—his gold.

It is not often that literary gentlemen, more especially in Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty's *feuille-morte* branch of literature, regret *not* having evinced more generosity, either in print or in pence; but, as the "Own Correspondent" of 'The Liverpool Allioth,' toiled, if not faint, at least wearily, up Matchlock Street, he *did* regret, that in the interests of the West Middlesex Doem and Cookem, he had not made his *largesse* to Paul Windsor half-a-crown, instead of a shilling; thereby evincing that want of knowledge of human nature, which, among many other *ignorances*, is the *spécialité* of his whole tribe. For, however much a miser may personally benefit by it, there is *nothing* he so thoroughly despises, in his narrow metallic soul, as generosity of *any* kind, but more particularly that, which takes the form of pecuniary liberality. Therefore, a person silly enough to jump into the sea, to save a miser's life, would receive no other thanks, than a charge of extravagance for having spoilt his clothes.

But, as every vice, in the present day, where persons are so delicately susceptible about strong or coarse language, though not in the least scrupulous about, or shocked at, the most profligate actions, as every vice we say, is now labelled with a corresponding virtue, of which it is charitably supposed to be only the *extreme*;—the *ne plus ultra* of moral, and monetary meanness, is called "prudence," and "economy;" while all generosity of feeling, practically carried out into liberality of action, at whatever cost of self-denial, is branded as "grossly imprudent," and highly immoral; and, indeed, so Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, in his vocation, (which was scribbling to order), would have been the first to have stigmatized it. But, as GIVING was *not* his vocation, he went on regretting that he had not made the shilling half-a-crown, till he had reached the

barracks, when his attention, and his admiration, were at once arrested, by a sergeant of the Cherrypant Hussars; or rather by his magnificent forest of whiskers. Involuntarily, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty put up his ungloved hand to his own right whisker, and doing a little digital "life in the bush," sighed, in due humility, a mental acknowledgment, that literature, whatever its antipodes calligraphy might do, could produce no such hair-strokes, as those ornamenting the cheeks and chin, of the "dashing" *red* "sergeant" before him.

As comparisons, however, are proverbially odious—the "Own Correspondent" pursued this one no further; but pushed onwards, and in two minutes more, stood before the great gates of Matchlock House, upon whose dark, green surface, that most *mauvais ton* and incorrigible of practical jokers, Cornet Scampington, of the Cherrypant Hussars, had that very morning, at early dawn, before he himself sought his pillow, compelled an orderly, celebrated in the corps, for his writing and printing talents, to chalk in giant, but admirably formed, letters upon those dark doors, the following announcement:—"PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN," which *affiche* Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty read with a grim smile, and then rang the bell. Now, ringing a hall-door, or gate-bell, is, all the world over, a preliminary to getting a door opened; but it is by no means *invariably* synonymous with it: and still less was it so, at Matchlock House, under existing circumstances. For the Cherrypant Hussars, having been for the last ten months, for the second time within five years, quartered at Twaddleton, and Cornet Scampington, among other enormities, having as recently as the last St. Valentine's day, perpetrated, instead of the obligato, amatory effusion, a most atrocious rythmical one, entitled—"THE TWO SPINSTERS OF EMMET HILL," had

further added insult to injury, by conjointly directing it "To Miss Worrybones, and Miss Jetson."

"As if the mean creature!" as Mrs. Terps Quirker elect remarked at the time; "even *be*-grudged them a separate sheet of paper." Since this event, the garrison had been doubly, not exactly manned, but mantrapped, so that whenever the gate-bell rang, at hours *not* consecrated to the call of butchers, bakers, grocers, and milkmen,—a parley always took place within the citadel preliminary to speaking to the herald without.

Moreover, Miss Jetson who, more, or less, inherited her father, the Major's strategeic mind, had, had, a hole perforated, not larger than a four-penny piece, just under the upper hinge of one of the gates, unsuspected from without, but giving the besieged a sufficient port-hole, through which to reconnoitre the enemy.—And Sabina, the parlour-maid, who also officiated as portress, had strict orders, always to take an observation, before rashly opening the door; and if the fair Jacyntha herself happened to be on the lawn, (as was the case on the present occasion), airing her *ménagerie*, she invariably demanded from Sabina an inventory of the belligerent, previous to any hospitable opening of the portals being allowed. The order of procession was as follows:—on her head, Miss Jetson wore a large brown mushroom hat, not only to protect her from the sun, and any surreptitious glances from the barracks, but as a sort of portico under which, to peruse Terps's last letter, to all of which, this umbrageous *couvre chef* was a sort of practical

"Oh! breathe not his name; let it rest in the shade,"

while so tame, and sociable, were all her dear pets, that during these *al-fresco* relaxations, the Tom-tit generally perched, and twittered, on the top of the mushroom, the

aver-de-vats pursued a sort of peripatetic philosophy on each shoulder, and Cæsar, the dropsical guinea-pig—

"Like panting Time, toiled after her in vain."

Spikes, the hedge-hog, (being of circular, and somnolent, habits;) she carried in a round basket, lined with fresh dandelion-leaves, on her arm, while, when *not* reading one of Terps's epistles, the long lank fingers protruding from her black lace mittens, were generally employed upon some crochet fiddle-faddle. Of all the family of pets, dear little Squiggs, the squirrel, was the only one *not* taken out; but even his cage was put on the lawn, and an *ad libitum* supply of hazel-nuts given to him.

On this particular morning, there had been no letter from Terps; at which, his lady-love was agitated, and anxious, as it befitted her to be; and though, as she walked, her fingers mechanically went on completing the last of four dozen of Doyleys, she had begun five years before, as a preliminary to house-keeping!—every now and then, she felt, or fancied she felt, which is all the same thing, a choking, hysterical sensation in her very long throat, and raised her hand to ascertain, that a large, square brooch, she always wore, was safe, as it was a *head* of Terps on ivory, but literally *only* a head, without as much shoulders, as are generally awarded by courtesy to a cod, when that fish is decapitated for table; so that Miss Di Coverdale, the fast young lady, had often compared this artistic gem, to the head of Holofernes in a charger, though candidly adding, that Miss Jetson was not the least like the handsome Judith.

Finding her treasure safe, she gave one deep sigh, said "Heigh ho!" out loud, as ladies on the stage, in her situation (*i. e.* supposed to be in love), invariably do, and then, having playfully told Cæsar to toddle along, and not

be so lazy, chirruped to the tomtit, and ta-taed to the *aver-de-vats*. She was just about to give a little *agassante* poke to Spikes with the top of her crochet-needle, when Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty rang at the gate. Such a peal! None of your little, timid, nervous, poor relation, or begging-letter metallic whispers; but loud, trenchant, and imperative! such as, in his "literary gossip," he was wont to wring the withers of any poor wretch of an author, unknown to puffing, and consequently to fame.

The first reply to this appeal was a loud scream from the fair Jacyntha, who, had any one been there, could not have prevented herself from fainting, or from going at least off into hysterics; but that being the only thing near, she now flung her arms round a smooth-barked, young, copper-beech tree, which, like a stick, as it was, never returned the embrace; but, as it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, while this piercing shriek still rent the air, the tomtit took that opportunity of getting to the top of the tree, and Cæsar gave in, and brought his pantings to a stand-still, or, rather, to a lie-down on the grass. Not so his mistress, who continued to cling to the tree, and to heave, and pant, like a steam-engine, when Sabina, with flying streamers of green and pink cap-ribbons, came running across the lawn to open the gate.

"Sabina! Sabina! *don't* open. Look first, to see if it is any of those *limbs!*"

"Yes, Miss. I sees four limbs: two legs and two arms —and a *goold* watch chain."

"Nonsense! Do you see any crimson continuations? I mean—is it any of those odious, impertinent cherry-pants?"

"No, miss," responded Sabina, who, with her eye to the aperture, was still enacting "Sister Anne," "it's none of they—it's a pair of private pantaloons—all great, black cross-bars, like a prison-window."

"Dear! dear! I wish you could see if he has fair hair. Perhaps it is Mr. Quirker."

"Oh! lawr! no, miss. This here gent, would make six of he, and one over."

Miss Jetson, at this over-rating of the "Own Correspondent" at the little attorney's expense, gave another gasp, threw up her eyes to Heaven, (at least, as far as the leaf of the brown, mushroom hat would allow them to proceed on their journey), and interlaced her fingers in all the writhings of a mythological dilemma, as she inquired of fate (though not audibly), if, after having so long been the target of military daring, she was now to become the victim of civil engineering? for, as we before stated, the fair Jacyntha belonged to a very numerous class of "*British females*" who, without possessing a single aggressive attraction, are for ever preparing to defend themselves not only against attacks which are not made, but which are never even contemplated.

"Oh! dear!" said Miss Jetson, at last, pressing her hand against her left side, as if those three Graces, Virtue, Life, and Strength, were stepping out, in a *pas de Zephyr*, from her heart, on to the borders of eternity—"Oh! dear! I wonder who it *can* be?"

"Best way is to open the gate and see, Miss," logically suggested the practical, and unromantic Sabina.

"Oh! but if it *should* be one of those limbs? You don't think it *is* one of them disguised, Sabina?"

"Lawr—no! this here gent is steady enough; he's not disguised—leastways, in liquor"—reported Sabina, looking steadily at Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty's Albert chain, and thence onward, down the Newgate-patterned trousers, which had taken his "prisoned limbs," and "lapped them" in an Elysium of Sartorial elegance. But presently, Sabina herself fell back, in as great a state of perturbation against the brick wall, as Miss Jetson had done a few

seconds before, when she so frantically flung herself on the protection of the copper beech. For "the Own Correspondent of 'The Liverpool Allioth,' had no idea of submitting to such false punctuation as having a full stop put to his first ringing sentence. And, therefore, while this parley was going on within, his impatience was getting the better of him without. He now gave such a pull at the bell that its reverberation shook the foundation of the very barracks! and Matchlock House considered itself labouring under the throes of an earthquake: as the whole of the first class, amongst whom the mark had just passed for silence, gave a loud scream, and jumped three feet into the air, as if impelled thither by a schrapnel! while Miss Worrybones, who was "hearing the parsing," fell back in her chair, with a "Lord have mercy upon us!" as her very tight dress, albeit, unused to such an extra tonnage of piety, and pressure, burst the compulsory union of its hooks-and-eyes, from top to bottom, with such a tremendous crash! as conveyed no mediocre idea of the rending of the spheres asunder! and the two brown arid mountains, that stood then, and there, revealed, in fearful chaos, would have puzzled the most experienced geologist to decide, whether they were fragmentary masses of the Andes, or the Himalayas?

"Open! open! Sabina!" commanded Miss Jetson, faintly, but decidedly. For ladies who, like her, exhaust their energies in theoretical struggles, generally yield at, or even *without*, discretion, at the first symptoms of a real siege. After this last thundering peal, there could be no doubt that the invader, whoever he might be, was in earnest. Sabina, having put both hands to her head, to ascertain that her cap, pink and green, streamers and all, had not been scared into seeking a temporary shelter in some neighbouring crow's nest, felt a great reaction of sauciness mounting into her cheeks and tongue, to avenge her panic;

so, as she unlocked, and unbolted, and finally flung open the gate, she said, sturdily, before the intruder had time to announce either his name or his business.—

"This, haint the *Cementery;* we haint dead! you've no call to ring as if we was,—frightening the very life and soul out of one! This is Matchlock House; Miss Worrybones' semin*airy* for young ladies; and the young ladies is all alive, and well."

"Oh!" said Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty; and having enunciated that Anglo-Saxon *passe-partout,* he stooped down, so as to enter the small door, cut in one of the large carriage-gates, for the convenience of pedestrians. A Frenchman would have facilitated this operation, by taking off his hat to the ribbons, and petticoats, before him, though they *were* only worn by a maid-servant; but Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty was *not* a Frenchman, and *was* moreover, a penny-a-liner. So, having fired off his first "Oh," he announced that he was deputed by Mr. Roger Quirker, to present a small parcel, and a letter to "Miss Jacyntha Jetson," — for so Terps always directed to her, with delicate flattery, as if *she* had been the youngest bud, on a large bush of elder sisters.

"Oh! beg your pardon, Sir," responded Sabina, with a sort of surly civility. "Walk in, please Sir; *that's* Miss Jetson out yonder, with all they dumb things about her."

"Oh, indeed!" and Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty *thought* Terps had good cause to be jealous, as decidedly he (Terps) was *not* a dumb thing.

Miss Jetson, having got to windward of the copper beech, and while the trunk concealed her figure, put her head round in a sort of Daphne, vanishing in the laurel *pose,* now calmly contemplated the danger that was approaching, and having made *sure* (though quite aware, that "distance" generally "lends enchantment to the view," and

even to the *prospect* of a new adorer!)—but having, we say, made *sure,* that both the mustachios, and the Albert-chain, were real, she ventured to quit her ambush, and slowly proceed, with perhaps renewed courage, when she looked at the hedge-hog, dangling from her arm, and reflected, that, in case of the worst, she could not have a better auxiliary; at all events, he would most effectually have spiked the enemy's guns, had open hostilities been declared.

Having called to Cæsar, in her most stagy voice, and told him not to be so un-key-ind, as to loiter so far from her; she kept her eyes modestly fixed on the growing mazes of the crochet doyley; as a tempering of mercy towards the rash masculine individual, now *supposed* to be in the act of rushing upon his own destruction. And so, she would have passed on, had not Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, to evince equal industry, hemmed, while she crochet'd, and slightly lifting his hat said, stepping before her. "I believe I have the honour of addressing Miss Jacyntha Jetson?" (reading from the letter) and I am the bearer of these,"—presenting both parcel, and letter,—"from Mr. Roger Quirker."

"Oh! thank you; but I hope he is not ill," faltered Miss Jetson in a tremulous voice,—got up regardless of ague, as she cast one rapid survey at Terps's *Chargé d' Affaires,* as if guaging his capabilities for supporting her in a premeditated swoon.

"No, on the contrary, he is quite well, and desired me to say that he should be down on Saturday."

"Oh! *thank* you!" again fervently ejaculated Jacyntha, much in the same intonation of voice, as the late Mr. Ellison's "*Bless ye, my people!*" when that gentleman was under aspects of royalty, in conjunction with the coronation of George the Fourth, as represented on the boards of Drury Lane. And then, dropping Terps's letter into one of the

pockets of her apron, she said to the bearer, *still* in the same fervent "*Bless ye, my people!*" tone; "*won't* you come in, and take some refreshment?"

"None; I am much obliged to you; for I have an engagement to dine with Mr. Quirker Larpent at two, and it is half past one, now. But I shall be happy to take charge of this parcel for you to the house."

Little did the Correspondent of "the Liverpool Allioth" dream *what* the contents of the parcel were, or he would have refused the embassy to Matchlock House with scorn; from considering it quite *too infra dig*, for that puller of "Social Literary, and Political" puppet-strings, a penny-a-liner! to be converted into a pack-horse, for a baby-jumper, even on the smallest possible scale.

"But where ignorance is bliss, &c. &c."

So he walked on, with the fair Jacyntha,—she talking cowslips, daffodils, pet lambs, carrier-pigeons, swans, and syllabubs; in short, bestowing all the treasures of her Bucolic budget on him; and he, when he *could* get in a word, creating peers, and lavishing honours, in a way, that Mr. Slick would have said was a caution to crowned heads, who indeed now-a-days, don't want any cautioning on *that* score. So that, remembering the proverb of "Tell me your company, and I'll tell you who you are," by the time they reached the house, Miss Jetson thought her companion *must* be a duke, or two marquisates in abeyance, at the very least.

On entering the hall, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's equilibrium was nearly endangered by a maid-servant, rushing out from a baize door, that led from the kitchen with a large flat dish, nearly the size of a venison-dish, (for there is nothing like making the most of things) upon which, "few and far between," were some underdone, expatriated potatoes, rolling about like billiard-balls, and making an occasional fluke, from the precipitate movements of the bearer, who was followed (for it was dinner-

hour at Matchlock House,) by another nymph, carrying on a much *smaller* dish, a huge leg of mutton, the *auto-da-fé* of which, had made the whole house redolent of the Parnassian odour of grease (oh!).

"Humph!" thought Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, as this *femme moutonniére* had *nearly* in the concussion helped him to more gravy than he liked, and Sabina, that Hebe, and Cerberus, of the establishment rolled into one, brought up the rear, with a large jug of toast and water.

"Humph! I'm glad Larpent asked me to dinner, for I think at any rate, *his* two-o'clock spread, *must* be better than this!"—which was like the ingratitude of his sex, seeing that Matchlock House, had evidently put its best leg foremost to receive him.

"Sabina! Sabina!" said Miss Jetson throwing open the "*Parlour*" door, and calling the former out of the refectory, as soon as she had deposited the cup, that *neither* cheers, *nor* inebriates; "Tell Miss Worrybones, *please*, a gentleman,"—for already she trembled! at the idea of being left alone with so much that was masculine, and unknown. While Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, hearing the generic term of "gentleman" that had been applied to him, either in the wild ambition of wishing to appropriate it, or the candid intention of repudiating it, here presented his card to Jacyntha: for being a man of few words, except when paid for them, he naturally eschewed such an *ouvrage de longue haleine*, as that of pronouncing his own name.

With downcast eyes, and much superfluous agitation, Miss Jetson pointed to *the* easy chair, for her visitor's repose, while she, herself, took possession, at an extreme angle of the room, of a very hard, isolated small ottoman in the shape of an hour-glass, a sort of professor, in fact, of the noble art of self-support; for to have leant, or even deviated a hair's breadth, to the right or to the left, or to

the rear, would have been impossible. Perfect uprightness, was the compulsory virtuous result of a seat on this ottoman, where the sitter was supported, even as a mushroom is, by its apparently fragile, but in reality sufficient stem; and as thus Jacyntha sat "like water parted from the sea,"—there was further a large round table, between her, and the "worthier than the feminine," that sat on the opposite side; which table, was covered with a green and drab embossed cloth. In the centre within, a mat, wreathed with worsted dahlias, was an English China, round dish, mounted in *or-moulu*, containing the visiting-cards of the "young ladies'" parents, those of the "professors," who taught at Matchlock House, and one or two stray clergyman's, but on the top of all, figured that of "Lord Marcus Hilton," who had called some four years previously, for the double purpose of amusing himself, and of effecting a flag of truce, between Miss Jetson, and his friend, Scampington.

There were also on this table some books, all in royal liveries of scarlet and gold, "Thomson's Seasons," "Cowper's Poems," (of course pronounced *Cow*-per at Matchlock House) "Rasselas," "Mrs. Chapone's Letters," "The Life of Mrs. Hannah More," "Dr. Fordyce's Advice to Young Women," an old Book of Beauty, "The Man of Feeling," and two volumes of "Elegant Extracts;" besides which, was a *papier-maché* blotting-book, with large bunches of beetroot roses, and mother-of-pearl lily of the valley, a large, and very gorgeously embroidered velvet butterfly, which nevertheless condescended to do the dirty work of a pen-wiper; a bronze Cupid, rolling a wheelbarrow full of hearts, which terminated, as such things generally do, in lucifer-matches—and a silver-paper lady, with a wand in her hand, whose voluminous expanse of imaginary crinoline, opened out into four-and-twenty different "fortunes," all bearing more, or less, on the two apposite extremes, of love and marriage, and this was called "The Witch."

On the mantelpiece, which was very narrow, but of very white marble, were four not over-large, red and green imitation Bohemian glass vases, over which, flowed weeping willows of allumettes, and all the other *obligato* coloured silver paper problems, indigenous to "Establishments for Young Ladies." Above the mantelpiece was a Kit-cat portrait of the tutelary deity of the place, Miss Worrybones herself, and though it had been taken some years before, when her naturally vermilion hair, had not been tamed as it now was, from a long course of marrow, and macassar, into a *faux air* of black; still the cap, the very tight dress, (the hooks-and-eyes, of which were all intact), the grammar she held in her hand, the identical one out of which, she always "heard the passing," and the watch and chain, were all considered admirable likenesses.

Lower down, at the sides of the mantelpiece, were an eruption of silhouettes and intaglios on one side, and a rash of photographs and miniatures on the other. Among the latter, was one of Major Jetson in the full regimentals of the Slowcome Militia, sash, gorget and all, and the good service mark, to wit, the black patch over his left eye, put out, by the (oyster) shell in the gallant attack of Muchchaff's mill. The carpet of this room was quite new, and considered the most gorgeous thing ever seen at Twaddleton; for, though the ground was a plain dark clay colour, (which some stupid persons of undeveloped ideas, considered the best part of it), it was rendered splendid, by being strewed with Victoria Regias, the natural size, which for this very small room, had a stupendous effect, and suggested the same wonder, as the family picture of the Primroses; how they were ever got in, and still more, how they were ever to be got out.

The curtains were drab, and green, merino damask, strained as tightly at the top, and devoid of all drapery as Miss Worrybones' own dresses. There was, of course, a

rosewood upright piano, and near it a folded card-table, upon which stood a pair of globes, and above this table, against the wall, was a rosewood *étagére,* containing some Indian China-cups, a nautilus shell, and a whale's tooth, which some ignorant persons, not thinking it "very like a whale," persisted in calling a colt's tooth. The chairs were also of rosewood, with the exception of two small modern oak, high-backed Elizabethan ones, as vehicles for Berlin work.

"Ahem!" preluded Miss Jetson, feeling she must say something; and, after casting an imploring glance towards the door for help, and *hoping* Miss Worrybones would *not* stay dallying with the roast mutton, when there was a strange man sitting there all alone with her; and then casting her eyes down on her still unopened parcel, after another "Ahem!" she said, with a smile, intended to combine the two antipodes of innocence and coquettish *espièglerie.*

"I shall not open my parcel till Miss Worrybones comes. She takes *such* an interest in my parcels."

As Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty did *not* do so, he looked at his watch, and said he feared he should not be able to stay to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Worrybones, as, in fact, he had only run down to Twaddleton to arrange a matter of business with Barton's, and one or two more Provincial banks, had to dine with Mr. Larpent at two, and must hasten back to town again by the quarter-past five train."

"Oh! *do* wait, *please,* to see Miss Worrybones? I know she will be *very pleased* to see any friend of Mr. Quirker's; she feels so interessted in all the Quirker family."

Once more, therefore, with not the best grace in the world, Mr. De Musty leant back in his chair, and resigned himself to his fate; but had scarcely done so before he, (not Miss Jetson) gave a loud scream, accompanied by

what Miss Jetson never could have uttered, a—"Confound it! what the deuce is that?"

"Oh!" said Miss Jetson, as soon as she had recovered from the startling effect of this outcry, and gliding forward to remove the cause, which was tugging away at the Own Correspondent's left whisker, for it was neither more nor less than the white mouse, which had climbed up the side of the chair, and at Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty's expense, was indulging in some of those biting sarcasms to which the "two spinsters of Emmet-hill" had trained it.

"Don't be alarmed, it's only dear little Nibby, he's *so* playful—there was a gentleman here one evening who wears a wig, and Nibby pulled it quite off, but he never does any harm, little dear."

And, like all truly great minds, waving every minor consideration in the emergencies of pressing necessity, without giving a moment's thought to the loss of caste that might be entailed by her touching such a greased cartridge as a man's whisker! Jacyntha seized the too familiar spirit, and conveyed it to her own bosom. But no sooner did the Own Correspondent perceive what his assailant was than he actually gave another scream, for though as a Political Reporter he was used to rats, and as a "*Literary* gent," was always "got up regardless of expense,"—yet, he had no idea of being "quite the cheese," for the benefit of country mice!

But, at this second scream, the door was pushed hastily open, and Sabina rushed in, with a tray containing currant wine, and Abernethy biscuits, which she nearly let fall out of her hand, before she could place it on the table; as she exclaimed,—(for, indeed, appearances were very much against Miss Jetson, who, in the act of removing Nibby, looked as if she had her arm round Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty's neck,—

"Lawr! Miss, what *ever is* the matter?"

Jacyntha, with much simpering, and what was intended for blushing confusion, explained.

"Well! I made sure," said Sabina, still pressing her left side with her trembling hand; "I made *sure* that something *had* happened at last, and time, too, with all these here alarms as we've been having for nothing for the last four years.—People may well say——"

But what it was that people said, or might say so well, did not transpire, for at that moment, Miss Worrybones came sailing into the room, and sailing is the right word, for not having time to make the hooks and eyes do their duty, she had thrown a shawl over her shoulders, as after an earthquake, before the survivors can rebuild, they cover over the chasms with any material that comes in their way.—So that now Miss Worrybones found herself in an unusual *latitude*, and literally looked broader than she was long, as she hobbled a triple Bob major to the introduction of—

"Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty—a friend of Mr. Roger Quirker's, dear."

"My key—ind! friend, Miss Worrybones." And then Nibby's *escapade*, and the sarcasms had to be narrated, and after a practical panegyric from Miss Worrybones, upon Nibby's playfulness and intelligence, and her never desiring better *company* than his—she politely condoled with M. De Musty upon the fright he had experienced, and hospitably poured out a bumper of the currant wine, in a very small spiral wine-glass, which, with her own white, or rather white-brown hand, she presented to him; but, as his experiments in the currency did *not* extend to the genus gooseberry, and as he had a wholesome fear of cholera before his eyes, he heroically declined the Circean beverage.

"Look here, dear!" said Miss Jetson, holding out the parcel which she now begun to untie; "another present!"

"Well, I'm sure! he is key—ind! it's well to be *you*, dear,—as I always tell Miss Jetson, sir, the difference between her and me is, that *she* is only engaged to *one* young gentleman, whereas *I* am engaged with forty young ladies, which never leaves me a minute to myself; he! he! he!"

Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty bowed,—for what could he say? when his private opinion was, it was *no* wonder *another* "young gentleman had *not* been found of the same heroic courage as Terps, to draw off Miss Worrybones from the forty young ladies." And while he was thus thinking, Miss Jetson had undone the parcel, and brought to light the miniature invention for Infantine locomotion.

"What *ever is* that?" exclaimed Miss Worrybones, for like most of her class, she spoke *about* as good English as her servant, and *quite* the *same sort*.

But Miss Jetson did not know, for the invention was then new, and she had yet to learn, that in this sectarian country, with its stint of two sauces, and its swamp of two hundred religions, that the very babies had turned jumpers! Now, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty, *did* know; and therefore would not say what it was.

"Pence! pen-knives! and pop-guns!" was *his* triple calling, to be insulted in his august person? by being then placed in the wrong boat, and that boat a pap-boat!—to have been thus treacherously made the Editor of a Baby-jumper, without even having been told for what baby?—'not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith,'—wouldn't he wring the fellow's neck for him when he got back to town?—but all he *said* in reply to these interrogatories was—

"You had better read *Terps's* letter; most probably *that* will explain what it is."

And he spitefully, and with 'malice aforethought,' called

him Terps!—that being able to use none, he might at least *speak* daggers to that gentleman's lady-love.

Miss Jetson drew up with incipient dignity, but though generally more official than classical, she felt by intuition that it *was* admissible to learn, even from an enemy, and as Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty's advice had been pertinent, though his calling her *fiancé* "Terps" was impertinent; she now gingerly making a forceps of her finger and thumb, extracted his last epistle from her apron-pocket, with all the *minauderie* which she had seen *soubrettes* on the stage employ for similar postal arrangements, and forthwith broke the seal. No, that she did *not* do; for, in the present day, when every vulgarity is copied with avidity, from language to letters, vulgar people invariably use one of those greatest of abominations!—adhesive envelopes!—thus converting their correspondents into literary spittoons, but exclusive of the innate vulgarity of these misnomered adhesive envelopes, they are the most unsafe things in the whole world, but people who emulate the skin-flint monomania of the age, so far as to treat their correspondents with this indignity, for the sake of economizing a farthing's worth of wax, deserve to have their secrets scattered to the winds. But none of the legitimate *dégoût* due to these aggravated wafer affairs, affected Miss Jetson, as she tore open Terps's blue parallelogram, which looked much more like a bill than a *billet-doux*;—she rapidly hurried over its contents, till she came to the explanation of the *cadeau*, for Squiggs, with its real name and use, when she began to bridle and giggle, in a manner at once so grotesque, and so contradictory, that it elicited from Miss Worrybones a—

"Well, what is it, my dear?"

"Oh! I couldn't," simpered Jacyntha; "but you may read." And she handed her the letter, while rising to ring the bell, which was so instantaneously answered, that the inference to a suspicious mind would have been, that

Sabina must—instead of handing the toast-and-water in the opposite room, *selon les régles* at that hour—have been very near the parlour-door, receiving, instead of distributing, draughts of a different kind.

"Oh! bring in Squiggs, *please*, Sabina. His cage is on the lawn, just under the windows. Squiggs, Mr. De Musty, is another dear little pet of mine, who is even more playful than Nibby."

At this, self-preservation being the first law of nature, the "Own Correspondent" sprang to his feet, announcing his fears of keeping Mr. Quirker Larpent's dinner waiting.

"Oh! but you *will* see me arrange Squiggs's present? *Won't* you, Mr. De Musty?"

"What on earth is it?" asked that jesuitical individual, screwing up his eyes, and peering at it, as if he had never seen such a thing before, though he had been daily heard to declare, to his literary and political friends, ever since the first day the invention was patented, that the vicinity of the vendor's shop to his office (for it was next door) was a perfect nuisance, and made him feel as if *he*, individually, was the writer of all the collective wisdom signed "Pater Familias" in "The Times;" and again he asked, "What is it?" before Miss Jetson had tittered, *Minaudé'd*, and telegraphed, "What *shall* I say?" sufficiently to Miss Worrybones to answer him.

"Oh! it's a—a—a—swing for Squiggs!"

"I should call *that* a bounce!" observed the "Own."

"Oh! deary! deary! Squiggy! Squiggs!" cried Miss Jetson, apostrophizing the interesting animal, now brought in by Sabina, that was puffing out his tail as tremendously as if it had been just published by Routledge, and crying, "Chee! chee!" which made the transaction similar, to a T.

"See what Nunkey has sent him!"

For, as all her pets had been the gifts of Terps, on account of these *pledges* she called him their uncle, thus

forcing him into a degree of nepotism, that might have caused him to be mistaken for a scion of one of the most aristocratic families in the kingdom.

"It shall swing—so it shall—in Nunkey's pretty new swing."

Here, the ruthlessness of the literary "gent" broke out, and the *sappeur* of "The Liverpool Allioth," looking as savage as if he had just lifted his sacrificial steel, and was about to immolate an author upon the altar of public humbug, and private venality, suggested that, perhaps, a permanent swing—in the shape of a small gallows—would be best. But a scream from Miss Jetson recalled him to order; and passing off the murderous hint as a jest, in the interest of Mrs. Larpent's culinary arrangements, he bade adieu to "The Two Spinsters of Emmet Hill," and effected an honourable retreat from Matchlock House.

Oh! blessed system of compensation! that doth so often step in, to strike the balance even of the scale of justice, made so fraudulently one-sided in the commerce of this world! What if Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty (being like all the literary "gents" of the present day—

"Bearded like a pard"),

Had been treated with the indignity of a mousetrap at Matchlock House? his hirsute glories were rendered due homage, as he returned through the High Street, first, at the very foot of Matchlock Hill, by a young gentleman in corduroys and high-lows, on his way to the ragged school, exclaiming to his companion, who had so far adopted the Highland costume, as to repudiate trousers.

"My eye! Bill, look at that ere gent—if he ain't got a grenadier's cap a-hanging from his chin!"

"While, further on, within two doors of Mr. Quirker Larpent's, he experienced the more gratifying incense of appreciation; for Bandoline, the hair-dresser, came running

out of his shop, with the thick roll of his own redundant locks, put into a gentle canter by his speed, and said, as he withdrew a small China jar, daintily tied down with blue ribbons, out of the large pocket of his linen apron:—

"Beg pardon, sir; but I understand you are connected with 'The Liverpool Allioth' and 'The Tyburn Tonans;' and if you *would* do me the favour, sir, of trying my '*Crin d'ours* Regenerator;' and mentioning it to your friends, I should be *greatly* obliged indeed, sir, if you would merely *say* that *you* use it. *That* would be *quite* sufficient; as I consider your *growth* a credit to any artist, sir. It's all entirely my own invention, and of native articles, sir—the bear, being the only foreign ingredient."

(Most persons think the *bear*, a peculiarly national ingredient.)

But the "Own Correspondent," who, upon the whole, had very *taking* ways, though, merely to look at him, no one would have suspected it, bowed and was graciously pleased not only to accept the offering, but added, that among the *facts* of his next "social, literary, and political gossip," he would mention, that Prince Mopatowskyi's hair and beard, at that moment the wonder and admiration of London, were entirely the result of Bandoline, of Twaddleton's celebrated "*Crin d'ours* Regenerator;" and, more wonderful still, his Aide-de-Camp, Marshal Shaveemalloff Sudsinzki, who had worn a wig for years, hearing, during the last war, of the "*Crin d'ours*," sent for some; and having used it for six weeks, one morning, while smoking at the door of his tent, he thought his head had been carried away by a shell; but upon looking after it, to bid it an eternal farewell, he perceived it was only his wig, forced upwards by the pressure from *within*—nature having displaced art, by a sudden shock of hair! caused by this short perseverance in the unrivalled "*Crin d'ours!*" Mr. Bandoline expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this puff;

the "Own" equally so with the *Pomade*. Thus, mutually pleased, they parted.

On arriving at Mr. Quirker Larpent's, fraught with apologies for being ten minutes after the time, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty found he might have safely made those ten twenty; for, notwithstanding Mr. Larpent's reiterated assurances that they had made no stranger of him, he found the dining-room, into which he was at once ushered, actually flushed with fever and fuss, and the dinner far too indigestive in quantity, ever to have been merely intended for two who, by *law*, should have been one. The difference between Mr. Quirker Larpent's dinner, and his wife was,—that while the former was under, the latter was *over*-dressed, and she quite wearied her guest with apologies for the absence of some white bait, she had been disappointed in having from London that morning; and thereupon followed many more white lies.

Still, as the wines were of average goodness, and plentiful variety, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty managed to console himself, and also, to warm with the subject; for, had he been Chief butler to half the House of Lords, he could not have *expressed* greater knowledge of the comparative merits of their different cellars. But so well-bred was he, that in drawing out, the qualities (and corks) of his host's various vintages,—*via*, the mention of Lord this's hock, and my lord somebody else's *Asti-blanc*, he so contrived it, that while he smacked the flavour of the last glass against his palate, the impression on Mr. Larpent's mind should be, that his *own* wine was inferior to none of the noble lords', whose titles Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty twined like cobwebs, around the Barmacide bottles, to which he made such frequent allusion, and, as *he* swallowed the wine, and the Amphitryon his Bacchanalian mythology, the conversation naturally became too interesting, to be participated in by the "*females;*" so at a very early stage,

after dinner, Mrs. Quirker Larpent was nodded, and winked, out of the room ; and, as is usual, after this exit, followed uproarious laughter from the occupants of the dining-room, which caused Mrs. Larpent to stop and listen, as she was on her way to the kitchen, to scold the cook, for the salmon's being as raw, as if it had been only just caught.

In short, the two gentlemen, what between the *historiettes* of the one, and the hospitality of the other, found their own society mutually delightful, till that kill-joy, Time, reminded the guest, that in another quarter of an hour he must be down at the Station. Still, not a syllable had been uttered, nor even an allusion made, to the *emplette* for Tompkins, but as the speech of Tompkins's friend had become considerably thicker, Mr. Larpent ventured to hope that, his friendship had done the same ; and that, therefore, this silence about the six dozens of sherry, merely arose from oblivion. But, as "*In Vino Veritas,*" the host thought as the time was getting on, he might as well jog his guest's memory, and out with it himself. So, filling a glass of sherry, closing his right eye, as he held it up to the left, then swallowing half the contents of the glass, and clicking his tongue against his palate, in approval of the flavour, he exclaimed,

"Ah ! *that's* the real stuff; the old nutty flavour, so preferable to the *boracha* twang, of the *Vino Puro de Xeres.*"

No answer,—sympathetic or otherwise,—from Mr. de Musty.

"Why, Sir, Señor Zampaya, a Cadiz merchant, with whom I have dealings, said *this* sherry of mine, was enough to refill the bones of Campeador with marrow, could his ashes only be sprinkled with it."

"It *is* very good,—so good, that I'll just take one more glass."

"One more glass indeed, and what about the six-dozens

for Tompkins," *thought* Mr. Quirker Larpent, with a slight feeling of indignation, at the ingratitude of mankind in general, and that of his guest in particular; "He's too far gone, I must put the question point blank."

"Ahem! I think, my dear sir, when first I had the pleasure of seeing you at my door this morning, you were saying something about ordering six-dozen of sherry for a friend."

"Ah! yes, I *was* thinking of doing so."

"Well, from your expressing yourself so well satisfied with *my* wines, I hope, my dear Sir, you will give me the preference."

"Well, no, Larpent," said Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, rising, not too steadily; and endeavouring preparatory to his departure, to button the three lower buttons of his surtout, which was by no means the same easy operation it had been, when he left Matchlock House. "No; hang it, not so bad as that, either, I shall order it in London."

"Well, then, Sir, allow me to tell you," and Mr. Quirker Larpent's choler fairly exploded, and flew like a champagne cork, up into the face of his ungrateful guest; "that —that—I think your conduct be—be—both ungrateful and —and unbusiness-like, Sir;" and Mr. Larpent in his agitation, actually tore open his shirt-fronts, and crammed the napkin into his bosom, as if he had been bleeding to death, and he wished to staunch the wound. At which expressive bye-play, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, half-sobered, and half frightened, approached him, laid his hand on his arm, and said in a maudlin voice, with a tear, or at least a drop in his eye,

"No, Larpent, I could *not* do it; it would have been a barbarous return for your hospitality,—for—" lowering his voice, and approaching his host's ear, "My dear fellow— TOMPKINS DON'T PAY." Then, seizing the hand of the as-

tounded Larpent, and wringing it till he nearly dislocated his arm, Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty, rushed out of the house, as lovers are supposed to do, when refused. But a little restored to his normal state, by the fresh air, and his rapid transit to the station, he thus soliloquized, after having placed his arm in the sling, taken off his hat, leant his head against the side of the window, and found himself rapidly progressing towards the great Babylon, where goodness, and greenness, are supposed to be synonymous, more especially by "Own Correspondents."

"Deuced unlucky! if I could have had an idea, the dinner would have been so confoundedly bad, I'd have refused it, and taken the six dozen of sherry."

CHAPTER IX.

O VITA! MISERO LONGA FELICI BREVIS.

"The fairest of things decay,
To the dust from whence they came,
And the mightiest pass away,
But the grave is still the same.
No dearer home can we have,—
No, no, brother-worms, no, no,
Care never enters the grave,
Oho, brother worms, Oho!"

TIME ever wasting! eternity ever hasting! Life, and death; death, and life!

Those are the two great acts of this world's drama; whether tragedy, comedy, or pantomime; for, though some "die, and make no sign," others live only *to* make signs; finding *no* voice to proclaim their deeds; and consequently no echo to waft them onward to the temple of Fame. A fortnight after we were last at Maresco, all that remained of little Mabel was the fragile outward shell in which the "pearl of great price," her pure young spirit, had been for twelve years enshrined. She had returned to her heavenly Father, without even a sigh; though, to the last, her eyes had been fondly and wistfully, fixed upon her

mother's face; and, the day before she died, though then speechless, seeing the agonized expression of that face, her Bible, out of which May had been reading to her, lying open on the bed at the xxvith chapter of Isaiah, she pointed to the 19th verse,

"Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust."

The parent bowed to the child's reproof, dried her eyes, and drove her grief back into its stronghold, her heart. But, when Mabel was gone back to Heaven, and there was only the frail outward garment that she had worn on earth left; *then*, night and day, for a week, did the mother watch, and weep over it; for it was *all* she had. But, in this world, are not the moments ever fast succeeding each other, when we must leave our ALL, or it must leave us; and so, at length, the time came, when, even the pale beauty of the lifeless clay had to be removed (for the cold calm stillness of that last long sleep cannot be *disturbed*) and placed in the narrow cell, for which its mother earth alone finds room, could the tears of her former companions, and of her benefactress, have preserved the bloom of the rare flowers they placed in little Mabel's coffin, they would indeed have been immortal!

Even on this last sad day, Beatrice had yielded to the mother's yearning, and left that black casket till the last minute. But the sun was now setting red, and heavily, with a shroud of dark clouds. The bearers were all waiting below; old Nahemiah Twigg, who had employed a week in exercising all the grim coquetry of his gloomy craft upon the little grave, and tricking out the charnel-house, with the floral favours of a bridal-chamber, was pausing over his work; Luther, who was to have left for Brankton two days before, had remained, to read the last ritual over Mabel; knowing that this sad token of sym-

pathy and respect, would please her stepfather—though Mr. Langston also attended, but merely walking at the head of the procession of the boys and girls, of the Maresco schools, which followed their late companion to her last home, as *real* mourners; and Walter had asked and obtained permission to do the same.

Lady Portarjis had that day arrived with her two daughters, to pay Lady Clairville a visit, *en passant*, in her way to Clanhaven Castle; but, finding she had come to a house of mourning, she could, with difficulty, be persuaded to remain to dinner, fearing to be in the way; so she had ordered the post-horses to be brought, and the carriage was then at the door; and she was only awaiting Lady Clairville's return from the sorrowful scene above, and doing her uttermost to soothe Gemma, whose tears, from having long known Mabel, were flowing bitterly—when Beatrice returned, her own eyes red and swollen to a fearful degree.

"Would you, dear Honoria," said she, "come up stairs with me? I cannot tear that poor creature from the coffin, which the men are waiting to carry down stairs; and perhaps you, as a stranger, may have more weight with her; and the people outside, have been waiting nearly an hour; and, in half an hour more, it will be dark."

Without a word, Lady Portarjis rose, and followed her up stairs.

Mary was not sobbing; she was not even crying; she was almost as mute and insensible, as the now-screwed down coffin, on which she had flung herself, and was clasping so convulsively.

"Come, come," sobbed Beatrice, trying with gentle force to withdraw her; "this is not right, this is not well, when we all so heartity participate in your affliction; you have no right to monopolize more than your share,—what

you are doing would have been reproved by *her* to more purpose than I can reprove it."

This allusion produced the salutary effect of once more opening the flood-gates of the bereaved mother's heart, and the tears, like a refreshing shower, rained from her eyes.

"There, that is better,—I know you will be reasonable now—and here is a lady, who, though a stranger, feels for you, too."

Almost mechanically Mary raised her head, and had no sooner done so than Lady Portarjis, who was advancing towards her with an extended hand to help to raise her up, and the deepest commiseration depicted in her countenance,—suddenly started back a step or two, and exclaimed—

"Why, it's poor Marsham!—don't you know me, Marsham?"

But a loud and piercing shriek from Mary, as she frantically cried out—"Not here! not here!—*she* must not come here;—my child! my child!—*mine! mine!*—not her's;—she will kill her over again!" And thus raving in her frantic efforts to push Lady Portarjis away, she staggered and fell down, into a dead swoon across the coffin.

Beatrice, from one electric flash of the past and present, uniting in this terrible focus of outrage, shame, and bereavement, saw, as in a glass, the whole of poor Mary's sad history, and knew at last *who Mabel's father was!*

"Poor soul! poor Marsham!" said Lady Portarjis, clasping her hands over the senseless mass at her feet—"I who have inquired after you in every direction, to think I should have found you at last in such a scene of misery!—I would have given any thing," added she, turning to Lady Clairville, "to have had Marsham back, I was so fond of her—I liked her better than any maid I ever had; but

she left me in the most sudden and unaccountable manner —and——"

"Yes—yes,—she told me all about it," interrupted Beatrice; "she left you to be married."

"Well, but she might have told me so; I should not have prevented her."

"Exactly; but when people do such a foolish thing as to marry, you see, they generally do it *in* the most foolish way;—now, dear Honoria, don't let me detain you, and don't you detain the post-horses any longer; for I must get this poor soul carried to bed, while she can make no resistance; and seeing you, when she comes to herself, would only do harm, and, perhaps, drive her permanently out of her senses."

"What, then—is she subject to these attacks?"

"Nay—I can't say that she is; but she has had them before, under a painful intensity of nervous excitement. Indeed, when poor little *Mabel was only six weeks old, Mary jumped, one dark winter's night, into the Paddington Canal,* and was miraculously saved by her present husband, *who is not Mabel's father.*"

"Then she was married before?"

Beatrice nodded her head jesuitically, and then said, hurriedly, "Tell Lord Portarjis, will you, that I cannot possibly receive him on Thursday in this house of mourning; and tell him, about your having found poor Marsham in such affliction for the death of her child; *and don't forget the episode of the Canal. That will interest him; for men like tragedies in real life, of which they are not the heroes.* And now, good bye; and Heaven bless you! dear Honoria," added she, kissing, and hurrying Lady Portarjis out of the room, who, however, turned back, and putting a ten-pound note into her hand, said—

"Do give this to poor Marsham; and tell her anything she wants, to let me know."

"No, no: I'm sure she would not take it; and she has really a most excellent husband, and does not want any thing."

"Has she any more children, poor thing? for I should like to adopt—at least, to provide for one of them."

"No—she has not; and, if she had fifty, I am sure she would not let you; for she would not part with one of them."

"How so? when she let you have this poor little Mabel —her ONLY ONE?"

"Oh! *I*, you know, belong to nothing, or to no one— and so am honorary mother to all actual, probable, and possible poor children; but *you* are different, Honoria. You are a *grande dame*, with a position in the world; hedged in, by a *chevaux-de-frise* of conventionality, and a dry moat of precedent; and, therefore, have no right to meddle with other people's *bairns* (more especially, as you have very charming ones of your own)—so I advise you never *to* do so; for you see," added she, drying her eyes, "what comes of it? Deputy maternal joys, are all very well; but deputy maternal cares and sorrows, I assure you, are *not* desirable."

As Lady Portarjis descended the stairs, Beatrice rang for assistance, to remove Mary to bed; and the upholders' men came in, to do their last, sad, hireling office.

The mournful crowd, waiting without the gates, made way on either side, as Lady Portarjis's carriage drove out. Walter raised his eyes, and saw Gemma; but she was still crying so violently that, for a moment she did not recognise him; but when she did, she put her head hastily out of the window, but was instantly jerked back, by the swing the carriage gave, in sweeping round the turn into the road, and which also caused her to drop a sprig of mignonette, that she held in her hand. Walter fancied that she *had* seen him, but that, being with her lady mother and

sister, she would not notice him; for persons of delicate minds, either in a false position, or in no position at all, are always morbidly susceptible, and never can believe, that what pains *them, so* poignantly, are merely random arrows, and were not aimed by skilful intent. So, though he saw the sprig of mignonette fall, he allowed it to remain where it fell, and would not pick it up, but, as he continued to lean against one of the piers of the gate, looking at it, thought—and his eyes filled with tears:—

"Ah! poor dead Mabel would not have pretended not to know me, let her have been with whom she might; but then *she* was like me, and had *no* home—no fine castle to go to, like Lady Gemma De Vere. Ah! well, Mabel has a better and more glorious home than even that, now; and I only wish I could be with her there."

The boy then folded his arms, and set his teeth almost savagely. At that moment Darrel, one of the young weavers, moved, and, in doing so, was within an inch of putting his foot upon the sprig of mignonette, when Walter sprang forward and rescued it. Still, he did not put it into his bosom;—for what was Lady Gemma De Vere to him? —but he stuck it in his button-hole, because—because—mignonette was such a sweet, dear, little, innocent flower —and because, in short—he was very fond of mignonette. But, in the midst of all these becauses, and in arranging the sprig of mignonette, he dropped his glove, which he stooped to pick up, a trouble he might not, and most probably would not, have taken upon any ordinary occasion; for the loss of gloves and pocket-handkerchiefs, was a constant, though the *only* bone of contention between him and Mrs. Bumpus, *mère,* who had the charge of his wardrobe.

But these gloves were new black ones, had expressly for poor Mabel's funeral; and a few minutes before he left the manor with Luther, to join the melancholy *cortége,* he had torn one of them, and Eva, gently and silently, as she did

everything, had taken it and mended it, as was her wont; for any dilapidations of Walter's, that she could repair, were never let to come under the mistress of the robes' irate scrutiny. And now, as he minutely examined the neatly-mended glove, or what he called the chain-armour of black sewing-silk, with which Eva had filled up the gap, the tears again came into his eyes; but this time they were from a different source. There was no brackish morbidity in them,—they were happy tears of gratitude, and affection—as, under the pretext of a cough, he put the glove before his mouth, and kissed it, thinking—

"Ah! *she* is always good and kind to me. I don't think *she* minds my having no home, and belonging to nobody. I wonder what Mrs. Mornington means by so often saying, she is sure I am A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE? What consequence? I should like to know? and if I am? why am I left here, at this village-school? Mr. Luther indeed says, his mother talks nonsense, and ought not to put such things into my head; and dear, kind Lady Clairville, says I ought to be resigned, and content; exactly in the state God has placed me. Well—I know I *ought;* but it is not easy always to do exactly what one ought; and though my father and mother *are* dead, it is not natural that I should never hear any thing about them; and I'm determined *I'll make* my grandmother tell me *why* I'm left here; and if *she* won't, I'll get it out of Robert Bumpus; for I'm *sure* he could tell me, if he would."

Here, the thread of Walter's thoughts was broken by the solemn, and measured tolling of the knell of the old grey church at Beechcroft, which came moaning along the still evening air, and, awaking as it were, a mournful echo in the waves, which were flowing in slowly, and heavily, to the margin of the beach, as if weeping over the sands, which Mabel's little feet had so often dimpled; but which now launched on the fathomless and illimitable ocean of eternity,

would never more press those fleeting sands. Now, too, the bier was seen advancing towards the gates, and the mourners, who *were* mourners, formed themselves into the order, in which they were to walk; and the silent tears of the very bearers, (though they were not included in the bill,) accompanied the louder, and more uncontrollable grief of the children; among whom, Ruth Norland got into such violent hysterics, haunted as she now was, by remorse, at having slighted poor Mabel's last request, that Mrs. Evelyn, one of the monitors, was obliged to return with her to the house.

On arriving at the churchyard, heavy black clouds, like funereal crapes, seemed to veil the Red Sun, now fast sinking into night, and one, or two, large fitful drops of rain, those heralds of a coming storm, fell. By the open grave stood Nahemiah Twigg, his hat on the ground, beside him, his long thin silver hair scarce stirred by the rising wind, which was yet struggling for supremacy. The tears, not many, and freely, but two very large ones, were trickling slowly down each pale, withered cheek, as if unused to the task; for, though he buried many, he wept over few; but now, as his dim eyes gazed steadily on his own work, his hands were spread out over the yawning chasm, as if dropping a blessing into it.—Or, it might be an involuntary,

SALVE, MAGNA PARENS!

with which he was apostrophizing the earth's bosom, that he had bared before him. The procession approached;—and the old man's prayer, benediction, reverie, or whatever it was, was ended, and he turned slowly round to pile up all the flower-roots, he had brought to border this grave,—under a yew tree, that they might not get trodden upon, and crushed by the crowd.

Since Luther had left THE ATAT, he had taken lessons in elocution;—and therefore knew how to do full justice to the rich, mellow, peculiarly flexible, and peculiarly persua-

sive voice, nature had given him; besides, he possessed that, which, to all reading, and speaking, is what the points are to Hebrew—a *discriminatory feeling*, which gives every word, a value, a meaning, and a power, that in, and of, themselves,—mere words, however appropriate, or however finished as to style, never possess, and therefore, never can impart.—

As the Coffin was lowered,—and Luther proclaimed the eternal truth! and the glad tidings!—

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."—

The very leaves indeed

"Seemed stirred with prayer."

Even, the sobs, and the tears, were hushed; for the mourners were listening with their hearts;—and grief, for a brief space,—paused, and humbled itself, before God.—Nor was it, till the deep touching pathos of Luther's voice poured out the supplication,—

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling: hold not thy peace at my tears,

"For I am a stranger with thee: and a sojourner, as all my fathers were."

—That Walter burst into a fresh paroxysm of tears, and, in his agitation, the little sprig of mignonette, fell from his bosom, on to Mabel's coffin: a look, to the old sexton, could have rescued it; but it would have been a sort of sacrilege.—Walter felt, he knew not why,—(except that the unhappy are always superstitious) that it was a bad omen for *him*; but it was also a last offering from Gemma,—though a chance one;—so he left it there, for the high-born, and the low-born child;—the little patrician who had been

cradled in luxury,—and the little pauper, who had been saved by charity,—loved each other well; for in the archives of God, there are no conventional Rubicons;—and kind looks, and words, are loadstones, which draw hearts together, without permission, and without prevention, and the great alchymist, Nature, from her deep mines of human feeling, and her dark laboratory of human passions, can fuse the most antagonistic ingredients into golden grains of affection at will.

At length, "dust" had been consigned to "dust," and all was over! The procession of little mourners, with Mr. Langston, and Mrs. Ward, the other matron, turned slowly away, and left the churchyard, in the same order that they came. Luther, Walter, and Nahemiah, alone remained. The last proceeded mechanically to fill in the grave; and, though there was a moon, when the lowering clouds would allow it to be seen, the old man lit his horn-lantern to expedite the task; for, as he said, he knew Mary would be at the grave early in the morning, and it would never do to let her think the poor child's bed had not been properly made.

Luther knelt down by a large sarcophagus, now much dilapidated by time, and overgrown with weeds, though surrounded by an iron railing, and there prayed a prayer that, perhaps, was not in the rubric: but, nevertheless, was such a one, as neither the Angel of Life, nor Death, would have refused to take charge of, to the Throne of Grace.

And while he prayed, Walter stooped down, and plucked a few violets, and leaves from the roots, the old sexton had laid by ready to plant, determined the next time he saw Gemma, to give them to her, in exchange for her branch of mignonette.

"Where could you find violets at this time of the year, Nahemiah?" said he, putting those he had taken into his bosom.

"Eh! I did not find 'em, they're her own,—they're her own;—the ones the poor little lassie used to tend in the hot-house, all the year round, for her ladyship, and Fergusson gave them to me this morning; but I don't doubt but the poor petted things will follow her example and die; now they come to be left out in the world to shift for themselves, and nobody to care for them; for, though I'll do my best, I fear they'll find *my* ways but rough, after her's, poor little lass."

Here, aloud, though distant, clap of thunder, warned them it was time to depart; and Luther rising up, held out his hand to the old gravedigger, in whose, he left a sovereign, as he shook it, and said—

"Well, good bye, Nahemiah,—God bless you!—take care of yourself, and be sure you let me hear of you, very often, through my mother."

"Eh; it's not going you are so soon, Mr. Luther?—God bless, and thank you, sir."

"Yes, I'm going this very night—*this* very minute, indeed, by the mail-train, down to the north."

"Eh; what a pity!—what a pity!" said Nahemiah, leaning on his spade, and shaking his head, gravely.

"Why, I had hoped you wished me better things, Nahemiah, than to be sorry I have got a good living."

"Eh, Master Luther, 'taint that—'taint that;—Heaven knows, man, boy, and baby, I've wished ye well this eight and twenty year; but I *du* think it a pity, when you've left the Atat, the wet prayers, and all the rest of them Pharisaical Pulpit Sweepings, and are just beginning to know how to live;—I *du* think, I say, it's a pity as you shouldn't live amongst us; besides, I, who know'd the Manor in the Squire's time, shan't be ever able to fancy it, without one on you,—either you, or the Captain,—taint *naitral*, taint likely, as I should, nor that none on us should. Then, there's her ladyship up at Maresco,—see

how she'll miss you, for sartin sure, and all the poor little lasses, and lads, and——"

"Well, I *must* go, Nahemiah, or I shall miss the train," said Luther hastily, interrupting him; and, had the dim glimmer from the lantern but flitted across his face, it would have revealed a much deeper crimson glow, than that of the red sun, that had just set.

"Well, then, good bye; Heaven speed you, Mister Luther!—my prayers shall follow you wherever you go, sir, and many more, of old and young beside,—for man, and boy, you were always good to the poor, and even that swamp of an ATAT, and all the cold snivelling as went on there, could never *squench* the good that's in you.—Heaven bless and prosper you, Mr. Luther, and you, too, Master Selden!"

But though they heard the murmurings of the thin falsetto of the old man's voice, his words were lost in air, and, as they reached the gate, the church-clock struck eight.

"I must run for it," said Luther, "or shall really lose the train; so I'll say good bye, here. Heaven bless you, Walter! you *must* come down and see me at Christmas—write to me often, and tell me the smallest minutiæ about dear old Field-Fleury, Beechcroft, and——" Maresco he would have added, but a choking in his throat prevented his getting the word out,—so, wringing Walter's hand cordially, he darted off like lightning, down the lane that led to the Manor.

CHAPTER X.

A Chapter of Incidents and Accidents.

WHEN Luther was gone, Walter turned and looked wistfully back, down the avenue of yew trees, into the churchyard, where the dim glimmer of the sexton's lantern, was to be seen, and the measured fall of his spade heard, as he laid, and flattened the rolls of green turf on Mabel's grave. Walter was so miserable—so utterly alone! now, Luther had left him;—that he felt inclined to go and pass the night by that little grave, and cry out the great weight that was at his heart; but deeply, and truly, as he sorrowed for Mabel's death,—he was not such a self-hypocrite as to be deluded with the idea, that *all* the denseness of the shadow, that now darkened his heart, arose from that *one* cause; but *it* was a legitimate channel, through which to let the tide of his sorrow flow. While he was still deliberating, as aimless, hopeless people, who have *no* choice, do, another clap of thunder, and a lurid gleam of fork-lightning, decided him; for, like all who lead an eventless life, he was an amateur, of even elemental strife. A storm, any thing! was better than eternal stagnation!

He was in no mood to return, and listen to the stereotyped Helenic extacies of Moses, or the lectures of Moses' mother, for spoiling his clothes, which the rain was threatening to drench, and as again the thunder called him, now louder than before, he hurried on to the east cliff, thinking how grand the great concert of winds, and waves, would be there; and that, perhaps, even he *might* see that strange, witch-like, old woman, with whom he could, alone, claim kindred. It seemed almost natural, that on such a night, riding on the plunging hippogriff of a whirlwind, she *should* appear as he walked, or rather was driven along, by the wailing, shrieking winds, the lurid lightning flashing its angry glances above him; the inky, boiling, white-crested waves below it, seemed as if every loud peal of heaven's artillery, was met by a charge of black sea-horses, quenching the fire, with their wild foam. Walter could hardly keep his footing; and once, or twice, as he tried to stop, to look at this mighty warfare, he was nearly blown over, into the seething flood—so that he was compelled to keep more inland; but even so, every now, and then, the lightning would run along the white cliffs, as if pointing out, with its forked tongue, amid the rugged hieroglyphics of the rocks, a Belshazzar-like warning to some ruthless sea-king. It *was* very grand, very mysterious, very terrible! and it completely took the boy out of himself, by making him feel what a *less* than atom *he* was, in this great onslaught of conflicting spheres.

When he at length came opposite the Mermaid, there was something inexpressibly genial, in the mild, soft, steady, common-place light of hearth and lamp, that streamed through its windows, and even the sound of vulgar, and uproarious mirth, that then issued from it, had something cheery, because, something human in it; and Walter, nearly breathless from the wind he had so long buffeted, turned shivering away from this great epic

of the elements, and walked up to the window, of the little inn. Before the kitchen-fire a shoulder of mutton was roasting, and Alice Avenel, the publican's daughter, was basting it; while, at the large dresser-table, sat smoking, and drinking, three exceedingly ill-looking individuals, of very different styles of repulsiveness. The one who appeared to be the leader, for there always *is* a master body, even where there is *not* a master mind, was a dark, swarthy, burly-looking man, of between forty and fifty, with black, sharp eyes, bushy brows, and a nose that looked like a bunch of purple grapes. On his head he wore a red woollen nightcap, and over his sailor's jacket a Guernsey shirt, though round his waist, was an officer's old crimson silk sash, in which, was stuck a cutlass, and a brace of pistols. The second personage was a one-eyed Lascar, with a blue, and white, striped nightcap, and a blue cotton blouse, chain-stitched with red.

The third person, was not only much younger, but much fairer, and of delicate features, but with a villainous, low, sinister expression of countenance. He appeared to be under the *surveillance* of the other two; for every now, and then, he looked round, first to the door, and then at the window, as if meditating a sudden escape. Up to the first pane of the window, was a red serge curtain, run full, upon an iron rod, with a sort of heading, or frilling, about it, and of these lower panes, one was broken, and a piece of copy-book paper pasted over it. So, that had it not been for the winds, everything that passed, and every word uttered in the kitchen, could have been distinctly understood. As it was, Walter heard the burly dark man say to the Lascar, as he replenished his glass from a pewter flaggon, with a limpid-looking spirit—

"I'm most tired, of kicking my heels here."

To which the Lascar replied.

"Den kickee dem, tother side table."

"It's near a week we've been at this lurcher's work, and the bird hasn't risen yet. It's *your* turn to watch to night, Nebo."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Nebo, (the Lascar) puffing a cloud from his pipe, "I watch, and Master Dickey here, pray."

Then, followed a stentorian roar from the trio,—after which, Red Cap, drew out one of the pistols from his belt, and looked to the priming, with, which, being satisfied, he replaced it; then, emptying out the ashes from a Dutch pipe he was smoking, he refilled it, and lit it at the lamp that hung over the table.—And when two or three whiffs, had assured him that it *was* lit, he said—

"I doubt 'The Bonny Jane' has had rough courting to-night, tossing about out yonder;—I hope the boat won't slip her moorings, though."

"Boat all right," laconicised Nebo,—and then, performing a horrible *pirouette*, with his Cyclops eye, and removing his pipe to empty his glass, he said,—"Spect, Cappen, it's a *buoy* we want in such a rough sea." Whereupon, followed another roar of laughter.

Walter stood up, and put his face flat against the pane of glass, above the red curtain, and looked boldly into the kitchen, that they might see he was there, and know that he was listening. The man in the red cap, that the Lascar called "Captain,"—as soon as he perceived him, his mouth opened, as if by a spring! leaving his pipe in abeyance, and he looked as if he had seen a spectre: but suddenly commanding his countenance, he whiffed away double tides, merely kicking Nebo's ankle, and giving a telegraphic look towards the window.—The Lascar scarcely looked round, and affected to see nothing, when he did; but soon after, he stretched his arm above his head, and gave a terrific yawn.

"Hello! lass," said the man in the red cap, to the

host's daughter, who was basting the meat at the fire, as he pulled out, and consulted a large silver watch, tied with a short black, and much worn watch-ribbon,—"you must stir your stumps, or we can't wait for supper, for I know what these Autumnal storms are along this coast;—a broadside while they last, but soon over,—when it's *only* thunder, lightning, and wind; and there aint no rain for Mother Carey's chickens,—and I know *this* capfull of wind will be over in half an hour, or so; and then, we must be back to the 'Bonny Jane.'"

"Why—Lawr bless *me!* Captain Kibe, I thought when you ordered this here shoulder of mutton for supper, you said as you should sleep ashore again to-night?"

"Well, suppose I did, wench? d'ye think it's only women and wind, that has the right to change."

While Alice Avenel had her head towards him, the ladleful with which she was again about to baste the meat, being suspended, nearly tilted over.

"Ladle a-hoy!" roared out Captain Kibe; "back your starboard-arm, girl, or all the fat will be in the fire."

As she was about to return to her avocation, she caught sight of Walter's face, against the window-pane, and letting the ladle fall out of one hand, and slapping them both, as she exclaimed running to the door:—"Eh! gemini me!—if there aint young Master Selden, out in the gloaming—against the storm!—Walk in, pray, Master Walter?—and take an air of the fire?—and let me make you a cup of tea?—for you must be fairly starved in this hurly-burly,—it's been enough to draw the teeth of a sea-horse!"

"No tea, thank you, Alice,—for I must get back as soon as I can; but I'll wait a few minutes for the wind is already going down."

"Where may you be bound, young gentleman?" asked Kibe.

"Only to Field-Fleury," replied Walter, rather timidly; for, indeed, he had never spoken to so formidable a personage before.

"Whew!" whistled the Captain,—"*that's* nothing. I know a way through the Giant's Ear, (a cavern in the rocks so called), that would take you there in no time."

"I've heard of that place," said Walter; "but they say it's the hiding place of smugglers—and they've never let me go that way by day, and I should be afraid to do so at night."

"Afraid!—that aint a pretty word in a young gentleman's mouth; afraid's for girls: if Alice here will lend us a lantern, I'll pilot you myself, for that matter,—so will all three of us, my two mates as well."

"No,—no," said Alice,—"father will be back at nine, and he shall see Master Selden, home."

"Now, just mind your own business, lass, and hang out the lights."

"I *am* minding my business, Captain Kibe, for it *is* my business not to let Master Walter be forced into going that way, if he's afraid."

"Afraid, nonsense, Alice, I'm not afraid," said Walter, indignantly, for the word rankled in his heart, as Kibe intended it should.

"Of course not! for what is there to be afraid of? the deuce is in it —if *we four* could not be a match for any stray smuggler, we should meet, for they are sea-owls, that never fly in pairs."

Though goodness knows the association was anything but flattering, still Walter *did* feel flattered after the former imputation on his courage at the "*we four*," which classed his fifteen stripling years, with three such formidable and desperate-looking fellows as those before him.

"Come, come, give us the lantern, lass," re-urged Kibe, "and let it be the little bright one, and crowd sail; that

supper may be ready when we return ; for we shall be back in less than a quarter of an hour."

"Indeed, indeed, Master Seldon, you had better wait till father comes home, and not go by the cavern at this time of night."

"For that matter, Alice, I don't want any one to go with me, if you'll only lend me the lantern."

"No, no, dang it," said Captain Kibe, rising, and exchanging his red night-cap, for a sou-wester. "I ain't such a fair-weather chap as all that comes to, neither. I'll tow you safe into port, or I'll know why ? come, weigh anchor, you lubbers, and let's get underweigh."

In obeying this order, Walter remarked that Nebo clutched hold of the fair man, in a way that savoured more of force than friendship, and then they both stood abreast by the captain, who pushing them back, said :—

"All the world over, two is company, and three is none, so, if *you* please,—keep to yourselves, and, if the young gentleman will accept of my arm, I'll take care of him ;—but, stay,—*you* shall lead the way, Nebo, for, though you have but one eye, it *is* a piercer,—for I never knew such a cat o'mountain as you are, for seeing in the dark."

"Good night, Alice," cried Walter, turning back at the door, and though he would not have heard, or uttered the word fear, for the world,—he felt something very like it, when he stepped beyond the threshold out into the darkness once more, and passed his hand through Captain Kibe's arm, who could not have pressed it more tightly, had he been a lover.

"Good night, Sir," repeated the girl, and then returning to her culinary occupation, with a sigh, she said, "Eh dear, but I wish Master Walter had waited till father came back, for I don't half like the looks of those fellows, but still, —they'd never think of robbing a boy of that age,—for he couldn't have much money ; and hasn't even a watch to

tempt them; but for all that, I *don't* like it, and I'll make father step down to the Priory, when he comes in,—to see that he has got safe home."

The wind had already considerably abated, but the moon was still shrouded by clouds of inky darkness. When they had gone about a quarter of a mile, they stopped.

"This way,—mind your footing, youngster;"—said Captain Kibe, tightly grasping Walter's arm with one hand while, with the other, he held the lantern down to the edge of the cliff, in which a few rude, natural steps had been cut, leading down to the beach.—Cautiously and safely the two descended, and reached the sands, when Kibe, again holding up the lantern, Nebo, and his companion followed, but only to the centre of the flight, for disdaining the slow process of a step-by-step descent, they jumped the remainder, but, so violent was the concussion, that, on reaching the beach, both lost their balance, and rolled over; in doing which, Nebo's iron grasp of his companion, in his struggles to preserve his own equilibrium, involuntarily relaxed.

"Hallo! Dicky, where you be? tip us de daddle, ole fella."

But the gentleman so apostrophised, had only regained his feet to take to his heels, and echoing along the sands, in faint rivalry, to the pantings of the locomotive monster, or the railway above, for a few seconds might his footsteps be heard, and then, in the roar of the surge below, and of the steam-engine above, those minor sounds were completely lost.

"Te Tevil! here's a pretty race for me in de tark."

"Are you mad?" said Kibe; "it can't be helped. Let him go,—the Lawyer has got the invoice,—and we the money:—and the cargo warn't insured, so what the hurricanes is it to us? quick, unmoor the boat, you *did* bale her out this morning?"

"Surely, Sir, we have not to go in a boat, have we? and

it is so dark," said Walter; his deferential civility to Kibe, increasing with his fears.

"Only a little way," responded the latter.

"It's so very dark, I'd rather not; so, if you please I'll return."

"Will you so, my little dear?" said Kibe, immediately tying a handkerchief tightly over his mouth, while, in the same, presto, begone! manner, the Lascar, with a thick cord, pinioned his arms. The boy struggled violently, but in vain, for the Captain held him with both his hands, like a vice, while Nebo unmoored the boat, and, despite all poor Walter's resistance, he was flung, like a sand-bag, rather than lifted in, Kibe instantly resuming his grasp of him, as he seated himself beside him.

"All right," cried he: "push her off:" and the next minute, Nebo plied the muffled oars, and, the boat, light as a cockle-shell, on that heavy sea, seemed as if one moment it was steering for the clouds, and the next, going to dive to the depths of the ocean.

Poor Walter! He was reaping the harvest of mortal hopes, for, like Rachael, we are as often punished by the fruition of our short-sighted wishes, as disappointed by their failure. How often had he kicked against the pricks of his quiet safe life, and longed to go to sea; he *was at sea now*, with a vengeance! All Beatrice had ever said to him, on the score of content, and resignation to the divine will, rushed into his mind, and stood before his soul, like an accusing angel. He thought of the gentle tender Eva—of bright, brilliant Gemma, of Moses, who had never said, or done, an unkind thing to him; of his bustling, good-natured mother, ever anticipating his creature-comforts; of her son Robert, who was his polar star; of Tatters; of all Luther's mild admonitions, and kind levelling down to his youth, and fantasies; of his strange, solemn, little-known, distant grandmother; of dear, dear, Maresco, and all its inmates; of

good Mr. Langston; of his first and only Bucephalus, Punch; and even of cold, stringent, Mrs. Mornington, who, in her way, had always been kind to him; for, had she not stereotyped the Prophecy, of her conviction that he was "A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE!"

He thought even of Paul Windsor, with a regret, that never more should he give, or have another sixpence *to* give, him. And Poor Basket; from the first so kind, she would make no more quince manchets for him! and oh! he thought of the old sexton, and of poor Mabel; and from the depths of his heart he wished, he *had* passed the night on, or even in, her quiet grave; for any thing would have been better, than being out on that world of waters,—with those ferocious brutal-looking men,—and circled by darkness, as by an iron zone. As soon as the boat had pushed off, he had ceased to struggle against the fearful odds of Captain Kibe's muscles and sinews; from that out, the struggle was all internal.

"Feather your oars!" roared Kibe to the Lascar,—and then turning to Walter, he said—"You shall have perfect liberty, youngster, as soon as we get you under hatches, and if you want a sweetheart, I defy you to find a trimmer craft than 'The Bonny Jane;' and, as we are nearly alongside now, I'll haul down that maintopsail for you," added he, undoing the handkerchief he had tied over Walter's mouth.

"Thank you, Sir," said the latter mildly, delighted at regaining even that much liberty. "Where is 'The Bonny Jane' going to?"

"You mean, where is she bound for?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Sierra Leone."

"All the way to Africa!" groaned Walter.

"Why, what would you have? some folks are hard to

please; it's such a rich country, that it's called the Gold Coast,—and such a beautiful climate! that people seldom complain long *there*."

Walter made no answer, for he was sick at heart. And, in a few minutes more, they were under the bowsprit of The Bonny Jane of London.

Nebo rowed alongside, and piped a shrill blast from a boatswain's whistle. The next moment, the companion-ladder was lowered, and all hands were leaning over the side of the vessel,—for the whole crew, exclusive of Nebo and the Captain, consisted of but three able-bodied seamen, a mate, and a black cook.

"How am dis?" said the latter, as soon as Kibe, Walter, and the Lascar, had touched the quarter-deck, and the jolly-boat had been drawn up. "How am dis? dat him only one child—taught him was to hab two."

"Snow's apt to melt, you know, Cuffy; and the other was so plaguy fair, that he dissolved in our hands, slipped clean through our fingers."

"Ay, ay, Cappen, him mizzly night dis."

"Show this youngster to his berth, Cuffy," said the Captain; and then turning to Walter, he added—"This is my head cook, Mr. Tiberius Cæsar Cuffy, and such a clever fellow, that he can turn his hand amost to any thing. So he'll do for your lady's-maid, too, Master Selden: ha! ha! ha!"

Walter gave a furtive glance at the very unprepossessing countenances around him, as the light from the lantern gleamed upon them, and then his eyes rested, with a sort of confidence upon the substratum of good nature, which he discovered in that of the negro—whom he followed down below, to a small den off the cuddy, which he was told was his especial property, and indeed, it evinced a sort of hospitality, as preparations had evidently been made for him.

There was a trunk in it, perfectly new, with his name on it, containing a stock of clothes, of the plainest, not to say commonest, description,—but still a sufficient quantity, —and also a comb, brushes and a sponge, likewise quite new. This cabin was ten feet by eight,—containing a berth, a small washhand-stand, the aforesaid trunk, which being flat, also did duty as a table,—and a lamp,—which the negro now lit.

"How came these things here for me?" asked Walter, in much surprise.

"Askee no questions, and Cuffy tell'ee no lie. But askee for what him want, and Cuffy hab got, and Cuffy bring it. And him now go, and bring dis child's supper."

"Thank you, I don't want any supper," said Walter, sitting down on the trunk, and covering his face with his hands,—and truly, if the moral, as well as physical nausea be felt, *could* have been increased, it would have been so, when Cuffy returned with a mess of pea-soup, a lump of fat salt pork, and a tumbler of brandy and water. But, as it was some time before he could persuade Tiberius Cæsar to remove these delicacies, it is impossible to say which poor Walter most wished at the bottom of the sea, himself, or them. To describe the horrors! of that first night at sea, and many succeeding ones, would be utterly impossible; the *hopeless* misery of that young spirit prisoned there. The horrible combination of tar, bilge-water, and cooking; the atmospheric struggle between closeness and cold; the being overpowered with drowsiness, without the possibility of sleeping; the compulsory idleness, and the fruitless regrets, uncheered by the most distant ray of hope! Yet, in his way, the poor negro had done his best, by many little nameless attentions, which scarcely amounted to deeds, but which certainly *were* crumbs of kindness—all, he had in his power to bestow; for he had

even, on finding his food for the body so neglected, bethought him of food for the mind, and brought Walter the only literary treasure he possessed, in the shape of a large collection of lyrical, and amatory, ballads, in which he had invested innumerable half-pence, during his unhappy passion for the present Mrs. Finerty, and which *Ars poetica*, were all held together by being pierced through with a small iron skewer, as his own heart had been formerly transfixed by one of Cupid's darts.

But Walter had been so wretched, that he could not even pray, except on deck, and *there* he could not kneel, not from the fear of the ribald gibes, of those ruffianly-looking men, but because he felt it would be a sort of sacrilege to do so in their presence. One morning, when they had been about three weeks at sea—it was the last Sunday in the month, and Cuffy had brought him in his breakfast, and was about silently to depart, with his usual pantomimic shrug of compassion, when the boy said—

"You are very kind, Cuffy, in asking me what I'd like—there is one thing I really *should* like, if you could get it for me."

"If him not mashed moon, or star-soup, Cuffy make him, or Cuffy get him."

"No, not so difficult as that, Cuffy: it is a Bible I want, if you could get me one?"

"Oh lor! only tink of dat! a Bible on board Cappen Kibe's ship! A possum in a pulpit, or ear-rings to a rattle-snake, I guess a dam deal more likely. But stop!—what am dis child tinking of? Cuffy *hab* got Bible of him own, dat Massa Carew gabe him, when Cuffy was going—not be married—him all safe in him's chest, and Cuffy 'll bring him."

"Ah! poor Cuffy, it would be better to have the Bible in your heart, than in your chest."

"What for dat, Massa Selden?—Am not de Bible de book ob God?"

"Certainly."

"Den why for keep him in dirty black-hole, full of rubbish, like Cuffy's heart? No, no: Cuffy hab more respect for de Great Spirit dan dat come to; and so he keep him Bible, wid all him Sunday clothes; and best ting, in him's chest."

Walter could not help smiling at the poor negro's unpharisaical estimate of himself, and wished that Cuffy's lines had fallen in a pleasanter place, than on board Captain Kibe's ship. The poor African soon returned with the Bible, carefully enveloped in a fragment of "The Weekly Dispatch," strongly impregnated with tobacco. It was one of the Society's Bibles, plainly bound in brown leather, and in the fly-leaf was written—

"To Tiberius Cæsar Cuffy,
From Thomas Carew,
On Board The Hans Van Kelp,
Off Plymouth Sound,
This 12th Day of June,
18——."

Who—ever opened *that* book without lighting, as if miraculously, upon the very balm, proper to the identical wound, under which they were *then* suffering? the very prayer, suited to their own hearts' *actual* necessity—better than that heart could word it; as fervent as it could feel it! The Sacred Volume opened, of its own accord, at the Psalms for the day; and oh! *how* appropriate was the very first verse upon which Walter's eyes fell:—

"Send down thine hand from above: deliver me, and take me out of the great waters, from the hand of strange children."

And then, after he had read the lessons for the day, he read the whole history of Job twice over. Often, as he had heard fragmentary portions of that great chronicle of God's discipline, and God's mercy, and of human sorrow, and human faith—of which patience is but the slow, ripening fruit—never before, had he so pondered the facts in his heart; for never before, had he needed a pilot, and a chart, through an equally rocky, and fathomless, sea of affliction. But after, for the second time, he had laid down the book, he said aloud, as if he had been arguing the point with an invisible disputant:—

"Well, I *do* think, after all, that the greatest of Job's trials was his friends!"

Perhaps, Walter was right?

It might generally be observed by most persons, if they would look back into their lives, that perilous events, or afflicting catastrophes, are often preceded by some small joys, or trifling success, which are, as the issue proves, but the lull before the storm,—the breathing time, that fate allows, before the leap into, or over, some great gulf. On this last Sunday of the month, Tiberius Cæsar Cuffy was, perhaps, happier, and certainly quite as elated, as his imperial namesake had ever been, though from a very different cause. Nebo had caught a good haul of fish, and amongst them some prawns, which latter, Tiberius had made into a curry; and this curry Walter had praised, and *that*, in the most orthodox way in which a *Chef's savoir, can* be praised; *car, l'éloge se fait en mangeant;* and he had not only eaten, but eaten every bit of it. And Walter's own brief, halcyon pause, consisted in a few hours' calm and happy sleep, woofed with the kind faces, and green fields, that he had left, he feared, never to see again; in short, such sleep, and such dreams, as had not visited him, since his first incarceration on board the "Bonnie Jane." While he slept, the storm arose. It was blowing great guns,—the sea ran

mountains high; and, when not down on her beam-ends, the vessel pitched, as if the Furies had been playing at shuttlecock with her. Still Walter slept, as if he had been rocked in a cradle; but, about midnight, was effectually awakened, by all hands being piped aft, and Cuffy rushing in, and crying out, as he dragged him from his berth:—

"Turn out, Massa Selden!—run!—fly!"

"What on earth is the matter?" said Walter, hastily putting on his clothes.

"Him matter is—him ship hab got six feet of water in de hold; all hands at him pumps, 'cept dat dam rascal Nebo, who am drunk on de forecastle, smoking him pipe on de naphtha-barrel! and because dere am plenty water to put him out; s'pose in anoder minute, de ship will be on fire!"

Walter did not wait to hear more, but rushed on deck, where the scene was truly appalling! for, while he was yet making it, the negro's prediction had been fulfilled. The wind blowing a spark from Nebo's pipe, the naphtha had ignited,—the ship was one mass of fire, from the main hatch forward; for the naphtha had exploded, and the flames were running wild races round the doomed vessel! slaking their thirst for destruction, by licking up the wreck with their fiery tongues, as they went. The yells of the burning crew were terrific! from all, save the Lascar, who sat, like a grim ambassador from the King of Terrors, burnt to a black, crisp—char! his pipe, in horrible grotesqueness, calcined between his set teeth; but only the black outline of the man remaining, all life being burnt out.

Captain Kibe had lowered the life-boat, and he, and the mate, much singed, had jumped into it, regardless of Walter and the negro, the rest of the crew having shared the fate of the Lascar; and, as the sea of waves, and the sea of flames, contended for the mastery, the latter, ran fore and aft the vessel,—floating on the surface of the

water on deck, and washing over the spars, and bulwarks, with the motion of the ship. The main topmast sail now caught; and soon after, the foremast fell, and went over the starboard side, bringing down, in its fall, the maintop-gallant mast, all the sails having been previously burnt away.

The negro seized a life-preserver, and two pieces of spar, with one hand, and Walter with the other, and dragging him after him, jumped over-board, long before, what we have just described had taken place. Lit up with the riotous, rollicking flames of the burning ship, the giant lashings of the infuriated sea, were visible for miles; while the fearful shrieks of the storm-scourged winds, seemed a fitting requiem for the burning brig, which now went down stern foremost. Cuffy made an effort to hail the life-boat in which Kibe and the mate were being tossed by the combined fury of the elements; but hearing was out of the question, though seeing was easy enough, as long as the flames lasted; and, just before the brig went down, Kibe saw them, but made no effort to get near them, not that he could have succeeded if he had; but it would have been better for his own sake; for just as the darkness, in addition to all the other horrors by which they were surrounded, had again covered them as with an extinguisher—a mountainous wave came and engulfed the life-boat, which having no ballast, was too light to weather the buffeting of both winds and waves.

"Neber mind, Massa Selden, you hold on by me; we sink, or swim, geder; and after all, Goramighty am de best lifeboat."

"But I'm afraid, Cuffy, I shall only hinder your chance of saving yourself, without your being able to save me, and *my* life is of no value to any one."

"Nonsense, Massa Selden," said Cuffy; with his teeth taking out of his jacket-pocket, a silk pocket-hand-

kerchief, which he luckily remembered was there, and then, telling Walter to twist it tight, round both their arms, and tie it, in many hard knots, so as to bind them together.

"Now," said he, "you safe moored, and Cuffy hab him hands free; no more talkee, Massa Selden, say him prayers inside if him like, but no more talkee, him neber no good nowhere, and always pushes on danger still faster."

The whole of that fearful night, till he became insensible from cold, and exhaustion, and dangled from the negro, to whose arm he was tied, like part of the wreck, Walter *did* pray, not with his lips, but from his heart, and in his soul, Peter's prayer of

"HELP LORD, OR WE PERISH!"

Oh, that first blessed streak of dawning day, over that vast wilderness of waters! It came like the silver tip of an angel's wing, piercing through, and banishing darkness, and all its demon legion of terrors. The negro gave a loud shout, and with one hand shook Walter. "Come, come, Master Selden, rouse up; dat dam nigger of a night am gone at last, and here daylight come to see us; come, say good morning to it: 'taint civil no how, to go sleep when tompany tome."

Walter gave a faint groan, and, for a moment, opened his eyes, but the next, closed them again.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do wid dis poor child? Goramighty hab mercy upon us; not a sail, not eben a sea-bird; noting but salt, salt, salt and water, water, water, in dis great debil's soup-tureen. Ah, de parson say true, ebry ting am for de best (cept being in de middle ob de sea all night upon a spar), for if I had marry Missy O'Toole, pretty thing dis would hab been for my wife and family, but single man, him can go anywhere; nobody care where him go, and ebry body glad to see him, eben de fish; but Cuffy not going to call just yet, cause him prefer seeing dem at home, in him's own fryingpan, to

doing so in dis fernal wide fish-kettle." And so the poor ebony, laughing philosopher went on, endeavouring to keep death at bay, with gibes, till, as the now scorching sun got high, and *no* help appeared, and no hope of help remained, even his hardy spirit grew faint within him, and giving one wistful, and sorrowful, look at his helpless burden, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and said—

"Oh, Lor Goramighty, hab mercy upon dis poor child, and forgib Cuffy all him sins."

After which, he hung his head, resigned to the fate that now seemed inevitable, and remained passively floating upon the then calm sea, when, at the expiration of another hour, —oh! joy unspeakable! a speck on the horizon—could it be?—perhaps, it was only a bird, a rock, a buoy; yet, no! it nears—it is a sail! a sail! oh! how to make them see? The next moment, the negro, who, with his hope, felt all his strength, and all his courage revive, seized the collar of Walter's shirt, and tore it down, bringing up as large a fragment as he could, which was nearly half the garment; and this, he now continued to wave frantically above his head, but without any result. Tired, more from that most enervating of all things, disappointment, he for a time desisted from his efforts. But now the vessel was visibly nearing; so much so, that even with the naked eye, he could see that she was Dutch built, and had all sail crowded; again, he waved the flag of distress, and this time, had the extacy of being answered by a signal-gun.

"Hoorah!" shouted Cuffy, "rouse up, Massa Selden; Goramighty be praised! we hab gained de day, so England spects ebry man to do him's duty; boys, ob course, only half price, so you need only open one eye."

But the poor negro had all the jubilation to himself, for, had a park of artillery been discharged in Walter's ear, he would not have heard it.

"Neber mind, poor child, blankets, brandy, and doctor,

soon make him all right, for now I can see de jolly-boat lowering from dat good ship, and two men jump into it, Goramighty bless em! who eber am are." For the next quarter of an hour, Cuffy remained silent from breathless anxiety, as he watched the boat approaching, but as it neared, he gave a shout of delight almost sufficient to have capsised it, for who should one of the oars be, but Tom Carew.

"Hallo! Cuffy! old friend!—I never should have met you *here*, by appointment!—but it seems I'm always to find you wrecked, either on a widow, or a wave—hold on here," added he, taking one of the negro's hands, in both of his, while the other sailor did the same by the other hand; and, between them, they hauled him, and his insensible burden, into the boat.

"Tut! tut! tut!" said Carew, looking compassionately at Walter, as he untied the knots of the handkerchief that bound him to the negro—"poor lad! I fear this is a bad job!" Then, passing his hand inside his wet clothes, and keeping it a few seconds on his heart, he added—"No,—no,—there is life in the hold yet, and Dr. Vanderblitzen, will soon make it ship-shape."

While Carew had been ascertaining this, Cuffy had remained with his eyes, and mouth, wide open, listening breathlessly; but no sooner had the verdict been pronounced, than the poor fellow fell upon his knees, and, lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed—"Oh! Gor bless! and thank Goramighty, and Cuffy try and serb Him better den he hab eber done before."

During the poor negro's thanksgiving, both Carew, and the other sailor, who was also an Englishman, stood up, and took off their hats, remaining uncovered, with as much reverential deference, as if they had been in St. Paul's Cathedral, hierarched with bishops and archbishops.

When the prayer was ended, Carew said solemnly, and fervently,—"AMEN!"

Having laid Walter down at the bottom of the boat, and covered him over with a pilot-coat, taking off, and adding his own jacket to the wraps, he was about to sit down, and resume his oar, when Cuffy seizing his right hand, with *his* left, and bringing down his own right hand, with a tremendous slap on Carew's palm, said—

"Well!—how am you my hearty? how hab you been all dis time? and what ship am you sail in now?"

"Why, the Hans Van Kelp, to be sure;—I've made more prize-money on board her, than I ever did in all my life before;—so I'll stick to her like one of her own timbers, for the rest of my days, for it would be like deserting a friend that one owed everything to, to leave her, and that never shall be said of Tom Carew."

"Oh! chickey! dat am good! So Cuffy see again him dear ole fust lob; de Hans Van Kelp! and how am Cappen Van Millengen?"

"Oh! he's jolly!—just the same as ever.—But *you*;—you gay deceiver! you black rover! you, with your first loves, and your widows, and all the rest of it;—whose flag have *you* been sailing under?"

"De Debil's! Massa Carew—de Debil's!"

"But how came you to serve on board such a fire-ship as that?—I suppose you will say you were *pressed*;—that's what we all say, when we enter a bad service."

"Idleness, Massa Carew, him root ob all ebil. I shamed to go back to de Hans Van Kelp; so I do noting for long time, finding *dat* was business I was bery cleber at. Well, I was stanning one day, looking at de shipping, in St. Caterine's Dock; my hands in my pockets, dat him might hab someting in dem,—when de Debil comes up,—at least, Cappen Kibe;—it all one

consarn—and he say,—'Hello! Snowball, you likee go back Africa?'

"I shakee my head, and say—no,—not to *lib;* dere such dam low company dere. Kibe he roar like mad bull,—him laugh so loud."

"Ha! ha! ha! well he might," laughed Carew,—and Jack Brown, the other sailor.

"Den afer dat," resumed Cuffy, "him say—no,—not to lib, only for voyage,—but do you know anyting of Cookee?"

"Where *hab* you been raised?" I said, "not to hab heard of Tiberius Cæsar Cuffy, de best cook in de whole worl—and toder half ob creation beside?—and agin, de great beast him roar; for him hadn't no manners dat Cappen Kibe;—so my pride was up, to show him what stew-pans, and frying-pans *could* do;—and I consented to go out to Sierra Leone wid him.—But, as soon as we had sail, I found out what tarnel villain he was,—and his jackall, Nebo;—for you neber *know* any body, Massa Carew,—afloat, or ashore, till you *hab been in de same boat wid him.*"

"What! I suppose he turned out a Pirate, or a Filibusterer?"

"Oh! worse den dat;—Pirate not so bad; Filibusterer—fine fellow; but dis Cappen Kibe kidnap de peoples."

"A Slaver—eh?"

"No,—no,—worse den dat;—*dat,* all very well, niggers is made to be cotched;—but dis dam Kibe, he catchee de white man dat am not in de market.—Him anchor off Beechcroft for a week or ten days."

"Beechcroft!" interrupted Carew,—"why, next to Plymouth; that's *my* part of the world! You're a nice young man, Cuffy, not to bring me some tidings of my friends—the Bumpus's at Field-Fleury, and all the quality, up at Mornington Manor."

"Cuffy know noting bout dem, Massa Carew, for he neber leabe 'De Bonny Jane,' till she leab him, as you shall hear presently.—But after we tossee about for week, or ten days,—Cappen Kibe and Nebo, all de time ashore, —one debil ob a bad night, when him Tunder was cursing and swearing terrible!—dey come back to de ship, and bring dis poor child wid dem,—and oder man dey catch, —dey say gave em de slip;—Sarve em right, too."

Cuffy then gave a history of their voyage, up to the night of the wreck, and its horrors lost nothing, by his recital, for his sufferings made him graphic, and affliction, like truth, is always eloquent; for, as there is no physical beauty (because no such thing as grace) without strength, —neither is there any moral beauty, without *reality;* for the mock, is *always* the mean, whether in Sentiment or in Silver;—in Philanthropy (?) or in Pearls.

"How terrible!" said Carew, when the negro had ended his narration. "You have indeed, as we all have, ample reason to bless, and thank, the mercy of Providence! Cuffy.—And who? or what is this poor lad?"

"Don't know who, or what him is, only him not common child;—not poor man's child, see by him hands, and feet, and him ears, and hair, and him name is Massa Selden,—dat all Cuffy know."

"Selden! and you say that infernal rascal of a captain brought him from Beechcroft."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"And do you know if his christian name is Walter?"

"All right, sir;—dat de name dat was on de trunk wid de clothes, dat ternal tief of a Kibe had ready for him in de springe."

"Bravo!" shouted Carew, "then it *must* be the young gentleman at Moses Bumpus's school, that Bob is so fond of; and I shall have the satisfaction of taking him back to them, poor fellows: a nice state they have been both in, I

warrant this last month. I hope that rascally Captain Kibe is *not* drowned, that I may have the pleasure of living to see him hanged."

"Fair and softly, Massa Carew," rejoined Cuffy, winking his right eye, laying his forefinger beside his nose, and then pantomimically counting money into his left hand, as he added, "depen upon it, dere some grander debil grease Kibe's paw, to doee dis fernal work."

"Very likely," said Carew, tossing his head, "for, as this world goes, there would be no such things as *tools*, if there were not masters of the craft to use them. But I'll sift this piece of rascality, and my name's not Tom Carew; if I *don't* find it out somehow, though all the gold in England should be made into gags, and all the titles, into traps."

"For where am de dear ole Hans bound?"

"Homeward, for Amsterdam; we must put in there for a week, and then we sail for London, which is lucky, for I shall be able to run down to Field-Fleury, with this poor young gentleman, and I could dance without music at the thought of their faces! when they see him again. Ah! Cuffy, it's only we fellows, whose paths are on the deep, and whose roof is the sky, who know, and *feel*, HOW GREAT, AND HOW GOOD, GOD REALLY IS."

"Cuffy second dat motion, Massa Carew, wid all him heart, and all him soul, and all him gratitude."

Here they came alongside of the good ship, when Cuffy gave three such cheers, as almost shook the sails, and brought all hands to that side of the vessel.

"Darned!" cried the boatswain, who was an American, "if Carew ha'nt got our old nigger cook, Cuffy, thar; why Cuffy! where have you been all this time? up a gum-tree, with the other members of your family, eh?"

"No, Massa Pyke, Cuffy been raber poorly lately, specially dis last night, when him had a *water bed*, wid fire fixins, but don't like it nohow."

The crew set up a roar, in which Captain Van Millengen, and the doctor joined, but no sooner had he set foot on the deck of the Hans Van Kelp, than the negro knelt down and kissed it, and then asked for a glass of "Heben and earth," as he called Amsterdam Curaçoa, to drink it's, the captain's, and the crew's, health, and, while the latter gathered round Cuffy to hear his yarn of the wreck, Carew carried Walter down below, followed by Dr. Vanderblitzen, who lost no time in laying Walter on his face, having him well rubbed with brandy and salt, then putting him into a warm bath, and afterwards, into hot blankets, from the genial warmth of which, his suspended animation soon returned, sufficiently, to enable him to enjoy some capital coffee, and make an excellent breakfast; after which, the doctor issued a veto, in high Dutch, of which Carew gave a free translation; the purport being, that Walter might, for indeed he ought, to say his prayers, and thank Providence but, that after that, he was not to utter another word, but to turn round, and go to sleep, and not let Dr. Vanderblitzen, hear of him for the next twelve hours; and truly "a skilful leech," was that said Dr. Vanderblitzen, as in duty bound to be, for his maternal grandmother, a German lady, had been a daughter of Dr. Boerhaave's, and, among other relics, that Vanderblitzen possessed of that great man, was that *real* "curiosity of literature," the original letter of the Chinese Mandarin, who had directed it—

"To Boerhaave,
The Celebrated Physician,
Europe."

Which, as Dr. Vanderblitzen never stirred anywhere without, was now framed and glazed, hanging up in the state-cabin of "The Hans Van Kelp."

CHAPTER XI.

A Geometrical Problem.

OH! the Heaven, of escaping from such a night of suffering and of peril, and finding oneself in a place of safety and comfort, with a kind face watching over one. Walter enjoyed this never-to-be-forgotten luxury, when he awoke about eight o'clock in the evening, on board "The Hans Van Kelp," and found Carew sitting beside him. Then he heard, and remembered, all he had gone through, and all he had escaped, and, without shame, or hindrance, the tears coursed down his cheeks, when he was told of poor Cuffy's devotion, and independent of the great liking (to say nothing of gratitude) that he had taken to Carew's honest, frank, and rather handsome face, when it came out, in their mutual revelations, that Bob, was Carew's greatest friend, long before they arrived at Amsterdam; during the additional fortnight they had to pass at sea, this liking ripened into a sincere friendship.

"Well! how oddly things *do* come about, to be sure, sir," said Carew, the night before they reached Amsterdam, as Walter was walking the quarter-deck, enjoying the

fresh night air, and magnificent moonlight. "You've heerd talk, I suppose, Master Selden, of Ned Bumpus, Bob's brother, that went to foreign parts to finish his eddication as a painter?"

"Oh! to be sure, I've *seen* one or two of his paintings that his mother has. I think they were well done, but such ugly things, pigs, and cabbage-stalks, and soap-suds."

"Ah! just so," laughed Carew, "*that's* what the artists call 'the Dutch School,' doing the picter of the ragamuffen end of nater, I call it. Well, Ned Bumpus, when he left home, five or six years ago, went to Germany, and It'ly, and Spain, and all sich like places, where all the finest picters is to be seen, for them as understands them; and he winds up with Holland, settling at Amsterdam, where he's got on like anything, from doing on the *Vrows* picters, and *their* faces *is* something similar to cabbages, and Dutch baby's ai'nt by no means unlike little roasting-pigs, so ye see sir, it's all in Ned's line."

"Oh, I am so glad! I shall be Bob's brother, and be able to tell them all about him, for I shall write to my grandmother, and all of them, the moment we land; and say, that you have been so very kind as to promise to take me down to Pencridge first; so they will not see me at Field-Fleury immediately. And will you," added he, lowering his voice; "find out what I owe Captain Van Millengen? for *I*, don't like to do so, but as far as the money goes, I'm *sure* my grandmother will pay it."

"There ain't no occasion for that, sir, for there's nothing *to* pay."

Nor was there, Carew having taken care to settle everything with Captain Van Millengen.

"Nothing to pay?" said Walter, rather incredulously; "oh, but there *must* be, how is that?"

"Tain't the custom to make people pay when they are shipwrecked, sir; it's considered, that they've paid quite dearly enough already; you never heerd tell of Jonah having any bill to pay, when he put up at the Whale Hotel, did you, Sir?" asked Carew, turning away (under the pretext of flinging a bit of biscuit overboard) to hide the smile that was on his face.

"Ah! ah! I'm up to you *now*, Master Carew, and I'll be even with you."

The next morning, when they sailed into Amsterdam, and Walter was looking with all the eager curiosity which novelty ever excites in the young, at the portly burgo-master, Dutch villas, with their *Tuilerie* roofs, and their formal, but rich, gardens, all along the bank of the Grand Canal. Carew pointed out one to him, with green flower-pots, intersected by statues all along the terrace, with steps leading down into the water, against which, a plea-sure-boat, with a gay red, and purple silken awning, was moored. The house, in the rear of this garden, was of a moderate size, but thoroughly Dutch in its architecture and colouring, being of the most plethoric-looking red brick, with stone-copings, and the steps leading up to the hall door, had handsome stone balustrades on either side. And on the very green, and closely-shaven, lawn, circled by a very red, and well-kept gravel walk, a fine, fat, well-to-do, care-for-nobody, Spanish pointer, was rolling on his back, and literally kicking up his heels, while he appeared to be playing at ball, with a little Dandy Dinmont terrier.

"There, Master Selden, *that's* Ned Bumpus's house, where them two dogs is a playing."

"Oh, indeed, why he must be well off, to have such a good house as that."

"Ay, ay, he's well off enough, for all Amsterdam gets their picters done by him—as I tell him, no wonder as he

gets on,—when all the big-wigs lend him their countenance."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Walter; "I'll just go down and get that French book, Dr. Vanderblitzen gave me—Amsterdam is the very place to read it in."

"What is it, Sir?" asked Carew, following him down into the state cabin.

"*La Tulipe Noire*, by Dumas; here it is, now I'm ready."

"You'll *ex*cuse me, Master Selden," said Carew, putting his back to the door, and looking rather foolishly first at the inside and then at the outside of his hat, which he kept turning in his hands; "but you can't go ashore in that toggery of the doctor's; the sleeves is a mile too long for you, and makes you look like Scaramouchia in the Carnival at Naples. I've sent for a tailor, who keeps ready-made clothes, to bring wherewithal to rig you out; he'll be here in less than half-an-hour, Sir, and we must make a Dutchman of you, before we can let you land."

"Oh, how very, *very* kind of you," said Walter, colouring; "but, indeed, I cannot allow you to be at all this expense for me. So, I think I had better stay on board, till Captain Van Millengen sails for England."

Carew put his hat before his face, and burst into a perfect roar of laughter, and then wiping the tears out of his eyes, with the back of his hand, said—

"I beg your pardon, Sir, he—he—he—" and here another explosion; "but I *raley* can't help it, just at the bare notion of your travelling down into Staffordshire in that trim! through England! of all countries in the world, where everything, as people think, say, do, wear, eat, drink, feel, or don't feel, must always be struck off *eg*zact, out of the block machinery of Mister and Missus, everybody else's sayings and doings, or out comes the branding-

irons to mark them as odd, mad, bad, or when they mean to do the thing civil, *heck*-centric. It was only yesterday as I read in a Devonshire paper, of an old market ooman, as lived to the age of a hundred and one, and though the paper had just been a stating, what a cute, clever old dame she was; and how she'd all her faculties taut to the last, and how well she bought and sold, and managed her own affairs; if that ere Jack-ass of a paper didn't finish her off with—'There can be no doubt that she was *very heck*-centric, for at the hour that other country-people drank tea, *she* always drank cyder; a custom she continued to the day of her death.' They ain't so particular to a crime or two, or to a ship-load of crooked ways; but *outside!* there mustn't be no mistake in the log; ha! ha! ha! oh dear! oh dear! I just think I see you, Sir, a going through England in that trim, unless it was Guy Fawkes day. Why they'd take you for a thayatrical bear, Sir, and I should have to take out my fiddle for you to dance to; and if so be as they caught sight of you in the Potteries, you'd see yourself on all the beer-jugs, and shaving-mugs, for the next ten year to come."

"Well, I know I am a very ridiculous figure," laughed Walter; "but I thought, perhaps, you could lend me a cloak to throw over me, till I got to Pencridge."

"No,—no, hang cloaks, when people are ashamed of any thing, let them alter it, I say; and no cloaks,—not but what *they* are very much in fashion, just now,—there aint nothing *heck*-centric about *them*."

"But," said Walter, not laughing now, but with the tears in his eyes, "it does seem too hard upon you, to put you to so much much expense. I know of course, that my grandmother, will pay for my clothes, but she says she's not rich, and that makes me fear that neither she, nor I, ever *can* repay *you*, all we owe you, and poor Cuffy, too."

"Ah! Master Selden, Master Selden," cried Carew;

shaking his head very gravely, "I'm sorry,—*very* sorry, to hear you talk in such an unchristian fashion. I should have hoped Moses Bumpus would have brought you up better, I am sure Bob would."

"Unchristian! oh *don't* say that, Carew."

"If you persist in talking after such a fashion as *that*, sir! I'll say it, and I'll think it; for I should think the Bible *ought* to know.—And what does *that* say?" added he, taking one off the table, opening it at the parable of "The good Samaritan," and thrusting it almost savagely under Walter's eyes.

"Ah! but," smiled the latter, laying his hand upon Carew's arm, and looking up affectionately into his face—"I didn't fall among thieves."

"I did'nt say as you did, but I'm sure," whimpered Carew, hastily dashing his hand across his eyes:—"*you* seem to *think* you have, Master Walter, when you suppose as we'd let you go without clothes, which is *quite* as bad as stealing on em, if so be as you'd had any *to* steal."

And here, he shook his head, and hitched up his trousers, as if *that* logic was unanswerable, and conclusive.—

Walter put both his hands on Carew's shoulders, and shaking him, said, with a laugh, to hide his tears,—"you rascal, you *did* steal my clothes, for I saw you with my own eyes throw them overboard, and therefore you *must*, and *shall* give me some new ones."

"Hoorah! three cheers far Master Selden, *now* you talks sensible, sir,—and there's some pleasure in listening to you —and—"

But here, a knock was heard at the cabin-door. It was the tailor with one of his men, carrying a large bale of clothes of every description, hats inclusive, for he was a sort of Dutch "Moses, and Son," was Myneheer Killenhappick, who did not confine his genius to any one branch of the art of personal adornment. But though the linen, and under-

garments he brought, did very well, yet, alas! not any of the outer, could be found to fit; from the national superiority of the generality of young Dutchmen, being more fully developed than that of young Englishmen. In despair, (but *Dutch* despair, which is very quiet, and orderly), at finding his usually successful measures, so much at fault; Killenhappick told Carew, that if the young gentleman could only give him till nine the next morning, he would turn him out the very tulip of fashion, and lath of form!

Which being interpreted to Walter, he said he would wait, till then, with pleasure, and indeed, should be very glad to remain that day quietly on board to write to his grandmother, Moses, and Luther. This point settled, Carew went on shore, and telegraphed to Lloyd's the wreck of "The Brig Bonny Jane of London," Captain, Kibe, bound for Sierra Leone, Freight, Naphtha, and Hides, on the night of the 31st of August, when all hands on board had perished. He had his own reasons for this not quite accurate intelligence. For, more than suspecting, that there was some conspiracy against Walter, he rightly thought, that, the best way of unravelling it, would be, to let those concerned in it, suppose their villainy had taken irrevocable effect.

Though on shore, Carew resolved, not to go to Edward Bumpus's, till Walter accompanied him *à l'improviste;* for he knew, that if apprised of his advent, the painter would turn his house out of the windows to receive him: as well he might; for, (though Walter ignored the fact, and had, therefore, no merit in it,) it was to him, that he owed his present position. So the honest Tar employed his time in going from shop to shop, making purchases, of presents for Walter to take back to England, to his friends as souvenirs of his unexpected trip to Holland, and guessing, to the best of his ability, what the individual tastes of these different friends might be; for, though he fully in-

tended putting a purse with money in it, in one of the pockets of Walter's new clothes, as he was pretty sure he'd never touch it, he thought he had better make the purchases for him, himself, and, when made, he could not refuse them. Lady Clairville's offering, was easy enough, consisting of rare flower-seeds and bulbs. And, at an old book-stall, he was fortunate enough to despatch Mrs. Mornington, Luther, and Moses Bumpus, in one swoop, having lit upon an old black-letter Bible, minus one iron clasp, and the autograph of "*John Cauvin,*" *Noyon, June* 15, 1542, in the fly-leaf. This he intended for the former: and knowing that Moses's taste in Greek books, chiefly depended upon their external dilapidation, he selected an Enchiridion, the parchment of which, was in the last stage of atrophy, while, for Luther, aided by the Bibliographer's erudite counsels, he chose that really valuable *little big* book the

Sive
NOMENCLATOR
BIBLICUS HEBRÆO LATINUS.
of ANTONIO HULSIO ECCLESIÆ GALLO-BELGICÆ
QUÆ BREDÆ EST, PASTORE ET
LINGUÆ SANCTÆ PROFESSORE
BRED Æ
EX OFFICINA JOHANNIS A WAESBERGE
TYPOGRAPHI TURATI 1551.

But then came Walter's grandmother, and Moses's mother! Many a man, has been puzzled in his choice, between two *young* women; but two old ones! with a wish to please *both,* seemed too hard a problem for poor Carew to solve; for, looking round at all the ponderous tomes, he shook his head, and said:—

"No, no—that won't do, there aint nothing *here* in *their*

way." At last, hearing a clock strike twelve, he was struck with the happy thought of getting a *real* Dutch clock! for Mrs. Bumpus, and a case of liqueurs for Mrs. Selden: as he decided in his own mind that most old women liked to "know the time of day,"—and that no old woman disliked the *entente cordiale*, when it came in the shape of liqueurs.

Oh, Tom Carew! oh, Tom Carew! verily *you* would have been thought *very "eccentric"* in your own country, to take such pains to please the belongings of a ship-wrecked boy, who, as they say in England, had "NO CLAIM UPON YOU!" which, being interpreted, means, that there was no legal power to compel you to do him any good, and no motive of *interest*, by which *he* could benefit you, if you did. Yet truly the Anglo-Saxons, in transferring the word eccentric to their social, or rather *unsocial* code, still apply it in its strictly geometrical sense; for in either case, is it not always used in reference to two circles, which have *not* the *same centre;* and, therefore, are not parallel? Consequently, those who act kindly, and consider the feelings of others, *try* to give pleasure, and avoid giving pain, *must* ever be of a different moral circle to those who do the very reverse, and, both geometrically, and socially, *double eccentricity*, consists in the distances between the two soci of an ellipsis; therefore, *doubly* eccentric are those, who *practise* Christianity between the two soci of Cant, and Conventionality, which form the ellipsis of English society. But to go on with our geometry, there is something really geometrically beautiful! in the way in which CANT is graduated with us; for nothing can exceed our Social cant, but our political; and nothing our political, but our literary; while our judicial cant so far outstrips them all put together, that it is as a mighty Niagara! compared to a street-gutter. Such being indisputably the case, the *Lex universa est quæ jubet nasci et mori*, is the only law, that any sensible person would ever consult.

But extremes meet, and owing no doubt to the sympathetic attraction of all graduated cant, while the vices seem to have taken a long lease of the higher and lower orders of the *haute Volée*, and the *Canaille ;* the virtues have fled to the middle classes in England, where they apparently find themselves so congenially lodged, that they are not likely to quit their present quarters. There is a great pother about education just now ; indeed, it is *one* of the public claptraps of the day ; but two very important branches of it are as little understood, and as far from being cultivated, as ever ; namely, good manners, and good cookery ; for which reason the English lack the great art of making either their kindness or their viands palatable ; and in whatever want a poor wretch may be of either, they find both a tough morsel. What painters call the ordonance of a picture, consists in the grouping, and of *little touches*, which raise and harmonize the whole. And it is precisely the same in the great original of life, from which they copy. *Little* things are the rivet of *every* virtue, the balm of *every* kindness. *Politesse du Cœur* in fact, which is what gives the *consideration of forethought* for the feelings of others, being the secular paraphrase of the great Christian *Taoli* of "Do, UNTO OTHERS, AS YOU WOULD, THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU."

It is said, that when any of her sons were about to marry, the ex-queen of the French, with that genuine goodness that belongs to her in all things, used to send persons to bring back a facsimile of the apartments her intended daughters-in-law, were in the habit of occupying ; which she used to have copied with all their arrangements, down to the most minute detail, to these were super-added all the luxury of the Tuileries ; but the *effect* on entering, was that of their own old familiar rooms.—What a charming ! and *delicate* way of making them feel that they had *not* left their HOME ! Would an English

person have ever dreamt of such a thing? Yes, when it was known that a queen had so acted, this kind of amiability, would *then* have become the fashion,—and been followed *as a fashion*, over every five-barred gate in the kingdom, down to the poorest farmhouse. But no one would ever have *originated* such a notion, much less such a *feeling*. *Car, toutes les belles pensées viennent du cœur;* and indeed, the sub-stratum of all English ideas being monetary; the idea would have been, had there been one on the subject, that coming from a petty German court, the bride ought to be only too happy to find herself surrounded by so much additional splendour. What a pity it is, that there is no moral gymnasium; where hearts might get a little more developed than fashion, conventionality, and selfishness, allow them to be with us. But a people who make it a *merit*, and a boast, that they are *not* demonstrative, must of necessity, compress all natural feelings; as the Chinese do natural feet; till, in both instances, they become little hideous unnatural contractions.

But as Tom Carew had no thumb-screw conventionalities to warp, or repress, the right good nature Providence had given him, he allowed it to jog on in its own way, without let or hindrance, and always followed it. So now, as he went along, whistling in his way back to "The Hans Van Kelp," he espied in a shop-window, a magnificent display of gorgeous coloured ribbons, which made the window look as if a whole forest of Loories, and Birds of Paradise, were spreading their wings to the sun. For a second or two, he stopped to gaze on his own account. But suddenly, he thought of his old sweetheart, Alice Avenel, or, at least, *one* of his old sweethearts, for a man who had been nearly all over the world, was too much a man of the world, and knew too well what was due to "*gen*teel life," not to have more than *one* string, or at least more than one apron-string to his bow. So he thought

what a sensation a few of these ribbons would make at "the Mermaid!" and the thought terminated in an exclamation of—

"Dashed! if Alice *shan't* be dressed in colours for Master Walter's return,—for she begged and prayed, of him not to go with that devil's Port-Admiral, Kibe."

So saying, he entered the shop, and to the great delight of the *Vrow*, who officiated behind the counter, bought six different ribbons, but enough in quantity, to trim six dozen caps, choosing the colours, all with reference to Alice's fine dark hair. But, as we said before, so many superfluous yards, of each, that the delighted Vrau Janssens Non Papa thought, as she measured them, that the English women must have *even* a more voluminous taste in dress, than the Dutch.

The next morning, Mynheer Killenhappick, was punctual to the minute, as the Dutch clock which Carew had bought for Mrs. Bumpus *mère*, was striking nine; and, as he had forgotten nothing that could complete the out-fit, or swell the bill, Walter was soon completely transmogrified; and, seeing his *own* work in the metamorphose, the Amsterdam Sartor, was by no means sparing of his eulogiums; while Carew, more modest, looked on, in a sort of silent, editorial admiration. Killenhappick, viâ the former, told Walter, that he would find two pairs of gloves in the right-hand trouser-pocket. He did so, and also found a purse, containing five gold pieces, and some guelders. On making the discovery, he shook his head at Carew,—but said nothing, resolving not to return it, till his grandmother had added to the contents, what he considered at least, the amount of his debt, to his generous friend."

"Come, Master Walter," said the latter, who was also in his holiday-gear, "let us be off,—you look as the Yankees say, 'fust chop!' and for a Dutchman, Killenhappick hasn't done badly.—I'm sure, you must long to

smell the flowers, and feel the earth under your feet again; and won't Ned be glad to see us! that's all."

Walter made but two bounds from the cabin-door, to the deck; the boat was lowered, and in they jumped; Carew rowing to the garden-steps of the painter's house.

"Is this the life-boat?" asked Walter.

"No,—this is the jolly-boat; and as I dare say you've found out already, Master Selden,—a life-boat,—is any thing but a jolly-boat!"—and, for a moment he looked grave.

"Well, I don't know," said Walter, slapping the knee of his companion's dazzling white Russia ducks;—"I think I'd *almost* compound for another shipwreck, to fall in, with two such capital fellows as you, and poor Cuffy."

"Thank you, sir;—but I think after all, *I* had the best of that last storm,—to get such Jetson and Flotson, as you, and my old shipmate,—poor Lilywhite!"

"Jetson!" repeated Walter, not exactly understanding the two sea terms of,—Jetson, and Flotson,—as meaning part of a ship's cargo, cast overboard in a storm.—"Do you know her?—there is a Miss Jetson, an old maid, at Twaddleton."

"Lawr! bless you! no, sir,—old maids ain't in my line; —*I* don't know her, nor don't want *to*.—But here we are, at Ned's," added Carew, putting up the oars, mooring the boat, springing out, and offering his hand to Walter, to help him to land,—who made but one spring, from the boat to the terrace.

"Oh! oh! how delicious!" exclaimed he, inhaling with a long respiration, the breath of flowers, with which the air was redolent.—"Those dear darling spicy clove carnations, too! if I shut my eyes, I could actually fancy myself back at Maresco!"

"What! like it better than the smell of tar and bilge-water; do you sir?" said Carew, with a wink; "well,

that *is* odd; but there's no accounting for taste, as the English gentleman said, when he saw the Crocodile a lunching off of his Arab servant's grandmother." On the upper lawn before the door, they were greeted by Sancho, the fat pointer, and Mop, the terrier, who were again at their gambols.

"Is your master within, Dow?" asked Carew, of a stolid-looking servant, who, hearing strange voices, had come to the open door, and who looked as if his life was one obese, impotent struggle, against the natural reprisals, to his own aggressions, on beef, red-herrings, schiedam, and tobacco."

"Ya,—ya," replied he, in that peculiarly euphonious language, high Dutch;—"he is up in his studio, hammering away, at the Vrau Vanschlawshenberghn,—he can't get the right tint of red for her hair."

"Then," said Carew, "he should do her in water-colours, and put out the fire at once."

Dow didn't laugh, for his muscles were not flexible enough for that; but he gave a dyspeptic grunt, and stroked his stomach as if he thought it something good, and asked if he should go and tell myneheer?

"No,—no,—let the ox ruminate, and don't disturb the shoal.—I know my way up, and would rather take him by surprise."

Up they went; up a good broad, flat, old-fashioned staircase, Carew gently opening a door on the right hand, at the first landing, and they found themselves in a large, lofty, agreeably-shaded room, hung with some original gems of the Flemish school, and some admirable copies of others,—more especially of one or two Teniers, and Wouvermans,—and one Scalkin—in which, the effect of the candlelight, against the woman's face, who was shading it with her hand, was really a *chef-d'œuvre*.

Among the portraits, was one without a frame, (a copy

from Titian,) of Francis the First, which might have passed for one of Carew;—seeing that Walter thought so, as he looked from it to him, he said:—

"Ah!—allowing for the difference of the dress;—it *is* thought like,—I suppose *I used* to wear that sort of hat, and feather, when I was King of France; but I can't afford it now, I've come down in the world."

Walter was about to burst out laughing, when the other put up his finger to his kingly nose, which certainly looked, as far as *it* was concerned, as if he had descended from a *long line* of kings; and said "hush!" and with his right hand pointed to a door at the other end of the room, and walked down to it,—leaving Walter to look at the pictures. Gently opening this door, Carew put in his head.

"Hello! Jack Rosinscrape! this *is* a treasure-trove!" cried the artist, turning (nothing loath), away from the Vrau Vanschlawshenbergem, and hastily transferring his brush, and stick to his pallet-hand as he held out the other to Carew, and said:—"Well, you *are* a trump! old fellow, to turn up in this way."

"How are you, Ned?" said the other, cordially wringing the hand held out to him. "Now if you had called me a brick! I might have helped you in your hairdressing;—ha! ha! ha!—well, she's a beauty!—she is; but I shan't steal her for a figure-head, neither.—But, I say, Ned!"—added he, lowering his voice, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder, at the door at his back—"I'm not alone this time; who do you think I've got with me?"

"Why, your wife, perhaps?"

"You be ——! Wife indeed! What! Molly Carew! eh?"

And he sang out, in his fine voice, a verse of Lover's charming song, ending with the *refrain* of

"For it's thinking of *you* I am, Molly Carew."

And then added, shaking his head—

"No—no! *My* wife's 'The Hans Van Kelp;' and the old girl is now in the harbour, all by herself, while I've come ashore for a spree; for that's what wives are made for; at least, so most of their masters seem to think, poor things! Guess again, Ned. Can't?—eh? Well, neither more nor less than your patron saint."

"What! Clemens de Witt, the burgomaster?"

"Clemens de Fiddlestick! I mean the foundation-stone, upon which you have built Amsterdam. Why, Master Selden, man! your brother Moses's pupil, that Bob got him."

"Master Selden! why where, in the name of wonder, did *you* meet with *him?*"

"I didn't meet with him. I found him '*out for the night, without a latch-key,*' in the middle of the sea. But *that's* too long a story for *before* dinner, Ned (for we are come to dine); and it will take a deal of spirits, I can tell you, to counteract the effects of so much water, to say nothing of your best bottle of wine—for the 'Patron.'"

"*That,* both he and you, shall certainly have; but where is he, Tom?"

"In the next room—a-learning '*depth*' and '*breadth,*' in '*The Dutch School,*'" said Carew, making a comically prim face, as he seated himself, and spread himself out pantomimically on the chair, as if he had had petticoats on, and then began fanning himself affectedly with his hat.

"Dear me!" cried the artist, hastily disencumbering himself of his palette and brush, taking down a black velvet coat and *barrette,* that hung on a peg; inducting himself into the former, and putting the other on his head;—in short, *improvising* a *toilette d'artiste.* "Dear me! how rude to leave him there! and yet," looking down at his feet, "I've only got my slippers on. Just let me run up stairs and put on my boots?"

"No now," said Carew, detaining him by the skirts of his black velvet coat. "You'll only put your foot in it, if you do; and, *I assure* you, you're *unkimmen!* as it is, specially about the head! That 'ere cap only wants a feather in it, to be the ditto of what I used to wear when I was King of France; but I've moulted since I've been to sea, or I'd lend you one, Ned."

Without more ado, they walked into the next room, the artist taking off his cap, and bowing most respectfully to Walter, while Carew officiated as master of the ceremonies, by exchanging their names. But Walter, with a degree of grace, and intuitive good breeding, came forward, and put out his hand, telling him how glad he was to know him, as he had such a regard for his mother and both his brothers, who had all been so very kind to him. Forgetting that Walter knew nothing about it, Edward Bumpus was going to stammer out, that the obligation was all on their side, which Walter prevented, by expressing his great admiration of the pictures; he never having before seen any higher specimens of art (with the exception of one or two Correggios and Murillos, at Maresco, and the family portraits, and picture of "The White Turk," Oliver Cromwell's horse, at the Manor) than Ned's own early effort, perpetuated in the sign of "The Top Boot and Horns," that still swung over his mother's door in the Priory Close.

After they had examined all the pictures in the large room, and their owner had explained them to his guests, he took them into his studio. The first thing that attracted Walter's eye, was a small, unframed portrait of his old friend, Bob, sitting in a chair, one finger raised,

"Like Mars, to threaten and command,"

superintending Tatters' juvenile education, while the latter, was sitting upon his hind legs, a short pipe in the corner of his mouth, one piece of meat upon his nose, and another

"keeping the promise to the eye, and breaking it to the heart," held up, in his master's left hand. In short, a finer impersonation of a canine Tantalus could not be.

"Oh! Tatters and your brother, Robert! How *very* like!" exclaimed Walter.

"Yes: it's a thing I did from memory. I'm glad you think it so like."

"I never saw *such* a likeness. How I *should* like them to see it! I'm sure even Tatters would know it, and snap at the meat."

"I'm sure, Mr. Selden, if you would kindly take charge of it, I should be too glad to send it to Bob."

"Oh! thank you, *that* I will!"

"May I ask, sir, what hour you would like to dine?"

"At whatever hour you are in the habit of dining."

"The Amsterdam feeding time," said Carew, answering for him, "is three o'clock."

"Just the hour I like," said Walter, to settle the matter.

"Then I'll go, and order dinner at that hour," rejoined the host, "on hospitable thoughts intent."

"You'll do no such thing," put in Carew, interposing main force. "Just ring, and tell that nice, light porter of yours, Dow, that you'll dine at three, and that Master Selden is going to do you the honour, and I'm going to have the honour of dining with you; and take my word for it, he's not the sort of right-minded Christian to let starvation come within a hundred miles of the house."

"But, my dear Tom?" remonstrated the artist, making another effort to leave the room.

"But me, no buts; for if you don't quietly stay where you are, I'll just *cut the painter*, and go back and dine on board."

That threat was effectual, so Dow was summoned. But there was a long interval between the summons and the appearance, as long, as if a turtle at the London tavern

had been rung for, and expected to walk upstairs; for the locomotive powers of the two animals were about equal. When, however, Dow *was* visible on the horizon, and told that his master expected two guests to dinner; the ghost of a sparkle, mild and limped, might have been seen haunting each pale, verdant eye, as if a spirit-rapper had suddenly evoked a whole orgy of disem*bottled* Schiedam; for there was not in all Amsterdam, a more hospitable man (at his master's expense) than Roderich Dow, for additional guests were to him, only a gastronomic problem, to be solved by the synonyme of additional food; and though he could, with a safe conscience, have taken his oath that he had never heard of Lucullus, let alone the chamber of Apollo, as there was evidently not a single Apolline affinity about him—yet, no man on that side of the Scheldt, knew better what was due to his master's credit, touching feasting; or to the requirements of his guests, touching fasting; as, indeed, the dinner that day proved, when they sat down to it, and right merry were the trio over it. After dinner, the artist produced several burly, rotund, long, thin-necked flasks, that smacked of Florence and of Venice. The Montepulciano, Walter liked, for it was some of the best out of the Corsini cellars. But he paid dearly, as most persons do, for his eagerness to taste the Falermian, and with a very wry face, wondered how Horace *could* tell such stories about it.

After dinner, Walter had to narrate the fearful history of the wreck of "The Bonny Jane." And after that, they all sallied out, Sancho and Mop, inclusive, to see the Lions. But, as everything was naturally a case of "*Kaniferstan*" to Walter, we may as well leave him to be enlightened by his two *ciceroni*, and precede him to England, while he is admiring the only things it did not require knowledge of the language to appreciate; namely, the Stadthouse, the beautifully clean town, and the magnificent public buildings.

CHAPTER XII.

TIME, SAYS THE PROVERB, WORKS WONDERS. ON THE SITE WHERE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL NOW STANDS, WHICH WAS FOUNDED BY SEGBERT, THE SAXON KING, IN THE YEAR 610 :— A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO DIANA THEN STOOD. SO, WHO KNOWS BUT IF THE WORLD EVER RETURNS TO THE PROFESSION OF PAGANISM, OF WHICH WE NOW ONLY HAVE THE PRACTICE ; BUT WHAT A TEMPLE OF JUSTICE MAY BE FOUNDED ON THE SITE OF LINCOLN'S INN ?

IT was Michaelmas Term at Lincoln's Inn, how sage (?) and savoury that sounds ! It was one o'clock P.M. all over London, and Mr. Crosbie Quirker, the respectable family solicitor, was seated in his dining-room, in Sackville Street, at luncheon, or as that elegant servants'-hall school of modern literature (?) which when it does a bit of Court Circular, states that "the maids of honour *rode* in the next carriage ;" and when they have an appointment with an individual, talk of having to meet a "party !" and of not *be*grudging their trouble, would phrase it, he was seated at "*lunch !*" which is, as though any one should say, he was seated at *dine*. However, the fact was, in whatever way people might word it, that he, and Mrs. Quirker were at luncheon ;—when a double knock, not a very loud one, but a short, gentleman-

like, off-hand knock, was heard at the hall-door, and presently the servant brought in a card.

"Please, sir, this gentleman asked if he could see you a moment?"

"Oh, by all means, beg of him to walk in," responded the master of the house, his mouth full of mutton-chop and Indian pickle; but hastily clearing the way with a glass of sherry.

"In here, sir? or into the office?"

"In here—in here."

"Shall I go, Mr. Q.?" asked his wife.

"No, my dear, it's only Mr. Melville; and if he has anything of a private nature to say, he can ask to go into the office."

But with a just and proper sense of her own insignificance, as a "British *female*," she backed her chair to such an extreme angle of the table, that she looked like a charade of Q in the corner.

"Don't let me disturb you, pray?" said Melville, bowing to Mrs. Quirker, as he entered.

"Thomas, put a chair for Mr. Melville."

"Thank you, I can't sit down; I only called to ask you, from Lord Portarjis, if you had any papers for him?"

"Papers?—papers?—no," said Mr. Crosbie Quirker, looking completely puzzled, thinking this message must have been some preconcerted signal between him and his noble client, the purport of which, for the moment, he had completely forgotten; and as rubbing his forehead, did not recall the truant knowledge, he added—"But if you will have the goodness to tell his lordship, that I'll call on him about five. Will you not allow me to offer you anything? a glass of wine, and a crust of bread?"

"Not anything, I'm much obliged to you; for I must return immediately, as there is a person waiting for me." And, wishing them both good morning, Melville bowed himself out of the room.

"Papers—papers; what the deuce does that mean? *was* I to do anything? and let him know? By George! it has quite escaped me, if I was; I must only go, and ask him," muttered the family solicitor. While so well did Mrs. Q. go in harness, that not to appear to listen to her lord and master's soliloquy, she took "The Times," the skimmings of which, she was allowed to regale herself with, when Mr. Quirker had, had all the cream.

"How nice!" said Mr. Crosbie Quirker, which was his "testimonial" to a pickled onion, which he had been for some seconds fishing for in the pickle-jar, and had just successfully landed in his mouth.

"Dear me, how awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Crosbie in reference to a piece of intelligence she was reading in the paper.

"What's awful, my dear? I know one of these mutton-chops is awfully overdone—burnt to a cinder."

"Yes, burnt to a cinder; tut! tut! tut! makes one quite shudder to read it."

"What's that you are muttering about, Mrs. C. Q.? I'd far rather it was Mrs. Q. C., he! he! he!"

"Such a dreadful fire and wreck at sea, Mr. Quirker."

"Pooh! my dear, there are wrecks at sea every day; and you may even see a 'Wreck a Shore,' if you like to go to the 'Adelphi.'" And the respectable family solicitor went on eating, while his better half, (which it is so easy to be, when the degrees of comparison are husband and wife) went on reading; but she now read aloud, as people do, when they are greatly interested in what they are reading. But when she came to the name of the "Bonny Jane of London," Captain Kibe, Mr. Crosbie Quirker suddenly dropped his knife and fork, looked as blanched as the fifth pickled onion that was in abeyance at the end of his fork, and remained with his mouth open. Then, suddenly rising, he said, snatching the paper out of his wife's hand, without any reference to her pleasure or convenience, as to finishing the paragraph she was perusing—

"My dear, I just want to look over the city article again, for I must go out immediately."

So saying, he hurried with the paper into his office, and bolting the door, forthwith cut out the account of the wreck, wrote a few hasty lines, and enclosed both in an envelope which he sealed and directed, placed it in his pocket-book, and then replaced *that* in his breast-coat pocket; after which, putting on his hat and gloves, he left the house, slamming the hall-door violently after him, which might do duty as a sort of marital adieu to his wife. He knew it was of no use to go to Grafton Street, so he walked as far as Piccadilly; and then jumped into a Hansom, telling the man to drive "like the devil to Lincoln's Inn!" And "needs must, when the d—l drives." But two minutes after, he changed his mind, and his course; and told the driver to go to the Adelphi, and pull up near the arches. On arriving there, he got out, and hurried down, towards the river, till he came to a miserable sort of cellar, where he put in his head, and asked for "Anne Newbolt?" when a gruff voice, preluded by an oath, proceeded from a sort of carbonic Hercules, who, with his coal-heaver's hat on, and his highlows close together, pointing upwards, was lying on his back upon a flock-mattress on the floor, taking his afternoon siesta; and not over well pleased at being disturbed, he replied—

"She's been gone more nor six weeks, this be my place now."

"Where is she gone to?"

"To home, I suppose."

"But where is that?"

"How the blazes should I know? She warn't none o' mine."

The family solicitor made a gesture of impatience with his clenched hand, and stamping his right foot, that was far more melodramatic than business-like; and then hurried back to

the Hansom, renewing his orders as to the similitude of driving to be adopted; so that in a marvellously short time, they rattled into Lincoln's Inn, and the sharp flinty echoes of the horse's feet, as the sparks flew around them, might have suggested to an imaginative mind (which Mr. Crosbie Quirker's was not), the idea that, that great square had been paved with lawyers' hearts, and atmosphered with their consciences, as the fog was so opaque that there was no possibility of seeing clearly, or breathing freely through it.

But, Lord Justice Fulke Clairville "was grand to see," as he sat by waxlight in Lincoln's Inn, administering those wise, equitable, impartial, and above all, clear, simple, easily attainable, and easily understood, laws, which "Englishmen abroad," when loading their popguns with self-gratulation, and firing off letters "To the Times," assert are the same for the dustman, as the duke; yea, verily upon the same principle, that in this "great and free country," the pauper in the street has as good a *right* as the monarch on the throne, to go into Hunt and Roskell's, and buy diamonds and pearls; and for this glorious privilege! and equality with the magnates of the land, there is but one little rule necessary to be observed, which no reasonable, or equitable person, could object to; namely, that said pauper, should have the money to pay for them; and this little easy rule also holds good, with regard to *all classes*, (that is of the *male* sex) obtaining *equally*, the gems of jurisprudence.

Still the laws *are* admirable for MEN; indeed, they are what Rabelais would have called "*mirifique!* for, had they been framed in the infernal regions, they could *not* ensure more extensive immunities, or more stringent protection, to the frauds, falsehoods, treacheries and vices of MEN. Draco, in these days of "progress;" alas! what a limping progress it is, on ONE foot only. Draco

is of course railed against, and would (could Brummagem philanthropy have its way) be even deposed from his legitimate throne, the scaffold. But Cambyses, and Sardanapalus, reign supreme, even under, or rather more especially under, horsehair and ermine; and, as a wise, or at all events an extremely *prudent* conventionality, considers that there is nothing so detrimental to the morals of the mass, as publishing the peccadilloes, and violation of the divine commandments, among persons in high places! All this "perilous stuff" is, of course, carefully concealed in the iron safes, tin boxes, and blue bags, of the respectable family solicitor! and wo be to those miscreants who even *hint* at such things! for what is *fit, proper,* and *intended* for the public ear, is perorated from the senate, proclaimed from the bench, propounded from the pulpit, or paralogized from the press. Habent insidias hominis blanditiæ mali! So well may at least *one* half of the inhabitants of this empire shudder at a *new* law.

Mr. Crosby Quirker, coming behind the Lord Justice Clairville, respectfully placed the letter he had written prior to leaving home, on the blotting-case,—upon which the Judge was writing.—IMMEDIATE being on the letter, and knowing the hand-writing,—the latter instantly opened it:—a twinge of some sort, evidently passed over his countenance,—perhaps, the fog had got up his nostrils, for he blew his nose; and then wrote on a slip of paper, which he handed up to the solicitor—

"That's capital!—but can you be sure, that *all?*" he was too cautious to finish the sentence, but *Au sage un demi mot.*

Crosbie Quirker understood it; and now tearing a leaf out of his own book, having so often taken one out of his patron's, he wrote on it—

"Would it not be a good way of ascertaining,—to put paragraphs and advertisements in the papers, stating that a fund had been subscribed by *a few charitable and humane*

persons ! for the survivors from the———, should there be any ?"

And handing it over, he remained, pencil and pocket-book in hand, awaiting the answer; which was not long in coming, and was written on the back of his own missive, to the following effect.

"Nothing can be better ; you ought to be Lord Chancellor."

To which, Mr. Crosbie Quirker, imitating the politeness of the French troops at the battle of Fontenoy,—to their then enemy, the English, without, however, taking off his hat :—re-wrote,

"*After*,—your Lordship."

And then vanished, rapidly descending the broad flights of steps, and hurrying through the corridors till he regained his Hansom.

"To No. —, Strand," cried he, as he jumped in. Besides the ill-breeding of prying into other person's thoughts, upon the principle of the before-alluded-to, demoralizing process of making the public acquainted with what was never intended for them to know, we will not meddle with the respectable family solicitor's cogitations during his transit to the Strand. Suffice it to say, that they were of so absorbing a nature, that when the cabman drew suddenly up at the door, to the number to which he had been directed, Mr. Crosbie Quirker could not have been tossed up higher, had he been enjoying the exhilarating exercise of all the baby-jumpers collectively, that figured in the adjacent window; for why should we disguise the fact ? It was to Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's office, he had flown for the amiable purpose of disseminating the intention of *A few benevolent individuals!* to raise a fund, should any survivor, or survivors, remain from the wreck of "The Bonny Jane."

Mr. Crosbie Quirker, could not have arrived at a more

inopportune moment, for Sir Mithridate Manikin, having just been appointed ambassador at the Porte, Mr. Warren Hastings De Musty was five fathoms deep in a puff for the next day's "Tonans," at a considerable additional per-*penceage* a line, assuring the British Public, that Sir Mithridate Manikin, was *the* very fittest person possible, for the appointment; which being interpreted meant, that he was the most docile, and unscrupulous doer of dirty work in the whole *Corps Diplomatique:* and had not only (like all his family) since his marriage, proved himself a great Turk; but as that King of Historiographers, the Chinese correspondent of the "Times," said of Commissioner YEH, "his talent for adroit lying, amounted to positive genius," which caused M. De Bussy to remark, when he heard of Sir Mithridate's appointment—"Ma foi! on a très bien fait, *de lui mettre à la Porte.*"

Beside this, Mr. De Musty had a sort of editorial erysipelas of rash articles,which had produced reprisals from their too aërial superstructure, and not having a grain of truth for their foundation. Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty was also suffering from an *amateur* shipwreck of his own hopes; and persons, labouring under disappointments, more especially, dealers in fine sentiments, are as indisposed towards benevolence, or the "milk of human kindness," as those afflicted by sea-sickness are to cream. The fact was, having heard that the eldest Miss Ommany Kay had come into a fortune of £10,000, through the death of her godmother,—he had posted,—no,—vapoured down, to Laurel Grove; and, after a fortnight's siege, had declared himself desperately in love with her ten-thousand-sterling qualities; but the young lady very forwardly declared, that, considering the number of years she had known him, he had controlled and concealed his passion too well; that it was now too late! He returned to the Strand perfectly strand—ed, and baled out the frail bark of hope, in which his fortunes

had been so wrecked, in a charming stanza of profound truth; but some unprincipled "*Sub*," must have purloined and published it, during the week Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's feelings were laid up in dock, and that he was unable to contribute any valuable "facts," (with the truth left out) to the Liverpool "Allioth," for very recently, we saw this gem, in a provincial paper,—with the following audacious heading, and therefore, *we* are committing no breach of confidence in again publishing it.

"It always affords us pleasure," says Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's insidious contemporary, "to chronicle the triumphs of genius, the creation of minds, developing in the world of thought; we accordingly give place to the following, which is no less startling than true. It is, we presume, from the pen of an unwedded editor.

"I sat me down in thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew,
It's easier far to like a girl;
Than make a girl like you."

Now Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty had just shed his blood, or, at least, his ink, which is editorial blood, in the cause, and thrown off these lines, (which were not yet dry,) in such a frenzy of compulsory philosophy, that it had completely split his steel pen, and he had flung it down, like a broken lance, when Mr. Crosbie Quirker glided with his usual portly air—

"Law, in his eye! and fees in all his steps!"

—into the office. The orange-tint of the fog,—the flagitious flare of the gas, and the indigestion of "rejected addresses," all combined, to cast a more saturnine hue over the occupant's editorial countenance.

"How do, De Musty?—what a confounded fog! here's a little matter, I want you to arrange, for me!"

In his normal state, "The Own," would have expressed

a truculent, and troublesome degree of vulgar curiosity, as to *how* so eminently practical a man, and sound a lawyer, as Crosbie Quirker, could have got mixed up with such absurdities, as volunteer benevolence? Had it been Terps even, he could have supposed that Miss Jetson might have let him loose upon some,—'TAKE CARE TO LET PEOPLE KNOW WHAT YOU DO; ANTI-HIDE-YOUR-LIGHT-UNDER-A-BUSHEL SOCIETY; OR, YOUNG MAN'S SALT-WATER IMMERSION COMMITTEE.' But Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty was *not* in his normal condition, and therefore, was taken at a vantage, as he was weak and languid, having been wishing,—Oh! how fervently all the morning, but alas! in vain! that he had had one, only one, bottle of Tompkins' six dozen of sherry.

It was some little time, therefore, before the man of law could quite make the man of letters understand, the gist of the matter; but at length, Crosbie having scribbled a rough draft of his "idea," the "Own" took it, languidly, and placed it in his "IMMEDIATE" pigeon-hole: merely saying, quite mechanically, and from habit, "any names to puff? or to flay? any insinuations?—vituperative, or eulogistic?"

"Not for the world, would ruin all;" said Quirker, rising, and buttoning his coat. "Snug's the word; names! a pretty thing, indeed! we should be having a *Melius Inquirendum*, before we knew where we were."

And, shaking Mr. Warren Hastings de Musty's hand, which indeed felt like a segment of consolidated fog; the family solicitor regained his Hansom, and drove on, to Piccadilly Terrace, running into several coal, and down one donkey-cart.

As he went, the idea suggested itself of what an uncommonly clever fellow he was, and he immediately adopted that suggestion. Alas! he little dreamt what a day, the very next day, would bring forth, thereby proving that in *one* respect, at least, the course of true law resembles the course of true love; for neither ever *do* run smooth!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Return.

"LE bonheur de la mort," says La Martine ; "c'est d'être enseveli !"

Oui, mais non de la vie—car un tombeau sans repos ! est un sort par trop triste ! Même pour une rétribution de Dieu !—And yet, how many are there in this world of sin, sorrow, injustice, and inverse results ! who serve a life-long novitiate to the grave they are to fill in death. And one of these Secular Trappists, was poor old Mrs. Selden, Walter's grandmother, whom it is time the reader should know something more about. In early life, she had been a person of remarkable beauty, and some little property ; justly proud of her descent from John Selden, she had married a cousin of her own, a Colonel Walter Selden, who, shortly after, was killed at the siege of Saragossa, leaving her with an infant, a month old, a daughter, who naturally became the idol of her mother, whom she surpassed, in beauty and grace, as she grew up ; and on her little Jessie's education, Mrs. Selden, not only spared nothing, but also deprived herself of everything, to give her advantages, which her straitened means could

not otherwise have compassed, thinking, that with her rare beauty, suitably accomplished, Jessie would be sure to marry well, *i. e.* greatly! oh, that rock a-head! of English mothers, that fatal Tarpia! from which they are ever hurling their victim-children into a sea of troubles.

At seventeen! when Jessie Selden was really beautiful as the morning-star, her mother took her to Harrogate, where, at the very first public ball at which she appeared, she made the conquest of a young peer, who, to Mrs. Selden's great delight, never was out of the house. And rides, picnics, and archery-meetings, were all proposed, in quick succession. Unfortunately, Jessie, like all girls brought up in the circumscribed seclusion of narrow circumstances, by a pure-minded, but ignorant-of-the-world, mother, had more romance in her than rationality; and though incapable, from early religious and moral training, of *voluntarily* doing a wrong act, she was just that malleable combination of ignorance, and consequent yielding, negativeness of character, which men, under the tariff of the word "feminine," have (the better to further their own ends) made the standard of what women *ought* to be,—as, but for this pliant nullity of nature, *they* could not so often succeed in making them what they ought *not* to be. Bref, — at one of these many *fêtes champêtre*, having lured her away a great distance from the rest of the party, a carriage and four was in waiting, into which, despite her tears and struggles, he hurried her; and, at the end of the journey, banished all her fears, with the blasphemy of a mock marriage.

Then followed the old story (though the Lovelace was near thirty)—of being unable publicly to own his marriage during his father's life-time; and though Mrs. Selden neither liked, nor approved of this, she yet, like her victim-child, submitted to it in perfect good faith. But when Walter was only a few months old, then his vile

father threw off the mask, for his marriage with another, wealthier, and more high-born lady, was publicly announced. This was almost the death of poor Jessie, and her mother; the latter was thrown into a brain fever; pride, though an honourable pride, was the stronghold of her nature; and this had been crumbled about her existence, and she was utterly crushed under the weight of the ruins; ever after, she certainly was, what the French call *exaltée:* and owing to this it was, perhaps, that the vile seducer of her child persuaded her some years after that, though Jessie could not aspire to a coronet, she might to a wedding-ring, as a *highly respectable!* country solicitor, with whom he had become acquainted on the turf, was quite ready to marry her; and the wretched mother, thinking that *any* thing was better than the plain withering truth, that any rag, however sordid, would do to hide the hideous rankling, incurable wound, entered into this plan, and so once more poor Jessie was sacrificed! But this time the sacrifice was soon consummated; for she only survived her revolting and compulsory marriage a very few months.

Three years after that, *the highly respectable* Mr. Jennings, her husband, paid the forfeit of his crimes on the scaffold, and poor little Walter returned to his grandmother, who then began to clamour that his unnatural father should provide some sort of education for his natural son, which was done as cheaply as possible by sending him to Field-Fleury; his *noble* father, however, exercising as tyrannical a despotism over his grandmother's restricted intercourse with him after that, as if *she* had been his wife, and therefore legal slave.

Oh, Nemesis of Cant! why sleepest thou amid this orgy of injustice, this saturnalia of broken sacraments! where crime is stalking, and sorrow shrieking around thee! Up! up! awake, oh slothful Satrap, and vindicate Divine Truth! Every now and then, we gingerly pluck off a

withered leaf here and there, from our great Upas tree of social corruption, and is a *branch, so* pestilential, that it *must* come off; we go into TALKERIES, commonly called committees, and prate a-pace, in, and out, of Parliament, for a quarter of a century, before we venture *to* lop it, though millions are perishing under it, the while. Nay, "The Times," as a mask of impartiality! (?) will even print letters from poor street *Traviatas*,* and allow primrose kid-gloved philanthropists to fire off crackers at "the greatest of our social evils." But, to strike at the *root* of *that, and all other evils*,—namely,—the CHARTERED IMMORALITY OF MEN, the revocation THEY have made, of the divine edicts, on their OWN behalf; the more than mosaic stringency, they have given to those edicts, in regard to the other half of the Creation; and, in defiance of the blessed founder of Christianity's equitable revision of them.

Where, we ask, is the MAN who will venture to strike AT THAT? more especially, when we consider the oligarchy of notoriously profligate men, who have lately affected to *amend* the Ecclesiastical Laws, which, in *reality* means, that under a sham of universal justice, it shall be at *their fiat*, to administer *injustice more partially than ever*, and to protect more closely, and promulgate more securely, the autocratic privilege of masculine vice. Verily! *if* the axe ever *is* laid to the ROOT of *all* our social evils, the task must be reserved for "The Coming Man;" and he must glave his axe, with God's UNMUTILATED COMMANDMENTS!

* Written, of *course*, by some *man*, or "The Times" would not print them. But God's blessing on the honest man, who has dared to aim even *one* blow at the *root* of *every* social evil; viz. the unblushing infamy of married debauchees; and as such, after passing their lives in breaking GOD'S laws, are the very persons delegated to make and administer those of MAN. How could the latter be any thing but what they are? a patent, and propagation for *every* vice, fraud, treachery, and *barbaric* injustice.

It may be imagined how desolate! how aimless! how hopeless for the future! how maddening through the past! was poor old Mrs. Selden's life; more especially, in that worst quagmire of the Slough of Despond, a small provincial town. Naturally she shrank from her former acquaintances, who, with unexceptionable daughters, old maids, or matrons, carrying a patent safety-lamp of ugliness in their faces, and repulsiveness in their manner, would have been too glad to have reminded her (as if poor soul, she ever forgot it!) that her daughter had been the cast-off mistress of a peer, and the wife of a felon, no matter how she had become either; of course, *they* thanked their God—as well they might, that they were not like *her!* The few (her inferiors in every thing but misfortune) who had called on her, when first she had settled at Pencridge, did so, as is generally the case in small places, more out of curiosity than kindness, and soon dropped off, when they found there was nothing to be gained in any way, from that poor solitary old woman, aggravating their desertion, in the usual ill-bred, Anglo-Saxon style, by constant frivolous excuses for *not* calling.

In France, she might have been equally solitary;—but she would not have *felt* that she was, for every time she went in and out, she would have at least received a *look* of compassionate kindness from her very porter.—It is not that English people, can't *do* a solitary kindness, and even a *great* one; but there it ends,—of a steady,—uniform, quotidian kindness, they are *in*capable; because misery of any sort *bores* them, and they are far, both too selfish, and too busy, to allow themselves to waste their time, in being bored.—You might easily find a hundred English people, who would give money, and medicine to persons suffering from some formidable disease; but you would hardly find ONE, among that hundred, who would give what might do far more;—their *time*, and *care*,—to tend, and watch over them, even were the malady *not* infectious,

—And what malady is there *so* formidable and consequently so *boring!* as moral misery?

To a starving wretch, a haunch of venison, and a bottle of claret, are certainly a very kind present; but, as hunger is of the mushroom genus, and springs up every four and twenty hours,—there would be no comparison between this *attention*, and the leased kindness of the humble donor of a *daily* penny roll; and truly, the heart, and soul, require their moral, and spiritual daily bread, *quite* as much, if not more, than the body;—and often, there are great gulfs! of human misery, that ALONE the fainting, struggling, lacerated spirit, is quite unable to step safely over, for which, *one* look of human kindness!—*one* echo of human feeling! would be as a plank between us and perdition;—could we but obtain it!—Well we may want it; for English people *won't* be bored;—and we repeat it,—what *so* boring as the egotistical, and concentrated *intenseness* of a great grief?—Besides, it is impossible to sympathize with people, or even to pretend to do so, without running the *risk of getting oneself into a mess?* That terrible Bogie!—next to Boredom, of all classes of British subjects.

Like many other persons labouring under a chronic misery, poor Mrs. Selden harboured the delusion, that her heart was *so* seared, that she could not feel even another thunderbolt. But, when she received a letter from Field-Fleury, with an account of Walter's disappearance, she was convinced of her error; for the stone, that she thought could feel *no* blow, was drilled through, and through, with this one. At first, she was perfectly frantic; and a hypocritical letter of affected despair, that she got from poor Jessie's destroyer, recommending *resignation to the will of Providence*, seemed to be the last straw that broke the camel's back; and then she, who had knelt down—alas! not to pray—she *could not*—but who had, for some un-

uttered purpose, raised her burning eyes, and clenched, trembling, withered hands to Heaven—after a few seconds of this fearful silence, gave one gasp, with which all moral and physical energy seemed to have departed from her. From that out, she became passive in the hands of the only living thing that had remained faithful to her—her maid, Martha. All day long, she would lie, without speaking or stirring, on a sofa, near the windows; and, when Martha would bring her her food, and tell her, like a child, that she must sit up, and be good, and eat it, she did so; Martha taking the precaution to substitute a glass for a little silver-gilt cup of Walter's, that his mother had given him, when he was three years old—which the poor old lady, ever since he went to school, had always drunk out of, and used to kiss before she drank.

One evening, that she was lying, as usual, so still that, her eyes being closed, any one coming into the room would have thought she was dead—and the illusion would have been aided by the dim glimmer of the street-lamps, that were just 'lit, and trying to do right, let what would come of it, and shine out through the fog—a double knock came to No. 7, *alias* to Mrs. Selden's house. Now, generally speaking, *that* is no such very wonderful event; but in *this* instance it was. Perhaps the shock of an earthquake would hardly have created a greater commotion in the house itself; for it so happened that, since the week before the amiable Mr. Joseph Jennings was apprehended for the murder of James Netherby, and lodged in Stafford jail, such an appeal as a double knock had not been made to the door of No. 7. Mrs. Selden sat up, as if moved by electricity. Her heart beat so violently, that she pressed both her hands against it, to keep it within bounds.—Martha, who was toasting bread in the kitchen for her mistress's tea, rammed the toasting-fork, bread and all, into the fire, as if she had been stabbing a brigand in self-

defence, fell back in her chair, and slightly kicking, gave a faint scream, and said—

"Mercy me! whoever *can* that be?" and, while she was adopting the best plan for not finding out, by not attempting to go to the door, the knock was repeated, whereupon she started to her feet, and just giving one look at the glass, to see that her cap was all right, in case it should be necessary to set it at any one on short notice, she ran up stairs, and undid the hall-door, which was already fastened up for the night, but had no sooner opened it than a pair of arms were thrown round her neck. Of course, she screamed. It would have been very improper if she had not; for maid-servants are not generally subjected to similar gymnastics at a street door.

"Why, don't you *know* me, Martha? That's ungrateful; for I promise you, I haven't forgotten *you*. Why, I'm Walter. My grandmother got my letter, I hope?"

"Law! bless me! it never can be! Oh! poor Missis! poor Missis! thank God!" and bursting into a violent fit of hysterics, it was now Martha's turn to hug Walter, which she did over and over again; then, drying her tears, she said:—"Oh! how I long to have a look at you in the light! But Missis have had no letter."

"No occasion for light, my dear. I can manage very well without," said Carew, putting his arm round her waist, and giving her a kiss, of so sonorous a description, that it almost sounded like the popping of a champagne-cork.

Of course, anger and fear are two very different things; and, as a slap on the face is a fantasia, as soon executed as a scream, Carew's salutation was returned, not in kind, but in *un*-kind, after that fashion, till Walter interfered, and declared that, if she ever again so maltreated his friend, Tom Carew, she should pay him a fine of ten kisses for her misdemeanours. He was then rushing up stairs, till Martha very properly pulled him back.

"Don't, Master Walter. The sudden joy might be the death of poor Misses—after the way she has taken on, thinking you was clean gone, and she should never see you more. Just step into the parlour, while I go and break it to her; for I know she never could bear the sight of you all at once."

Indeed, there was ample reason for all Martha's precautions, considering the many moral revolutions that had shaken, to its very centre, that poor suffering soul. Naturally enough, at first, Mrs. Selden had hated the grandchild that had been so cruelly obtruded upon her; but, after his poor mother's death, and that he had been returned to her sole care, there was something so ingenuous, affectionate, and attractive about him, that she could not help loving him, though she endeavoured to hide the fact from herself as much as possible, and still more from him, by an external, ice-bound rigidity of manner, that never once thawed till the day she parted from him at the Great Western terminus. But the ice once broken—the floodgates once opened—the pent-up feeling had gushed in a torrent ever since; and, in all her fitful and stolen interviews with him, among the cliffs at Beechcroft, his growing likeness to his mother had bound him to her, as a last, but adamantine link, between the past and present. So that, when the news came of his sudden disappearance, the poor, lonely, bereaved old lady suffered, over again, every pang of the martyrdom and death of her lost Jessie; and she murmured, in the rare intervals that any sound issued from her lips—

"Others only die once, and are at rest. Why am *I* to die so many times, and yet find *no* rest? Mercy! mercy! mercy!" And then she would relapse into a stern, and stony silence, as before.

* * * * * *

"What is it, Martha?" said Mrs. Selden, standing up and drawing herself to her full height, with that air of tragic defiance with which she had long habituated herself to meet coming misfortunes, or coming insults; and, indeed, for many years little else, had come to her. But now, as she asked the question, she clung to the scroll of the sofa for support.

"Well, 'em, it *ain't* nothing bad: on the contr*airy*, it's *very* good; but you—sit down—and I'll tell you all about it; for there ain't," added Martha, who knew her ways, "nothink *to stand up for.*"

"Walter?" faintly murmured the old lady, dropping down into her seat again.

"*Yes*, Walter! and very good news of Master Walter, too!"

"Oh! Martha! you're not deceiving me? Swear you are not?"

"Is it likely? I'm sure I don't know as I ever deceived you, 'em—as you should think—let alone *say* sich a thing; and there's a man below as can tell you all about Master Walter, who's *quite* well, and not a great way off, neither."

"In England?"

"Better than that—in Staffordshire! there! 'em—*that's* news, ain't it?"

"Oh! Martha, Martha, say it again!" said the old lady, rising up and tottering towards Martha; but again the latter made her sit down, as she went to a chiffonier in the room, and brought her a glass of wine and a biscuit.

"Now you drink that, 'em, and keep quite quiet, and then I'll tell you more."

Mrs. Selden obeyed instantly. "Now, Martha, go on."

"Well, 'em, as I said, Master Walter is *actelly* in Staffordshire! and you can see him whenever you like. The man as is below—a rumbustshus, sort of sailor like, but a very civil-spoken man, I must say—will go for him when-

ever you please—there!" and Martha thought she had done it beautifully—and so she had.

"Whenever I please! Oh! *now*, Martha, quick! quick!"

"I sha'n't lose no time, you may depend; but I must jist tidy you up a bit, 'cause Master Walter is most a young man now; and I shouldn't like him to see you in that towzled cap, and handkitcher."

So saying, Martha went into the adjoining bedroom, brought out a white tulle cap with white ribbons, a large, black twilled silk neckerchief, and a fine cambric pocket-handkerchief out of the drawer, on which latter she poured some *eau de Cologne;* and, with all these *accessoires* for a *toilette à l'improviste*, she returned to the drawing-room.

With trembling fingers, trembling more from agitation than age, the old lady untied her cap, and hastily put on the one that Martha brought; and, as the latter pinned the silk handkerchief on either side of her small waist, Mrs. Selden patted its folds, and said—

"There—there—I'm very nice now. Go—be quick! Tell the good man to make haste, and he shall have five pounds."

"He sha'n't have no such a thing," said Martha, "for he don't look as if he wanted it; and much better give it to Master Walter, 'em, to make him feel as if he *raley had* comed home from school."

And with this last proclamation, Martha vanished.

A very few minutes more, and Walter and the poor old lady were clasped in each other's arms; but who shall describe that meeting? or the happy evening that was spent at No. 7! the result of that unusual and eventful double knock! It might have been difficult to decide whether Mrs. Selden was most interested above stairs, at the narration of Walter's brief, but stirring adventures, or Martha most amused below, with Tom Carew's innumerable

yarns, and incomparable stories, collected in the four quarters of the globe. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that when Mrs. Selden heard all Walter owed to Carew, with many tears, and much gratitude, she offered him ten times five pounds, with sincere regrets that she could not quadruple it. But no earthly power could prevail upon him to take a penny of it. So the old lady had to invest it in a gold tobacco-box, with a relievo of THE HANS VAN KELP, beautifully embossed in green, and coloured golds on the outside lid, and an inscription on the inside, telling the whole story; while, to poor Cuffy she sent a watch, with the wreck of "the Bonny Jane" plainly engraved on the outside of the gold, from a sketch of Walter's; and in the inside was the following inscription—

"TO TIBERIUS CÆSAR CUFFY,
AS A SLIGHT MEMORIAL OF HIS NOBLE CONDUCT
IN THE WRECK OF THE BONNY JANE.
WITH THE DEEP GRATITUDE OF
WALTER AND JESSIE SELDEN,
THROUGH TIME, AND ETERNITY."

As Walter unfolded his eventful tale, as they sat at tea, on the first evening of his return, a hectic glow kindled in Mrs. Selden's cheeks, and an unwonted fire sparkled in her eyes. "Now!" she exclaimed, clenching her hand, "I have the villain in my power, and you *shall* go to a public school; ay, and to college too, Walter." At this, Walter bounded to her side, and kneeling by her chair, put his arms round her waist, kissed her fervently, and then leant his head upon her shoulder. As she pushed back his hair, and looked earnestly and sadly into his bright young face, her memory picking up fragment, after fragment, of her lost Jessie in every lineament, and every

look, she ended the scrutiny with a deep sigh, and an involuntary exclamation of—

"How like!"

"Like who?"

"Like your poor mother."

"And my father?" said Walter, "you never mention him."

"Your father was a villain, Walter."

Walter frowned, stood up, and took two or three turns about the room; then suddenly stopping, he said abruptly—

"But tell me at least who he was?"

"I must not—I dare not."

"I suppose, then, he was not a gentleman," said Walter, nervously.

"Certainly not!"

"I feared so," groaned Walter.

"Not a good honest plebeian—though, even *that* would have been better than a coronet steeped in shame."

"Coronet! what then, was my father a lord?"

"Nonsense; I spoke figuratively, Walter."

"But, but, I must be the son of somebody?"

"Ay, an Hidalgo," said Mrs. Selden, with a bitter smile.

"An Hidalgo! that is a grandee of Spain."

"Yes—*Hijo d' Algo;* from which Hidalgo is derived, means in Spanish, the *son of somebody;* and *you*, Walter, *are* the son of somebody;" and again the old lady smiled bitterly, drummed on the table with the fingers of her left hand, and turned her chair hastily round to the fire. Walter saw he should get nothing by probing, and might only irritate and annoy her; so he relapsed into silence, and continued walking up and down the room, with his right hand in his bosom. After a mutual silence of ten minutes, Mrs. Selden, who was the first to break it, said, turning round—

"Oh! by the bye, Walter, I hope John Selden's Jacobus is safe?"

Walter coloured to his very temples, for he was between the horns of a dilemma; to say he had, under any circumstances, been induced to part with it, he knew would be treason. To say to whom he had given it, perhaps might be little less so, for having seen so little of his grandmother, (though he had, it is true, in his letters mentioned Lady Clairville and her schools), yet never had he mentioned Gemma, as he felt, almost by intuition, that Mrs. Selden's pride, which like that of all persons, either in a false or an unhappy position, was very sensitive, not to say very morbid, would wince under, or kick against, his knowing fine people on sufferance. But luckily, just as he was about to be guilty of the worst species of falsehood, prevarication, by saying he had not got the coin with him, the old lady relieved him from the dilemma, by shaking her head, and putting up her hands, as she said—

"Oh! that awful shipwreck, I forgot,—of course you lost everything, that is, if you always wore it round your neck, as I begged of you to do."

"Yes, I always wore it round my neck,"—another prevarication.

"Ah! well, it can't be helped;—but I'd rather have lost all I possess in the way of plate, and trinkets, than that Jacobus."

"I am *so* sorry," said Walter; and this time he spoke the exact truth, for no sorrow could be more genuine.

"My dear child, it's not *your* fault," said Mrs. Selden, holding out her hand, drawing him towards her, and kissing him. And, seeing the burning blush that suffused his whole face, well might she exclaim how hot his cheek was!

On the third morning after Walter's return, and the second after Carew's departure, after breakfast, Mrs. Selden

with a great parade of business, having a large old mahogany, brass-bound desk of her husband's, (that she never used but on important occasions, brought out of her bedroom) unlocked it, and with a deep sigh, took a sheet of large, thick, blue, ribbed, gilt-edged, old-fashioned, letter-paper, some that Colonel Selden had left in the desk, in the days when *made* envelopes were not; but when an envelope, the texture of the paper, and the quality of the wax, were all minor evidences of gentlemen, and gentlewomen. Dipping her pen into the ink, she wrote a letter, not a very long one, but, judging by all the dashes so vigorously distributed under the words, it was a very energetic one. As soon as it was sealed, she asked Walter to accompany her to the post-office, where she flung, rather than dropped in the letter, with the air of indomitable resolution, and defiance; as if the fiat had gone forth, that was either to found a dynasty, or to crumble an empire.

But most probably it was the former; as the result was, that three days after the despatch of this letter, Terps Quirker once more, like a legal speck, as he was, appeared on the horizon; and this time, (after having obtained permission to go and see his friends at Field-Fleury,) it was to take Walter to Winchester, at which school he spent four years, and the two following ones at Oxford, where his chief chum, was Lord Viscount Clanhaven, who had began by insulting him;—but who ultimately found him, though no great acquisition at a wine party,—so very useful, in the matter of an impending little go, such a capital oar, and altogether, such a "regular brick," as his Lordship expressed it; that though in every respect, very dissimilar characters, they became great friends. By which means, Walter saw, in a sort of *sub-rosa* way, a great deal of Gemma, (now one of the reigning belles of London,) at county balls, and archery meetings; but though it must be confessed, she gave him every encouragement, Walter

was both too proud, and too honourable, in his penniless equivocal position, to dream, much as he liked her, of making her an offer. But, as Mrs. Selden had given him divers hints lately, that diplomacy was to be his career, that "open Sesame!" to rascality, and consequent honours, (?) —he continued to dream dreams, and build castles.

* * * * *

We have still much to tell of our "o'er long tale," and brief time to tell it in, therefore, we may as well here state, that the very week after Terps had left Walter at Winchester, he, after being articled for seven years, at length served the fair Jacyntha with a writ of attachment, and led her by a power of attorney, to the hymeneal altar, or as he far more expressively pronounced it, the Hymeneal *halter*. Just because the event *was* so long expected, and *had* come at last! it could not be believed in Twaddleton, till for four consecutive Sundays, Miss Worrybones and all the young ladies of Matchlock House, appeared at church, with bridal favours, and, for the same period, (that is, as long as ever Matchlock House held out;) Cornet Scampington, and one or two more of the Cherrypant Hussars, never rode out, (when not on duty,) without a favour, as large as a Neapolitan cauliflower, decorating their horses' heads and tails; while "The happy pair" themselves, passed the honeymoon in Paris. Oh! Man! oh! Terps! where was thy conscience? seared of course, as a Solicitor, and hocussed as a husband, or how could it in that *locale*, have ever weathered the Phantoms of "the light of other days!" the Grisette, and the immoral Clerk!

CHAPTER XIV.

Conclusion.

"How vain the world had grown to be,
How mean all people and their ways,
How ignorant their sympathy,
And how impertinent their praise;
What they for virtuousness esteem'd,
How far removed from heavenly right;
What pettiness their trouble seem'd,
How undelightful their delight;
To my necessity how strange,
The sunshine and the song of birds;
How dull the clouds' continual change,
How foolishly content the herds."

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.—*By Coventry Patmore.*

WALTER was sitting one morning reading the papers over his breakfast, in his rooms at Magdalen College. Lord Clanhaven had only returned the week before to Christchurch, from Clanhaven Castle, where there had been the usual rejoicings upon his coming of age; and three days after his return to Oxford, he had gone away again, leaving word he should be back very shortly. Therefore Walter was alone, and,

as we before said, was reading the papers, when suddenly his attention was arrested by the following announcement:—

HORRIBLE MURDER OF A MISER AT TWADDLETON; CAPTURE OF THE MURDERERS.

He read on, with distended eyes and curdling blood (for to hear the details of the murder of a person we have known for the best part of our lives, makes us almost feel as if we were accomplices in it); so he read on, his horror increasing at every line,—"That on the night of the 14th, one Paul Windsor, a miser of supposed great wealth, living with his maiden sister in a dilapidated house, at a place called Well-Close, Twaddleton, had been barbarously murdered by two men of the name of Richard Greenlow, and Samuel Sedjeter, the former a notorious thief and felon; the latter, a *çi-devant* methodist preacher, both of whom had been secured, through the courageous alarm given by a poor, half-witted woman, of the name of Ruby Ray, who was staying in the house, and who having, in her night-things, got out at the back door, found two detectives, whom she brought back just as the murderers were about to decamp with their booty, leaving their victim, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and his body half-crammed down into a trap, in the ground-floor where he slept, and beneath which trap, he used to conceal his money, of which an immense quantity had been found." The paragraph concluded by stating, "that both Greenlow, and Sedjeter, were then lodged in Twaddleton jail, awaiting their sentence at the ensuing assizes."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Walter, as the paper dropped from his hand. And the next moment, as misers of Paul Windsor's calibre, out, and out, professional ones, are generally very ostentatious, the thought struck him,

that it was just possible he might have bequeathed all his wealth to public charities, or to the Rothschilds, or to the Queen, or to some other persons in equal want of it; and left poor Dorothy in the same abject destitution in which he had kept her during his life. So, rising, he walked over to a writing-table, and wrote a few lines to Moses Bumpus, requesting to know the particulars of the murder, and enclosing a five pound note for Dorothy's immediate use. He also wrote to Mrs. Selden, begging that if his fears should be realized, as to Dorothy's state of penury, she would kindly give the poor old woman a shelter for the remainder of her days. He had scarcely sealed and despatched these letters, before a well-known *rattaplan!* came to his door.

"Come in!"

And in rushed Lord Clanhaven, exclaiming, as he tossed his hat and gloves on the table, and shook hands with Walter,

"Well, I've done it, old fellow! and all the governors in England, with the Archbishop of Canterbury to boot, can't undo it."

"Done what? for goodness sake?"

"That's just it,—you've hit it,—it *was* for *goodness sake,*—for she's a nobody, hasn't a rap, but is the very prettiest and nicest little duck in the whole world."

"What! you have not surely gone and married Fanny Featherstone, the livery-stable-keeper's pretty daughter?"

"Oh, dear no! *she's* an heiress, and a great lady, compared with Viscountess Clanhaven, for *her* father *keeps* horses; whereas Lady C. only rode them in a Circus, but then, *didn't she ride them!* a sunbeam cantering on the west wind, as Noodie Fitz Doodle said, who occasionally concocts a little Tennyson and water, poured out by Moxon, at five shillings a volume."

"Good Heavens! surely you have not married Angelina?"

"Haven't I, though?"

"But your father!—your mother!—your family!"

"Ay, ay, I know all about it; here's the programme:—Governor explodes, like an infernal machine! vows he'll disinherit me—thanks to peerage, primogeniture, landed interest, Magna Charta, wisdom of our ancestors, laws of the country, and all that sort of thing, finds he—*cant!* Maternal, of course, has a fit of hysterics, or fainting, or some slight refreshment of that sort;—girls turn on the hydraulics,—and look like water-lilies for the next three weeks. *Poco à poco,* storm blows over. I tell the maternal that I don't *insist* upon her asking the *belle mère,* Mrs. Finerty, *née* Braglahan, into her opera-box; for, on the contrary, I mean to commence matrimony on a new plan, and *monté* my *ménage,* on elastic springs, and totally independent, in fact, on anti mother-in-law principles.

GRAND FINALE!

"Lady Clanhaven the beauty—that is, *the fashion* of London; able *literally,* as well as figuratively, to ride over them all. Clanhaven gloves! Clanhaven whips! Clanhaven caps! (percussion ones, of course); and as for what naturalists and philosophers, and the rest of the codgerocracy, very properly call 'the accident of birth;' why a person can't help being born a farthing rushlight; and if they are, a coronet, is an extinguisher, that quite hides the small light in the greater. In short, Watty, my boy, *nothing's* wrong that's *up,* and everything is, that's down; except when the curtain falls on

"'A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!'"

"But—" began Walter, pale and trembling, for he was unaffectedly shocked, and grieved.

"But me, no buts," broke in the bridegroom, "no prosing, no preaching,—don't come mother Mornington, and the ATAT, over us; what's done, can't be undone; and Heaven forbid it should,—and to show you that I'm not thinking *only* of No one,—you only keep a civil tongue, and a few prudent brains in your head, and I'll give you and Gem—a helping hand."

"I was thinking," resumed Walter, now as red as he had before been pale, "I was thinking of your poor young wife, as much as, if not more than any one; what she may have to suffer from your justly offended family, and worse than all, perhaps from yourself,—when your love becomes as cool as your judgment—poor girl!"

"Mr. Walter Selden! I *know* I'm not a saint, neither am I what is called '*such* a steady good young man,' by old ladies with a turn-up of their eyes; but *do* you take me for a villain, and a blackguard? that you think I shall ever turn upon a girl, I have just sworn to protect against all others, and who has trusted her whole life in my hands?"

"No, my Lord," said Walter, somewhat bitterly (for previous to his going to Winchester, and being exposed to the cruel chances, and coarsenesses, of that epitome of the world —a public school; Mrs. Selden had told him his mother's history, but not his father's name, which she said she dared not do.) "No, my Lord, I only take you for a man, and a *gentleman!* and every day's experience shows us, of what *they* can be guilty, not only with perfect impunity,—but as a high road to preferment; as it would appear that the most gross and notorious immorality is the *sine qua non* for being Privy-seals, and Privy-councillors at our virtuous Court, or new Peers, amid our mushroom *Noblesse.*"

"Ah! well, yes, I rather agree with you, but if I was one of that sort, I should have seduced Angelina, as I know my illustrious father would, for instance; for ever since I went to Eton, I've heard enough of *his* exploits in that way,

and if I had, of course it would have been all right;—for, though we abuse the Turks for saying that women have no souls,—hang me! if Englishmen don't *act* as if that was also *their* belief."

Walter got up and paced the room, in a state of indescribable agitation; he felt rent as it were, by a sort of moral earthquake, as every word his companion uttered, recalled his poor mother's fate,—*his* mother's disinherited, lonely, purposeless life, and the nullity of his own position, which was, after all, the least hopeless, and the least equivocal of the triune misery that one *gentleman's* socially accredited "*gaieties!*" had made.

"Your not having done so," said Walter, in a hoarse uncertain voice,—"is much to your credit; still, it would have been better for you both, if you had not even married the poor girl; such very unequal marriages seldom, if ever, turn out well."

"I must say," said Lord Clanhaven, taking up the *débris* of Walter's roll, and shying bread pellets out of the window—"I must say that had I been scoundrel enough to have acted like a *nobleman!* and a *gentleman!* with regard to Angey—I could not have got a chance, for that old Bumpus is a regular trump! He strongly advised me *not* to marry her; but, if I would persist in following his *prima-donna* up, marriage it must be; and marriage it *was*;—for he never lost sight of us, till the knot was tied, at St. George's too, by Jove! and when we went back to Fenton's to breakfast, the old fellow said, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, as he looked at his *protégée*,—'Well, Skins!—Uncle Bob has been better than his word, hasn't he? for among all the fairings, he never promised you a coronet!' I suppose he used to call her Skins; but after that, he became the quintessence of respect, and said he wished her Ladyship every happiness."

Walter groaned inwardly, as he framed rather an Irish

wish; namely, that *he* had known Robert Bumpus before he was born; what he meant was, that his mother had; but when the heart is in confusion, with a chaos of conflicting feelings, it is apt to blunder as well as the tongue.

"Well, now that the murder is out, I'll deliver my message; which is, that Lady Clanhaven hopes you will dine with us? we are staying at the Mitre."

Walter said he should be very happy.

"What are you going to do with yourself this morning, old fellow? do you feel up to doing Blenheim again, eh? for I'm going to lionize Angey—who has never seen anything; and one of my greatest pleasures will be to show her every thing; not like those confounded knowing hands of London misses, who have not only seen, but who know everything, and therefore believe nothing. Besides, Angey wants a Blenheim pup from the fountain head; which I take as a great compliment, because it shows she don't consider *me* a puppy."

"Thank you, but I want to read this morning! What a —— he wanted to cry! for somehow or other, he felt that her brother's *mésalliance* would place a wider gulf between Gemma and himself than ever. But what nonsense! at any rate, it never *could* be; for setting aside his birth, he had not a *sou* but what was doled out to him anonymously in a quarterly pittance of four-hundred pounds a year; and to settle debts and starvation upon her, even were *she* mad enough to consent to it,—*he* never would do."

About a week after the foregoing conversation, when Walter came out to breakfast, he found four letters; one from Luther, who was then at the manor, giving him a detailed account of the murder of Paul Windsor, of whose monetary, and testamentary dispositions, nothing was yet known; and, therefore, Dorothy was most grateful to Walter for his timely remembrance of her. This letter concluded by saying he must come for that piece of national

barbarism, the Assize Ball, which would be in a fortnight; and that all the party from Clanhaven Castle would be there, as Lord Portarjis was so furious at his son's marriage, that he was bent upon popularity, hunting double tides in the county, in the hope of gaining sympathy, and making Lord Clanhaven unpopular. The second letter was from Mrs. Selden. The third from Robert Bumpus, giving a full account of Angelina's marriage, which he said, as an honest man, he had done all he could to prevent; more on poor Norah's account than that of the young sprig of quality; but that if he only made her a tolerable husband, as he seemed inclined to do for the *present;* it would be nuts to him, to think that even ONE fine gentleman amongst them, hadn't it *all* his own way in the ruin and desertion line. Walter could go no further; he felt sick at heart—everyone, and everything, seemed to be bent upon reminding him of his own exceptional, though by no means uncommon, lot. After sitting for a quarter of an hour, with his elbows on the table, and his head in his hands, he took up the fourth letter, the direction of which was in a sort of clerk's hand; on the obverse, was the Exeter post-mark, and on the large square seal were two plain copperplate initials of "S. T."

"Who the deuce can this be from?" said he, twisting the letter about in that silly way that people do, as if they expected the seal, or the superscription suddenly to find a tongue, and tell them all about it. At length, he took the only likely way of ascertaining the information he sought, that of opening it. It was from a very old established solicitors' firm at Exeter, and ran as follows:—

"*To Walter Selden, Esq.,*
"*Magdalen College,*
"*Oxford.*"

"SIR,—We have the pleasure of informing you that, pursuant to the last will and testament of Mr. Paul Strang-

ways Windsor, late of Well-Close, Twaddleton; he has bequeathed to you the whole of his very large, and long accumulating property, (*all funded*, as he converted his lands, messuages, and tenements into money, as far back as the year 1820), which property amounts to seventy-two thousand pounds, in the three per cent. consols, and from which, the only deductions are; one legacy of five-hundred pounds to ourselves, and another, as penurious and eccentric, as the whole of the old gentleman's career; being a legacy of five pounds to his sister, Dorothea Windsor, spinster, but which, *on account of her extravagant habits*, is not to be paid till after her death! when it is to go to defray her funeral-expenses! Wishing you health and happiness, to enjoy your good fortune,

"We remain sir, your obedient servants,

"SAXBY AND TREMENHERE,

"Solicitors, Exeter."

Upon reading this letter, Walter's first sensation (for there was no feeling in the matter) was one of being stunned; his first feeling, which followed in quick succession, was that of deep gratitude to Providence, as he breathed, for the first time in his life, the buoyant and rarified atmosphere, of perfect independence, and it's shadow security, those two foretastes of Paradise, which gold! gold! great Janus of the planet earth, alone can give. Gold! which gilds vice,—and gifts virtue,—Gold! which sharpens the point of the assassin's dagger, and damascines the sword of the hero.—Gold! Gilead, and balm, for every wound, save that which death hath made—Gold! that feedeth science, and that fosters art.—Gold! that can do better than purchase justice, by preventing its necessity—Gold! great Aruspex of empires—all hail! to thee! when thou art the right geni, in the right place, and not hermetically sealed and prisoned, in the foul vapour of a miser's soul.

Walter's first impulse was immediately to divide his

wealth into two equal parts, and give one to Dorothy Windsor. But second thoughts are best, and upon reflection, he considered her age and sordid habits, and that so doing, would be wasting the money that had been so long criminally hoarded; and which therefore ought now to be made to do as much good as possible. So having resolved to find out all Paul Windsor's poor relations, if he had any? he sat down in a very collected and business-like manner, to thank Messieurs Saxby and Tremenhere for their letter, (and never were thanks more sincere), and to beg they would forthwith remit to Dorothy Windsor the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and pay her the same quarterly, during the remainder of her life; letting her think, in order not to hurt her feelings, that so, her brother had left it. To Mrs. Jessie Selden, widow, of Pencridge, Staffordshire, the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, paying her the same quarterly, or, one thousand pounds a year. To Tiberius Cæsar Cuffy, acting as cook on board "The Hans Van Kelp," Captain Van Millengen, of Amsterdam, the sum of two-hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly. Carew, he knew, neither wanted money, nor would he have accepted it; but Walter resolved that the best, and trimmest, merchant-ship that could be built of five-hundred tons burden he would give him, and call it "the Alice Avenel." He then continued his letter, and desired, that further sums of two-hundred pounds a year each, might be paid, quarterly, to Robert, and Moses Bumpus, and fifty-pounds a year to a Dame Bridget Bumpus, of the Priory-Close, Field-Fleury; and as he did *not* forget Basket's Quince Manchets, and more than suspected that it was to his *largesse* of the first one to Paul Windsor, on the sands at Beechcroft, that he owed his present wealth, he settled upon her also fifty-pounds a year. Having thus arranged his affairs (how grand that sounded! and how much grander it *felt*!) Walter concluded this, his first memorable letter

on business, by requesting that Messieurs Saxby and Tremenhere, who had evidently so carefully administered the late Mr. Windsor's affairs, would continue to do the same for him.

This letter dispatched, Walter felt light as air; for he knew, by intuition, that *now* the indulgent world would all be acting up to the Spanish proverb, with regard to his insignificant self—

"Al hombre bueno, no le busquen abòlengo."*

For, in "this best of all possible worlds," are not all rich men good, however good for nothing? And then he thought of Eva—then of Gemma—and then—and then—and then?—

* * * * * *

The bells were ringing (as they do in England, to usher in all executions, whether at the altar, or of the halter). The streets of Twaddleton were thronged with the idle, the busy, and the curious. The cavalcade of javelin-men were mounted on their ambling horses, escorting the judges to their lodgings; for the assizes commenced on the following day, and Richard Greenlow, and Samuel Sejeter, were to be tried for the murder of Paul Strangways Windsor. The brothers Quirker, were standing at Mr. Quirker Larpent, the wine-merchant's door, to see the procession. Terps, no longer "the gallant, gay Lothario" of a protracted engagement, but limp, and listless, as six years' marriage with Miss Jacyntha Jetson for a *vis à vis*, could make him. Mr. Crosbie Quirker, the same portly, respectable-looking family solicitor that he had ever been, only, his paunch, and practice, having both increased since we first saw him at Clanhaven House, ten years ago. He had (on account

* "Seek not for a good man's pedigree."

of his eminent respectability, which, in his profession, is generally evinced by pulling scoundrels through any amount of iniquity) been consulted by the prisoners, and had retained Mr. Spencer Thornberry, Q.C. for their defence, the Judge being Lord Justice Fulke Clairville. So far, so well. But that very evening, Mr. Crosbie Quirker, having had the honour of dining with Sir Fulke and Mr. Justice Wigsby, their after-dinner conviviality - no improving conversation—the barristers, were convivial at "The White Hart"—which was all very well; for they were still in their black letter, and had not got to their black caps yet. But while Sir Fulke, Mr. Justice Wigsby, and Mr. Crosbie Quirker, were discussing their claret, a great scuffle was heard outside the door, and a woman's voice screaming *in alto*—

"I *will* see him; and neither you, nor all the world, shall prevent me."

"We'll see *that*," cried Phelps, one of Sir Fulke's footmen.

Then followed another struggle and a loud scream, and the next moment, the dining-room door was burst open, and a gaunt, haggard-looking woman staggered, and nearly fell into the room; but clutching at the back of Mr. Justice Wigsby's chair, she regained her equilibrium, and holding out a paper to Sir Fulke, whose lip quivered, and who trembled in every limb,—but who did *not* take the paper—she cried out—

"There! see what your hardness has brought him to!"

"My good woman," said the respectable Mr. Crosbie Quirker, who was almost as unnerved as Sir Fulke himself, as he attempted to take hold of her, in order to lead her from the room. "My good woman, you really are forgetting yourself, in this violent and unwarrantable intrusion. There are proper channels through which, to present petitions to the Lords Justices—not—"

"Off! bloodhound!—*you* that got me to consent to his being sent to Sierra Leone, with a promise that he should be well provided for, and out of harm's way; but it was a lie, and a treachery, like all Sir Fulke Singleton Northcote Clairville ever did!"

Here, Mr. Justice Wigsby, elevating his eyebrows, and feeling that the dignity of the Bench was being compromised, interposed.

"My good woman, come with me into the other room. *I* will read your petition, and hear what you have to say. Ahem! remember that you are in England, where the law is alike, for rich and poor." (?)

But, notwithstanding these admirable laws, framed by all our most experienced profligates, at the bar, and in the senate, to suppress or pervert every human feeling, there *are* circumstances when the laws of nature, are stronger than the laws of the land, and set the latter at defiance, and this was one of them.

"You *shall* hear me, and no thanks to you! and *he*, (pointing to Sir Fulke) shall hear me, too! and let him deny a word I say, if he can. My name is Anne Newbolt, Sir Fulke Singleton Northcote Clairville, do *you know that name?* You ought; for you it *was* that branded it with infamy! as now you would brand your felon son with gallows; for the man called Richard Greenlow, whom YOU are to condemn to death to-morrow, is YOUR SON AND MINE! Sir! sir!—Judge, but not Justice; for there is none for such as me," she continued, turning to Mr. Justice Wigsby, but still pointing at Sir Fulke.

"Five-and-twenty years ago, I was a young, innocent girl, and, though a poor and humble one, as respectable as your own daughter, if you have one. My father kept a glove-shop at Temple Bar. *That* man, now my Lord Justice Clairville, betrayed me, under a promise of marriage, when *he rose in his profession;* he did rise, and left me and

his child to starve; and starvation is the school of crime, at least for *men*. Women can bear it, as they bear every other misery, *by bearing it!* I tried hard to bring up my doomed child respectably; but it was all no use, talking of Heaven, to want, which is the gate that opens into hell! When he grew up, the boy got beyond me, and took to evil courses. Then, and not till then, I appealed, but in vain, *to that man*, telling him what the end would be, if he would not do something for *his own son*.

"Six years ago, one winter's night, I again came crouching, like a poor hunted animal, to his door; with another, a *last*, appeal! he sent me out half-a-sovereign! half-a-sovereign! for the wreck of body and soul! there it is!" cried she, flinging it down on the table; "I would have starved ten thousand times over, before I would have used it. But he was at length alarmed! for his *own honour!* ha! ha! for *public* honour! is much *talked* about among your great men! so the next day, he sends *that* man (pointing to Crosbie) to offer Richard, *Newbolt* as they called him, one hundred pounds, and fifty pounds a-year, if he would consent to go out to Sierra Leone, and never return to England; and me, twenty-five pounds a-year, if I would leave London. He consented; and I consented; but *I* would not touch the blood-money they offered *me*. It seems, the very night the ship put to sea, in which Richard was to sail, he made his escape, and returned to his evil courses in England. I went to my native town, Sunderland, where I earned my bread as I could; and never heard of, or from, Richard, till last week, when I got a letter from him, saying, he had never left England, had soon spent the one hundred pounds, and was then in Twaddleton jail, to take his trial at the next assizes for murder! and that the Judge who was to try him, was Sir Fulke Clairville! *He*, did not know that,—*that was his own*

father! but I did!" and with one piercing shriek, Anne Newbolt fell down in a strong convulsion.

Now really, Mr. Justice Wigsby, was terribly scandalized at this scene; for though he himself had been '*a very gay man,*' like another learned friend of his, who could not be made Lord Chancellor till his own *crim. con.* damages had been paid. Yet Mr. Justice Wigsby *did* improve the moral tone of society, by introducing his natural daughters into it, and not leaving them to starve, as it appears his learned friend, Sir Fulke, had done. So shrugging his shoulders, he turned to Sir Fulke, Crosbie Quirker being busy with Anne Newbolt. But presently an exclamation burst from him of—

"Good God! my dear Sir Fulke!" which also caused Crosbie Quirker to turn round, when they beheld Sir Fulke leaning back in his chair, quite dead, with a stream of blood flowing from his mouth.

"*C'est le crime qui fait la hônte; et non pas, L'échafaud,*" says the proverb. But with Lord Justice Fulke Clairville, it was the exposure which caused the death, and not the crime or the scaffold.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Of course, the death of one of the Judges! and in so awfully sudden a manner, with various rumours afloat (for Anne Newbolt was *not* dead), made a far greater sensation at Twaddleton, than if fifty Greenlows, and Sejeters, had been hanged, for that's nothing when one's used to it. So the next day, the Court was crowded to excess, to hear whether Mr. Justice Wigsby, who was to take Sir Fulke's place on the bench, and open the prosecution would make any allusion to the death of the latter. He did so, in the true orthodox and *public life* style, lamenting the loss, the country, and the bar, had sustained, in so distinguished a

man, and one who had done so much for civil and religious liberty! and social progress!

Mr. Spencer Thornberry, the prisoners' counsel, who had that morning had a long interview with Anne Newbolt, could not very well bear this; and his face twitched in such a manner, that it endangered the geometrical set of his wig, and caused the tails at the back of it, to point out in the rudest manner at the bench, as he hastily turned his head towards the dock; however, for the present, he compromised the matter, by taking out his white cambric handkerchief, which he flourished, in order to open, thereby diffusing a most fragrant odour of *mille fleurs* through the Court; and blowing his nose, resolved to bide his time.

Ruby Ray, was the first and principal witness examined. Mrs. Ray having explained to the bench, that "she was sensible, though innocent!" an unusual combination, that seemed greatly to puzzle the lawyers, and *their* faces, more than the fact announced, caused a titter through the Court, and a smile on every countenance, save that of one of the prisoners in the dock, Mr. Samuel Sedjeter's, who kept his eyes piously fixed on a Tract that he held in his hand, entitled—"THE SINNER'S DELIGHT; OR, THE BURGLAR'S BETHESDA."

At length, the case for the Crown was ended, and Mr. Thornberry rose, in reply. He, (furnished by his interview with Anne Newbolt) drew, a graphic and Hogarthean, graduated picture of Richard Greenlow's, alias Newbolt's, whole career, from infancy to manhood, from carelessness to crime, from crime to death. He did not, of course, allude *personally* to Sir Fulke, who had ere that, received a more severe, because an eternal, sentence, at a far higher, wiser, and above all, more impartial tribunal. But he *did* tell them, that law in England was a farce; and justice, an impossibility! so long as we only punished *crime*, which was the EFFECT; and pampered, patronized,

and PROTECTED *vice*, in high quarters, which was its CAUSE, he told them, in vain would they erect prisons, and penitentiaries, on the one hand, while, on the other, the most ruthless immorality, including adultery, swindling, and perjury, was deemed above all others, the fittest material for *political purposes and political patronage;* thus necessarily making the most utterly corrupt and unprincipled men, at once our law-makers, and law-breakers. But never would it, or could it, be otherwise, so long as the one-sided laws of *human expediency*, and monopoly, were substituted for the EQUAL, and ALL COMPREHENDING LAWS OF HEAVEN; so long as Christianity was set completely aside, and CONVENTIONALITY! that foulest fungus of our social dry-rot, stuck up, to reign autocratically in its stead, England could be but what it was; rotten with corruption, and pestiferous with cant! In short he was—

"Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage!"

and yet, verily, when he thought of Sir Fulke Clairville's whole career of vice and venality, of tergiversation and triumph! he felt great difficulty in keeping the latter within decent bounds, as Mr. Justice Wigsby put on the black cap, and ordered that great man's son! to be taken to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, till he was dead!

About a month after the execution of Richard Newbolt, and Samuel Sedjeter, for the murder of Paul Windsor, we are sorry to have to record another blow which befel that delightful! and agreeable man! Lord Portarjis; who had also done so much for "civil and religious liberty!" "diffusion of useful knowledge among the people (*vide* his speeches, or rather Mark Melville's, at Mechanics' Institutes);" and who had, for more than a quarter of a century, rang the changes upon "reform," on our

"glorious constitution!" according to who were the "ins" and who the "outs," and gained additional celebrity every year, for his "cleverness!" for who was to know that it was *not his;* falsehood does a great deal of harm in this world, there can be no doubt; but it's *all* the fault of that inveterate dawdle, TRUTH, for, as the proverbial Bradshaw justly states,—"A lie, will travel round the world, while Truth is putting on its boots." Nevertheless, we are sorry, not so much for his sake, as that of others, that an additional blow had just fallen upon Lord Portarjis; for "surely Clanhaven's disgraceful! marriage;" as old Lady Agincourt afterwards remarked; "if people *must* be punished for such things, was quite punishment enough for a man who had only been *a little gay.*"

But it appeared that Providence differed from her ladyship, and London, in general, and one morning, while he was again reading over Crosbie Quirker's letter, giving the details of Sir Fulke Clairville's death, Lord Portarjis received, at one and the same time, a letter from his daughter, Lady Gemma De Vere, saying, "that as she knew he would never give his consent, she should, before he could receive that letter, be on her way to Dover, with Mr. Selden, as they intended to be married at Calais, and that Walter did not want a shilling with her, as he was now rich;—but they both hoped for his, and her mother's forgiveness."

The other missive was a telegraphic despatch, from Mrs. Selden, whom Walter had apprized of his intention two days before its execution. Mrs. Selden said she *had* telegraphed to Dover, to have them stopped, and was about to proceed thither herself, by express, and urged him to do the same. Almost frantic, Lord Portarjis rushed down to the station, ordered an express-train, and whirled down to Dover, where Mrs. Selden had arrived just ten minutes before him, and was standing at the door of a Circus pitched

on the Downs, for in fact, Robert Bumpus was touring, and had arrived at Dover three days before.

"Am I too late?" gasped Lord Portarjis.

"No," said the old lady, sternly:—"the packet has been stopped,—I have sent Robert Bumpus on board to say *I* must see Walter and his companion. He would not have come,—at least, your *daughter* would not, had I sent in your name."

"Oh! oh!—this is too much," groaned Lord Portarjis, covering his face with his hands.

"You think so?" said Mrs. Selden,—"it makes a difference, of course, when it comes to ourselves, though nothing is too much to inflict upon others."

"Spare me, spare me! for Heaven's sake!" said he.

"Did you ever spare me? or mine? But—there,—you had better not go to the Hotel. I will spare you as far as that goes; go in there; the place is empty, now, and they will be here presently." And she stood drawn up, to her full height, pointing to the open door of the tent, like a Pythoness; while he slowly entered, cowering before her, and flung himself on the first bench, his head leaning on his arms across the back of it. Tatters, now a staid, old dog of ten summers, and as many winters, minus some teeth, and his bright brown eyes, bluer, and dimmer, than they were, was sleeping under this bench; but, disturbed by the unwarrantable intrusion, he got—that is, he scrambled up on the bench, for he could jump no longer, and sniffed round the interloper. As he did so, a gradual recollection seemed to steal over him, that he had, had, some slight acquaintance with that personage before; but acquaintanceships that germinate in Downing street, cannot be expected to bear any great fruits of friendship. So, more by way of refreshing his own memory, than from any great feeling of regard, Tatters poked his cold nose behind the ear of Lord Portarjis, who was too practised a politician, not to

kick off his friends, the moment they were in his way, so all poor Tatters got for his civilities, was a blow and a

"Confound you! get down."

And down he accordingly got, but did not return to his *buen retiro, under* the bench, but lay down in the sawdust of the amphitheatre; his nose between his paws, his eyes fixed on the uncourteous, courtier before him, and uttering a growl,

"Not loud, but deep."

Presently, Mrs. Selden put her head inside the tent, and said in her deep measured voice,—

"Here they come, *you* may say what you please to your daughter but I shall tell Walter the truth."

"For Heaven's sake! mercy!" cried Lord Portarjis, putting up his hands imploringly.

"Mercy!" interrupted she,—holding out her hand at arm's length to prevent his coming any nearer to her, and looking in her stony rigidity, like a Fate repelling a pestilence. 'Mercy! *I* never had any from *you;* how can you therefore demand it of me? ask it of HIM you have never known," added she, pointing upwards. "But has he not said 'the sins of the fathers, shall be visited on the children, to the third, and fourth generation?' and what mercy have you shown to your's?"

Again Lord Portarjis groaned,—but here, violent sobs were heard without, and Gemma and Walter, followed by Robert Bumpus, entered.

"My Lord," said Walter, "I know I have done wrong in stealing away your daughter, but—"

"No," interrupted Gemma, sobbing violently, "it is *not* Walter's fault; he wanted to ask you openly and honourably. I *knew* you would never consent, so I it was, who urged him to the step we have taken, but—indeed—indeed papa—"

"It was *you!* urged him, was it? you forward minx, then receive your dower, your father's eternal cur—"

"Hold! oh! impious sinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Selden; stepping between them. "No more of that, the curses *you* have already sown broad-cast, bear hard, bitter fruits, that cannot be dispersed in air, like your blaspheming words.—Walter, release that young lady's hand,—*she never can be your wife!* Poor children! Heaven help! pity! and comfort you, Walter, my poor Walter! you have often pressed me to tell you who your father was,—THERE HE STANDS BEFORE YOU! and that is the reason you never can be the husband of Gemma de Vere!"

"Father! father!" screamed Gemma, flinging herself at his feet, and tightly grasping the skirts of his coat; "oh! it's *not* true, it can't be true; only say it is not, and I will never see him again."

But Lord Portarjis had sunk down on the bench. He saw her, he heard her, but he could make no sign; he had been seized with a fit of catalepsy, and had become a living, breathing, sentient, but immoveable statue.

Gemma's shrieks brought Mary from the inner tent; for a moment, she looked around her, frightened and inquiringly at the group; but, when she saw Lord Portarjis, and the state he was in, she did not utter a sound, but she stood suddenly still, then trembling violently, she advanced a few steps, and hid her face on the shoulder of Robert, who whispered to her all that had taken place about Gemma and Walter; adding, "don't pity him Mary, though a lord, he's a blackguard, and deserves it—poor Master Walter! poor Lady Gemma!"

"You will not harm him, Robert?"

"Do you think I'm a coward, Mary, that I should harm a helpless man? but thank Heaven, *he'll* now, never harm any one more."

"Now Robert," said Mary in a low voice, still hiding her face on his shoulder; "you know who my poor dead Mabel's father was."

"The eternal villain!" said Robert, clenching his hand and teeth; "never even to have taken any notice of the letter you wrote to him just before we were married."

"It was not to him I wrote it; it was to a better man, Lord St. Heliers."

"Then they are *all* bad alike! but you are avenged, Mary; for see, a righteous Judge has passed sentence on him. But come," added he aloud: "some one must go for a doctor; I can't have him remain here. This is not an hospital for disabled demons."

"I'll go for a doctor," cried Walter, rousing himself. "Gemma! *sister* Gemma! good bye! God bless you!" he added, turning to the weeping girl, who was bending over her father, and, kissing her forehead, he rushed out of the tent.

L'Envoi.

"Hurrah! three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Selden," cried Tom Carew, as "The Alice Avenel" sailed into the Thames from Monte Video, after her first most prosperous voyage.

"By Gorra! you am bery stingy ob your cheer, Massa Carew; put down de name ob Tiberius Cæsar Cuffy, Esq., for two tousand cheer! and no dam income-tax."

"Two thousand it is," laughed Carew.

About two years subsequent to the events recorded in the last chapter,—Lord Portarjis having lingered thirteen months, after his cataleptic seizure at Dover,—the following announcements appeared among the marriages in June.

"On the 4th instant, at Beechcroft Parish Church, ———shire, Walter Selden, Esq., to Eva, youngest daughter of the late Bowes Mornington, Esq., of Mornington Manor, in that county. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Langston, rector of Beechcroft. At the same time, by the Rev. H. Langston, Rector of Beechcroft; the Rev. Luther Fairfax Mornington, to Beatrice, relict of the late Sir Fulke Clairville, Lord Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and daughter of the late General Sir Howard Hinchenbrook, G.C.B., K.G., K.S.P."

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 6th instant, by special license, Hubert De Burgh Melville, Esq., eldest son of Marcus Pierrepoint Melville, Esq., of Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, and the Foreign Office, to the Lady Naomi Blanche De Vere, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Portarjis."—Also

on the 6th instant, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by special license, Captain Mornington, of the Grenadier Guards, second son of the late Bowes Mornington, Esq., of Mornington Manor, ——shire, to the Lady Gwyndeline Rivers, only daughter of the late Marquis of Tudor, and niece to the Countess Dowager of Agincourt."

(Which shows that there is no escaping one's fate !)

Some months later in the year, a dreadful event happened in the Fitz Doodle family. Noodle Fitz Doodle, now arrived at years of indiscretion, one day in walking down Regent Street, his mouth being open conveniently for the purpose; spoke to a young lady, *whom he did not know*, and soon after married her! Lady Fitz Doodle, as might be expected, squeaked terribly, but consoled herself with the reflection of her own prescience; as she said, "she always foresaw, that something dreadful would come of Noodie's speaking to people he did not know!"

Soon after the murder of Paul Windsor, Mrs. Fowkes, convinced it would be *her* turn next, thought it better to "*disappint them villands!*" and die of fright. Whereupon, her nephew Jeremiah, being her sole heir, left Eastcheap, with the slim scullion,—and became his own *Bore's* head.

It was Eva's wish, as well as Walter's, that Mrs. Selden should live with them, that by their combined efforts, they might try and make the evening of her life, as calm, and happy, as the morning, and noon, had been dark, and stormy. "The Atat," having gradually become so deserted; and the unhappy termination of Mr. Sedjeter's sanctification, having given it the *coup de grâce*, as persons in this age of solemn hypocrisies and feeble shams, say, who never advertize that they have lodgings to let; or wish for some one to lighten the expenses of their housekeeping; but, always kind! considerate souls! that having a house *larger* than they require, they wish for an inmate, &c., &c.; so, in like manner, Mrs. Mornington, now

finding "THE ATAT," too large, for the small stock of Methodism she had left, sold it back to Lord Inishowen, who converted it to its original use, that of a granary, whereupon, his lordship wittily observed, that having threshed out the chaff, he had now room for his wheat.

As Mrs. Mornington wished to go to Geneva, which being the stronghold of cant, was the fittest place for her, she let the manor to Walter for two years, till he could buy a place that Eva liked. Dorothy Windsor, who, on her five hundred a year, felt like Midas, Crœsus, Plutus, and Rothschild turned into a golden four-leaved shamrock! took Martha, and Ruby Raby, to live with her. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spriggs, *née* Carew, had a farm given them at Byons, and were as happy as the day was long, or as their master and mistress. BUMPUS'S CENTAUR HIPPODROME, soon rivalled the one in the *Champs Elysées*, at Paris. But when, at last, poor Tatters was gathered to his fathers, his old master was so cut up, that he could give no tribute to that faithful friend of all fortunes and all weathers, but tears. Then it was, that Spriggs stepped in, and upon a neat slab of white marble, had the following doggerel inscribed:

"HERE LIES A DOG AS ONCE WAS TOOK,
BUT MIND, WAS NEVER ONCE MISTOOK;
A TRUMP ABROAD, IN OUT-DOOR MATTERS,
A WATCH AT HOME, ALAS! POOR TATTERS!"

Now one parting word, to THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. I think, Mr. World, you were quite right to marry your very congenial Wife; but where I *do* think you were foolish, was in taking your mother-in-law, MRS. GRUNDY, to live with you, and always being so dreadfully afraid of what *she* will say about every one, and every thing; for I assure you sensible persons, would have much more respect for *your*

opinion, if *you* were not so led by *her's*. I know how *she* will lift up her hands, and eyes at this book, as she always does at any truth, that travels out of the beaten track, and she will affect to be scandalized, at such men, as Lord Portarjis, and Sir Fulke Clairville; though she is inviting them to dinner, toadying, flattering, supporting, and defending them every day of her life. Were some old feudal law still in existence, (and the only wonder is, that there is not,) by which persons of a certain rank and fortune were allowed to murder their female servants, there can be no doubt my dear World, that both you and your Wife would be much horrified whenever this cruelty in *individual cases*, was carried into effect, and came under your own knowledge. But believe me, the *law* that authorized and screened such iniquity, would be *far* more culpable and revolting, than the individuals who perpetrated it, because the law is a cold-blooded animal, and therefore should have a cool, which implies a just, judgment.

Not only do men, but as it would appear the most eminently profligate and immoral men, make and administer the laws; therefore it can scarcely be expected that such Lycurguses *should* make them any thing but what they are;—grossly immoral and unjust. But if Mrs. Grundy, instead of receiving such men, *à bras ouverts*, in her great *salons*, of society, would turn her back, and still more her tongue, against them, a *law of opinion* would soon be established in favour of the laws of God, against which this present idolatrous worship of the golden calf, could *not* stand. But, alas! my dear World, while I pity you, and sincerely wish both you, and your Wife, well, I see you have *no* chance of becoming either happier, or better, so long as you thus continue to have *no* opinions of *your own*, but refer every thing to what Mrs. Grundy will say! and believe in the motto of the Grundys, as in an Apocalypse, that—

"GRAVISSIMUM EST IMPERIUM CONSUETUDINIS."

To the Lord Portarjis's, and Sir Fulke Clairvilles, who form so large a portion of what arrogates to itself the title of "SOCIETY" in London, *par excellence*, (une *excellence?* plus que douteuse?) and who are ever complaining of not being loved for *themselves!* we would recommend a careful perusal, or re-perusal, of the following passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Jupiter complains to Cupid, that though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, said Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis, and your thunderbolts,—you must curl and perfume your hair, and wreathe it with garlands, and walk with a soft step, and adopt a winning and gentle manner. "But," replied Jupiter, "I am not willing to forego so much of my dignity." "Then," rejoins Cupid, "leave off desiring to be loved."

But let them read it with the following amendments—

THAT THEY ALSO LEAVE OFF THEIR FALSEHOODS, THEIR INTRIGUES, THEIR TYRANNY, AND THE FEARFUL RESULT OF THIS HYDRA, THEIR

INJUSTICE!

THE END.

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